

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

No. LXXXV.—APRIL, 1874.

LEAVES THEY HAVE TOUCHED:

BEING A REVIEW OF SOME HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPHS.*

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I find in my portfolios and other receptacles of loose miscellaneous matter a considerable accumulation of manuscript documents of more or less public interest. Some of them are throughout in the handwriting of men of eminence, while others bear their signatures only, having been composed, or transcribed, or filled up, by a secretary or other functionary. I have thought that I might in some degree utilize these papers by citing pages from them, as nearly as may be in chronological order, and exhibiting the originals whenever the intrinsic interest of the document or other circumstances seemed to make it worth while to do so. In this way, I suppose, I may make my collections help forward the study among us of civil and literary history.

Autograph documents sometimes enable us to realize to ourselves a historical character in a curious manner. The statesman, the business man, the literary man, each reveals himself with an extra clearness in his manuscripts. Should the paper before us chance to be a first sketch or rough draft, we discover which were the writer's first thoughts and which were his second, what he deemed it politic to add under the circumstances, and what to suppress; while in the handwriting itself we have not only a clue to general character and

* The first of these papers was read before the Canadian Institute, January 10, 1874, as the President's Address for the Session of 1873-4.

temperament, but hints of the mood or frame of mind at the date and moment of composition—evidences as to whether these were calm and collected, or agitated by some dominant passion or feeling. Men whose names, after the lapse of a generation or two, had become simply abstract terms as it were, or mere shadows, thus live again in our imaginations by means of signs traced with their own hands when here in the flesh. No production of theirs coming under our eye in print could affect us in the same lively way.—Sometimes the character of one long defunct may be shrewdly divined from his effigy, his counterfeit presentment, on a well-preserved ancient coin or medal; but a surer idea of him would be gained by the study of an autograph fragment, were it possible to have access to such a waif from the past.—And what is now said of the manuscript relics of eminent men is true also, though perhaps not so strikingly, of books which exhibit their autographs and other evidences of former ownership. Here, we say to ourselves, as we are turning over the leaves of the volume—here are pages which their eyes have carefully scanned: here is matter which has engaged their special attention. Here and there perhaps we discern their underscorings: here and there we have their marginal annotations. To the cursory review then of the MS. collection which I propose to make, I may conveniently add brief notices of some volumes distinguished in the manner now spoken of, which are in my possession.

My first paper will consist of specimens of Canadian historical autographs. I trust that its effect will be to foster an interest amongst us in early Canadian history. To this paper I subjoin a few examples of autographs connected with the history of the adjoining United States. My second paper will be a review of a number of specimens which will, in their way, illustrate Old World history, civil and literary and in their way also, stimulate the study of Old World history amongst us. And in my third paper I shall treat of some MS. relics in my collection which specially relate to personages formerly or at present eminent in the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

My matter, I must premise, will be of a very miscellaneous character—a mosaic made up of irregular pieces. The autograph collector cannot always possess himself of what he would desire. He must be content with what chance throws in his way. The fragments selected for my purpose in these papers will be, as far as practicable, charac-

teristic of the respective writers, or, if not so to be described, characteristic of the times, or indicative of the manners of the day. Here and there my specimen may form a text for a very brief dissertation on some point which it may suggest. Chronological succession or contemporaneousness will, as I have already hinted, be the chief principle of connection between the several parts of each of my papers.

I.—SOME CANADIAN AUTOGRAPHS AND NORTH AMERICAN
GENERALLY.

I proceed, then first, with my Canadian autographs. I have aimed at a catena of manuscript memorials of governors and others who have been of note among us; but I have been hitherto only partially successful in securing specimens. The difficulty of recovering manuscript relics of sixty or seventy years ago is not slight. Whenever the only quotations I have it in my power to give are somewhat colourless, I trust to Canadian local feeling to clothe seemingly trivial words with the needful modicum of interest.

To make a beginning, I produce an autograph letter of the French Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt. This nobleman visited Canada in 1795. He remained for some time at Newark or Niagara, and then passed down the lake to Kingston. In the account of his travels which he afterwards published, he gave an elaborate description of Upper and Lower Canada, and commented in statesmanlike style on the policy of the Governor-General of the day, Lord Dorchester, and on that of the Lieutenant-Governor of the young western province, General Simcoe. The letter which I have expressly relates to this his volume of Travels, which I need scarcely say has now become a classic to the student of Canadian history. Soon after its publication on the continent of Europe, it was translated into English and published in London. It appears that the first sheet of the English production, containing the Translator's Preface, had been sent over to the duke, and he was shocked at some language which the translator had therein employed in regard to himself. He found himself openly charged with a breach of faith in proclaiming to the world certain matters that had been made known to him in the confidence of private conversation. The letter which ensues is the one which I have in my collection. It is in French, and is addressed to Mr. Neuman, the English translator. The duke says: "Monsieur,—
Une petite partie de la traduction que vous publiez de mon Voyage

dans l'Amérique du Nord viens de m'être envoyée de Londres. Je ne vous parlerai ni des censures, ni des éloges que vous faites de cet ouvrage dans votre préface ; il appartient au jugement et aux opinions du public, et de chaque lecteur en particulier, et chacun peut les prononcer comme il lui plait, et rectifier même parfois le jugement du traducteur, si celui-ci a été fidèle dans sa traduction. Mais, monsieur, vous êtes homme de lettres, et homme de lettres distingué. Je dois donc vous croire des sentiments analogues à cette profession. Comment alors avez-vous pu vous permettre d'écrire dans cette même préface, page 9.—'He tells all that he could learn, without being restrained even by considerations of personal delicacy or the secrecy of honour.' De quel droit vous permettez-vous une insulte aussi offensante ? Qui vous a dit que j'avais violé un secret ? Qui vous a dit que les informations que j'avais recueilli dans le haut Canada m'avaient été données en confidence ? Qui peut enfin vous autoriser à dire que j'ai manqué à l'honneur ? Il me semble que pour hasarder une telle assertion contre qui que ce soit, il faut la soutenir de preuves bien fondées et bien multipliées ; autrement on se rend indigne de l'estime des gens honnêtes, car ils mettent les assertions calomnieuses au rang des plus mauvaises actions. Est-ce là une conduite digne d'un homme de lettres, d'un homme moral ? Est-ce enfin, pour me servir de l'expression très significative de votre langue, se conduire 'like a gentleman ?' Je vous en fais juge vous même, monsieur, et si quelques motifs d'intérêt personnel ou d'influence particulière ont guidé votre plume en écrivant cette indigne phrase, je doute qu'ils soient suffisants pour vous excuser même auprès de votre réflexion et de votre conscience. J'ai seul, monsieur, le besoin de vous adresser ces réflexions et ces reproches. J'aurais pu les rendre publiques, et je suis assuré que parmi votre nation dont la générosité est un des caractères principaux, mes réclamations n'auraient pu être mal accueillies. Mais j'ai préféré les adresser à vous seul, et par respect pour votre caractère d'homme de lettres distingué, et encore par parcequ'ayant été indigné à la première lecture de cette phrase. J'ai néanmoins la confiance que la réputation de probité à la quelle seule j'aspire, et que je crois mériter ne recevra aucune atteinte de votre assertion." He then expresses some apprehension in regard to the perfect accuracy of Mr. Neuman's translation of the Travels. He says: "Je n'ai point lu la traduction dont la préface et l'épître dédicatoire ni ont été seulement

envoyées par un ami je suppose que la traduction est exacte ; néanmoins, je vous avouerai, monsieur, que la dernière phrase de l'avant dernier *a linea* de l'épître dedicatoire ne me laisse pas sans inquiétude, puis qu'elle est loin de rendre la sens de l'original qui à la vérité est peu important dans ce passage. J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur, votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur, LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT. Hamburg, Septembre 22, [1799], chez Mess. Mattinessen, Salem et Cie." Outside, it is addressed in English, "To H. Neuman, Esq., at R. Phillips', No 71 St. Paul's Churchyard, London ;" and the stamp is "Foreign Office, October 1, 1799."

What Mr. Neuman's rejoinder was I am not able to report. The Travels were published in English, first in the quarto form and then in the octavo. I do not see that the translator made any alteration in his language in the second issue. The duke takes for granted, it will be observed, that the translator in his preface alluded to the account given of the policy of the Governor of Upper Canada in relation to the United States, and doubtless he was right in his conjecture. It will be proper, however, to mention that the duke in that portion of his narrative guarded himself against a possible charge of breach of faith. After speaking of the persistent hostility of the Governor against the newly established republic, and of his intention to employ the Indians in any future war with that power, he adds : "I should not have credited these projects had I heard them stated by any individual but the governor himself ; nor should I have ventured to introduce them here, but that, within my knowledge, he has repeatedly communicated them to several other persons." The translator may also have had in view what the duke reports of the sentiments of some military men with whom he dined at Kingston. Amongst these gentlemen, he says, "The general opinion in regard to Canada is, that this country proves at present very burdensome to England, and will be still more so in future ; and that, of consequence, Great Britain would consult her true interest much better by declaring Canada an independent country than by preserving it an English colony at so enormous an expense. The Canadians say they will never be sincerely attached to England, so that if in time of war a militia were raised, not half of them would take up arms against America [he means to say the United States], and none perhaps against France. The British Government commits, therefore, in their opinion, a gross error in expending such vast sums in attempting to

improve and preserve a country which, sooner or later, is sure to secede from Great Britain, and which, did it remain faithful to the mother country, could not be of real service to it for any length of time."

As to Mr. Neuman, of whom the duke speaks as "a distinguished man of letters," the only other literary production of his which I see named is a translation of a play of Kotzebue's, entitled "Self-Immolation." As to the duke himself, the author of the *Travels*, it will be of interest to state that he was the descendant and lineal representative of François, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the famous author of the "Reflexions, or Moral Sentences and Maxims," who was descended from the ancient Dukes of Guienne. One of these Rochefoucaulds served under Philip Augustus of France against our Cœur de Lion; and Froissart speaks of another of them who attended a tournament at Bourdeaux with a retinue of 200 men, all kinsmen or relatives. One perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, and his heir was soon afterwards murdered by the partizans of the League. The son of this one was created a duke by Louis XIII., (the title had been previously count), and it was his son, the second duke, who became known throughout Europe by his volume of *Maxims*. The next duke, Master of the Horse to Louis XIV., was, like his predecessors, a great soldier; as also was his successor, who took part in the engagement at Landeu, in which William III. of England was defeated. The next duke became a friend and follower of Voltaire, and lost favour at the court of Louis XV. The next, during the troubles of the French Revolution, was taken from his carriage and killed by a mob in the presence of his wife and mother at Gisors in 1792, his crime being his title, although politically he was a liberal. The traveller of the years 1795, '96, '97, in the United States and Canada, was the nephew of this duke, and, as I suppose, inheritor of the title, which, however, had become illegal in France. He was the friend, and, in some sort, the pupil, agriculturally, of the Englishman Arthur Young, and many parts of the duke's work consist of the kind of information which Arthur Young, towards the close of the last century, travelled through England, Ireland, France and Italy to collect. The Epistle Dedicatory, of which we have already heard, prefixed to the *Travels*, is addressed to the widow of the recently-murdered duke, his uncle: the lady, however, was dead before the *Travels* appeared. The duke, while referring to this

circumstance in his Preface, alludes to the tragical fate of his relative. It would appear that both uncle and nephew had been warned of their danger if they remained in France; but of his uncle, the nephew says: "His virtue was so exalted as to render him unsuspecting of so nefarious a course, and his internal consciousness induced him to slight the advice which his friends gave both to him and to me, at the time when an order was given to arrest us, and which in all probability was not the only mandate concerning us from the same quarter. He would not quit France; but I," exclaims the author of the Travels,—“I, who was less confident and less virtuous, fled from the poignard, while he fell by its stroke!”

But it is time to proceed to another autograph.

The Lord Dorchester of whom the Duke de Liancourt has occasion to speak so often in the first volume of his Travels was better known as General Carleton, and General Sir Guy Carleton. As General Carleton he won in his day laurels from Quebec almost as glorious as Wolfe's. Furnished with very inadequate means, he endured a close siege of six months within its walls, defending it against two determined assaults, in one of which the commander of the invading force, Montgomery, was slain. This was in 1775-6. The war of the American Revolution was in progress. The Congress, aware of the weakened condition of the royal armies in Canada, determined to attempt the conquest of that country. On the 3rd of November, 1775, Montreal surrendered to a United States force sent against it by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu. Not many days later in the same month, a force appeared before Quebec, having pushed north by a new and most difficult route—the valleys of the Kennebec and Chaudiere. Quebec was almost destitute of competent defenders. The bulk of the troops had been drawn off to posts more exposed. Happily Carleton, Governor-General at the time, and Commander-in-Chief, had escaped capture at Montreal, and by the memorable aid of Com. Bouchette, had descended the river in safety to Quebec. Here he instantly organized a garrison out of such material as was at hand: the French and English inhabitants acting as militia; some men of a discharged Highland regiment (Fraser's); the sailors from the ships; a few regulars (70); a few Royal Artillery (22), and 35 marines. All caught the spirit which animated Carleton himself, and the result was that the city and fortress were saved to England. A consider-

able portion of the invading force surrendered at the time their commander was slain: the remainder, in the following spring, decamped, leaving behind them their stores, their artillery, their scaling ladders and their sick. Three armed ships from England seen rounding the opposite promontory of Point Levi, bringing aid and supplies, were the cause of this precipitate flight. No hostile flag has since been seen before the walls of Quebec. These occurrences took place, as we already said, in 1776.

My *MS.* memorial of Carleton is interesting and somewhat characteristic. It consists of an order wholly in his own handwriting, authorizing the distribution of powder and shot to the Indians of Lorette, a well-known Huron village near Quebec. The date of this document is January 4, 1770. It reads as follows: "Quebec, Jan. 4, 1770. You are hereby required to issue out of the King's stores of this town, one hundred weight of gunpowder and two hundred weight of shot for the Huron, of Lorette. GUY CARLETON. To the respective officers of the Board of Ordnance."

The band of Hurons at Lorette were thus, we see, not deprived of their fire-arms. Confidence in the native races was established. The wide-spread conspiracy of Pontiac against the English had collapsed some time since; and the great chief himself had met with a violent death in the far west the preceding year. The powder and shot ordered to be issued from the King's stores were expected probably to aid in provisioning the city during the winter months.

In 1777 Carleton solicited his own recall from Canada, offended at the appointment of General Burgoyne, instead of himself, to the command-in-chief of the army in North America. He afterwards, however, obtained the honour which he had envied Burgoyne. But the war was then drawing to a close. It was in 1782 that he succeeded Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief. In 1786 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Dorchester; and in the same year he was sent out again to Canada to execute the functions of Governor-General a second time. In 1796 he returned to England, after a popular administration; and in 1806 he died, having attained the age of eighty-three.

Sir Guy Carleton's successor as Governor-General, before his second return to Canada, was General Haldimand, a Swiss by birth. I have his autograph attached to a document dated Quebec, 25th October, 1782—a paper transmitted to the Lords Commissioners of

his Majesty's Treasury, in company with an account of "all the revenues in Canada for the last six years." I regret that I do not possess the account itself. He adds: "Independent of these revenues, there are quit-rents and other territorial rights due to the Crown from the lands at or near Detroit. I do not find," he says, "that any account has been transmitted here of the amount. I have applied," he says, "to Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, and to Major de Peyster, the present commanding officer at Detroit, for information on that subject, which I will take the earliest opportunity to transmit." This Report is addressed to Richard Burke, Esq., who appears to have been Secretary to the Lords of the Treasury. He was brother of the celebrated Edmund Burke, and he made some speeches in Parliament on the Quebec Bill.

I have another document bearing the signature of "Fred. Haldimand," which will recall the times in which it was written. The Revolution, we must again remember, was in progress in New England and the colonies further south. But Canada was yet a fastness of the Royal cause. Here was still a base of operation against the anti-Monarchists of the continent. From Quebec, "British gold" circulated to clever hands in Albany and New York and other places; hence also was it disbursed in the way of relief to sufferers in limb and property in the cause of the Crown. Canada was the asylum towards which the eyes of persecuted loyalists elsewhere were, voluntarily or involuntarily, directed. Sometimes, as we shall see, an itinerant friar from these quarters was a secret political agent elsewhere. Once, perhaps often, a scout is dispatched hence to intercept a mail, with a view doubtless not only of embarrassing the malcontents, but also of discovering who were and who were not disaffected nearer home.

The paper to which I refer contains an account of cash paid at sundry times for private services and gratuities from 25th June, 1779, to 10th November, 1784. Major Robert Mathews, Secretary to the Governor, also signs the document. I give a few of the items. "1780, Aug. 10.—To Enos McIntosh for services rendered to scouting party, £6. Sep. 26.—To Lieutenant Smith, of the 31st Regiment, towards indemnifying his loss when shipwrecked serving with a party as marines on board the armed ship *Wolfe* (20 guineas), £23 6s. 8d. Nov. 29.—To John Coffin, Esq., (late of Boston,) in consideration of his distinguished services during the blockade, and

his distressed circumstances, £100. 1781, May 14.—To Mr. Wing and his guide, John Chalmers, going on secret service to Saratoga to intercept the Albany mail, £24. May 16.—To Captain Sherwood of the Loyal Rangers, gratuity for private services, £50. July 5.—To *Hudibras* (an inhabitant of Albany), gratuity for private services (50 guineas), £58 6s. 8d. [It would have brought trouble upon the party to have named him.] Oct. 16.—At Sorel, gratuity to the officers of the militia for their readiness upon all occasions in forwarding the service (6 guineas), £7. 1782, Feb. 27.—Père Louis, a Recollet, gratuity for private services (10 guineas), £11 13s. 4d. April 7.—To Capt. Sherwood (agent for secret service) to send to Col. Wells and other correspondents in the Colonies, to defray contingent expenses (50 guineas), £58 6s. 8d. July 9.—To Mr. Lansing, (agent for Vermont), gratuity for private service, £49. 1783, May 27.—To Captain Brant, the Mohawk Chief (30 guineas), £35. July 28.—To Baptiste Lepeau, an inhabitant of Percée, gratuity granted to him yearly in consideration of his having lost both his hands, and otherwise wounded at the defence of that post, £10. Sept. 11.—To Mr. Shepherd, of Albany, gratuity for forwarding dispatches and intelligence (25 guineas), £29 3s. 4d. 1784.—To Joseph Brant and Captain David, Mohawk Chiefs, to defray their expenses from and to Montreal. Oct. 25.—To Captain Gleissenberg, of the Brunswick troops, in consideration of his services, having been twice wounded in our service, and in great distress, £58 6s. 8d."

The paper from which I have made these extracts is dated, not from Quebec, but from Curzon Street, London, 23rd March, 1786. This was the year after Haldimand's recall. Trouble arising out of his government in Canada, fell upon him after his retirement into private life. He had administered affairs too much in the spirit of a martinet, and actions at law for damages were successfully brought against him in the English courts.

Of this period is an autograph signature which I have of "John Schank, senior officer and commissioner." It is attached to a certificate that "Surgeon Melvill had attended the pilots and sick invalids that were put on board His Majesty's armed ship, the *Canceaux*, by order of His Excellency Gen. Haldimand," for which Surgeon Melvill was to receive a gratuity of six guineas. To this is appended Surgeon Melvill's receipt to Thomas Dunn, Esq., Paymaster, Naval Department, Quebec.

John Schank was afterwards an Admiral of the Blue. In 1776 he commanded the armed ship *The Inflexible*, on Lake Champlain. In 1793 he published in London a folio "Sketch of Two Boats and a Cutter with Sliding Keels." He is to be distinguished from Colonel, subsequently General, Shank, who once commanded the forces in Upper Canada, and possessed property in the neighbourhood of Toronto. The name of the latter was spelt differently. I have his autograph also in a note to be given hereafter.

Some of the agents dispatched to Albany and elsewhere on confidential errands by Governor Haldimand were, no doubt, occasionally involved in trouble through their mission. We have perhaps an instance in one Augustin Lansier, who gives this receipt in 1779 for money received by way of compensation for sufferings at the hands of "the rebels":—"Received from Thomas Dunn, Esq., by order of His Excellency, Gen. Haldimand, One Hundred Pounds, currency, as a gratuity for my sufferings when Prisoner among the Rebels, and on account of my Effects of which they plundered me in March, 1776, when they took me Prisoner. LANSIER. Quebec, 9th Sep. 1779." That his Christian name was Augustin we learn from a mem. on the back of the receipt. The Thomas Dunn, Esq., here named, twice at subsequent periods administered the Government of Lower Canada during interregnums with great eclat. The Hon. J. H. Dunn, familiar to readers of Upper Canada history, and father of Colonel Dunn, distinguished in the Crimea, was, as we suppose, of the same Dunn family already connected with Canada. Of Governor Haldimand we have permanent memorials in the Canadian local names—Haldimand County, Haldimand Township, and Haldimand Cove. It was during his administration that the scheme for settling the United Empire Loyalists in Upper Canada began to be carried actively into effect. From Lord Dorchester, it should have been said, Dorchester Township is named; and once the heights from Queenston to Hamilton appear to have been known as Dorchester Mount.

Among my papers is the autograph of a military commander very distinguished in Canadian history just before the era of Haldimand and Lord Dorchester. The name of Amherst is familiar to us as that of the general officer to whom the Marquis de Vaudreuil surrendered Montreal and the whole of Canada in 1760. He was afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Amherst. It is his signature simply as "Amherst" that I possess, repeated thrice. The document,

however, does not relate to Canada ; but it may be worth while to give it, furnishing as it does an example of routine at the Horse Guards in 1789. Moreover, it is addressed to the identical Sir George Yonge from whom our Yonge Street has its name. The paper is labelled at the back, "Lord Amherst, recommending succession to Lieut. Pyott in the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards, and to Lieut. Young in the 60th Regiment of Foot." It is wholly in Amherst's own admirable bold handwriting. Thus it reads : "St. James' Square, 3rd April, 1789. Sir, I have the honour to enclose to you a succession to Lieut. Pyott, in the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards, which His Majesty has been pleased to approve, and to direct that Commissions may be prepared for His Majesty's signing. I reported to the King the situation of Lieut. John Young, of the 60th Foot, that I had transmitted his memorial to you ; and that from his services, losses and paralytick state of health, he begged to be permitted to sell his Commission ; and as Lieut. Pyott was desirous of remaining in the Army, I hope, he might be allowed to purchase of Lieut. Young. I therefore beg the favour of you to lay the same before His Majesty, and to desire the Commission may be dated on the 2nd of April, by which Lieut. Pyott will retain his rank in the Army. I enclose Lieuts. Pyott and Young's certificates. I have the honour to be, &c., AMHERST." We have then also, wholly in Amherst's hand, a memorandum of the move-up consequent on Lieut. Pyott's change : "Most humbly proposed to your Majesty in the Second Regiment of Life Guards : By Purchase, to be Lieutenant *vice* Edward Pyott, who resigns, the eldest Cornet who can purchase—John Hughes. To be Cornet *vice* John Hughes, promoted Sub-lieutenant in the late first Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards—Arthur Cuthbert." All this is signed "Amherst, Colonel," and dated 2nd April, 1789, with the addition, "Approved by the King : the Commission dated this day. AMHERST."

The supporters of Lord Amherst's shield of arms are two Indians, described in Burke's *Peerage* as "Canadian Indians," but, strange to say, they are represented as fettered, as in chains. The heraldic emblazonment of these figures is this : "Two Canadian war Indians, of a copper colour, rings in their ears and noses, and bracelets on their wrists and arms, argent ; cross-belts over their shoulders, buff ; to one, a powder-horn pendent ; to the other, a scalping-knife ; their waists covered with a short apron, gules ; gaiters, blue ; seamed, or ;

legs fettered and fastened by a chain to the bracelet on the outer wrist, proper; the dexter Indian holding in his exterior hand a battle-axe; the sinister holding in his exterior hand a tomahawk, thereon a scalp, all proper." It is evident the herald gave his whole mind to this elaborate delineation. The Canadian will note his elegant euphemisms "gaiter" and "apron," and the nice distinction of battle-axe and tomahawk. It need scarcely be added that our Amherstburg and Amherst Island have their names from this Lord Amherst. One of Lord Amherst's seats, that near Seven Oaks in Kent, is called "Montreal."

Lord Amherst was twice Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, in England. In 1795 he was succeeded in this high office by the Duke of York, second son of George III., whose column dominates St. James' Park in London so conspicuously at the present day. It was from this Duke of York that Toronto was named York; and on this account it is that I preserve with care a certain cheque on the famous London Bankers, Coutts & Co., for the respectable sum of £160. These are its terms: it is in favour, it will be seen, of a namesake of the duke's, of whom I discover nothing. "London, February 6th, 1798. To Messrs. Thomas Coutts & Co. Pay to Frederick Anders or Bearer the sum of One Hundred and Sixty Pounds, and place to my account. FREDERICK." The whole is written with the duke's own hand, neatly and well, on a half sheet of gilt-edged notepaper. Frederick Street, Toronto, still retains the duke's Christian name.

I wish I could produce a relic of General Wolfe. I have to content myself at present with a long and valuable holograph from the hand of one who was intimately associated with him, Major Holland. Major Holland was an engineer officer, who, in a most essential manner, aided General Wolfe at the capture of Louisbourg and before Quebec. Major Holland's name has also a special interest with us as having been given to a well-known river to the north of Toronto, the Holland River. In his letter which I transcribe, we are introduced to Captain Cook, subsequently the great circumnavigator, who comes before us consistently as the intelligent, inquiring man he was, desirous of adding at every opportunity to his professional knowledge and skill. Cook, it appears, was sailing master of the ship-of-war *The Pembroke*, of which the commander was Captain Simcoe, father of Governor Simcoe. When at Quebec

in 1792, Governor Simcoe desired Major Holland to give him, in writing, whatever particulars he could recall respecting his father, Captain Simcoe, then deceased some thirty years. Hence the letter which I have. The Captain of *The Pembroke*, it will be observed from Major Holland's account, was an enlightened and spirited naval officer, possessed of the dash and daring that marked Wolfe himself. Cook too, it will be noticed, acknowledged in after years his great indebtedness to his former superior on board *The Pembroke*. Holland's letter to Governor Simcoe reads as follows :

"Quebec, 11th January, 1792. Sir: It is with the most sincere pleasure that I recall to memory the many happy and instructive hours I have had the honour of enjoying in your late most excellent father's company ; and with more than ordinary satisfaction do I recollect the following circumstance which gave birth to our acquaintance :— The day after the surrender of Louisbourg, being at Kensington Cove surveying and making a plan of the place, with its attack and encampments, I observed Captain Cook (then master of Captain Simcoe's ship *The Pembroke* man-of-war) particularly attentive to my operations; and as he expressed an ardent desire to be instructed in the use of the Plane Table (the instrument I was then using), I appointed the next day in order to make him acquainted with the whole process. He accordingly attended, with a particular message from Captain Simcoe expressive of a wish to have been present at our proceedings, and his inability, owing to indisposition, of leaving the ship ; at the same time requesting me to dine with him on board, and begging me to bring the Plane Table pieces along. I with much pleasure accepted that invitation, which gave rise to my acquaintance with a truly scientific gentleman, for the which I ever held myself much indebted to Captain Cook. I remained that night on board, and in the morning landed to continue my survey at White Point, attended by Captain Cook and two young gentlemen who your father, ever attentive to the Service, wished should be instructed in the business. From that period I had the honour of a most intimate and friendly acquaintance with your worthy father ; and during our stay at Halifax, whenever I could get a moment of time from my duty, I was on board *The Pembroke*, where the great cabin, dedicated to scientific purposes and most taken up with a drawing-table, furnished no room for idlers. Here, under Captain Simcoe's eye, Mr. Cook and myself compiled materials

for a chart of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, which plan at his decease was dedicated to Sir Charles Saunders, with no other alterations than what Mr. Cook and I made coming up the river. Another chart of the river, including Chaleur and Gaspé Bays, mostly taken from plans in Admiral Durell's possession, was compiled and drawn under your father's inspection, and sent by him for immediate publication to Mr. Thomas Jeffereys, predecessor to Mr. Faden. These charts were of much use, as some copies came out prior to our sailing from Halifax for Quebec in '59. By the drawing of these plans under so able an instructor, Mr. Cook could not fail but improve, and thoroughly brought in his hand, as well in drawing as protracting, &c. ; and by your father's finding the latitudes and longitudes along the coast of America, principally Newfoundland and Gulf of St. Lawrence, so erroneously heretofore laid down, he was convinced of the propriety of making accurate surveys of those parts. In consequence, he told Captain Cook that as he had mentioned to several of his friends in power the necessity of having surveys of those parts, and astronomical observations made as soon as peace was restored, he would recommend him to make himself competent to the business by learning Spherical Trigonometry, with the practical part of Astronomy ; at the same time giving him Leadbetter's Works, with which Mr. Cook, assisted by his explanations of difficult passages, made infinite use, and fulfilled the expectations entertained of him by your father, in his survey of Newfoundland. Mr. Cook frequently expressed to me the obligations he was under to Captain Simcoe ; and on my meeting him in London in the year 1776, after his several discoveries, he confessed most candidly that the improvements and instructions he had received on board *The Pembroke* had been the sole foundation of the services he had been enabled to perform. I must now return to Louisbourg, where, being General Wolfe's engineer during the attack of that place, I was present at a conversation on the subject of sailing for Quebec that Fall : the General and Captain Simcoe gave it as their joint opinion it might be reduced the same campaign. But this sage advice was overruled by the contrary opinions of the admirals, who conceived the season too far advanced, so that only a few ships went with General Wolfe to Gaspé, &c., to make a diversion at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence. Again : early in the spring following, had Captain Simcoe's proposition to Admiral Durell been put into execu-

tion, of proceeding with his own ship *The Pembroke*, *The Sutherland*, Captain Rous, and some frigates, *via* Gut of Canso for the River St. Lawrence, in order to intercept the French supplies, there is not the least doubt but that Monsieur Cannon with his whole convoy must have inevitably been taken; as he only made the river six days before Admiral Durell, as we learnt from a French brig taken off Gaspé. At this place, being on board *The Princess Amelia*, I had the mortification of being present whilst the minute guns were firing on the melancholy occasion of Captain Simcoe's remains being committed to the deep. Had he lived to have got to Quebec, great matter of triumph would have been afforded him, on account of his spirited opposition to many Captains of the Navy, who had given it as their opinion that ships of the line could not proceed up the river; whereas our whole fleet got up perfectly safe. Could I have had recourse to my Journals, which have unfortunately been lost, it would have been in my power to have recounted many circumstances with more minuteness than I am at present enabled to do. I have the honour, &c., SAMUEL HOLLAND."

Captain Simcoe's death occurred, from natural causes, off Gaspé, just as the fleet was beginning its ascent of the river for the memorable attack on Quebec, in 1759. His monument in Cotterstock Church, Northamptonshire, says: "He was an officer esteemed for great abilities in naval and military affairs, of unquestioned bravery, and unwearied diligence." Appended to Major Holland's letter is the following memorandum in the handwriting of Gen. Simcoe himself: "Major Holland told me that when my father was applied to, to know whether his body should be preserved to be buried on shore, he replied, 'Apply your pitch to its proper purpose: keep your lead to mend the shot holes: commit me to the deep.' J. G. S." The mention in Major Holland's letter of "the great cabin" of *The Pembroke*, "dedicated to scientific purposes, mostly taken up with a drawing table, and furnishing no room for idlers," gives us a pleasant glimpse of an interior scene in an armed cruiser engaged in the double service of defending and surveying a coast. Great, doubtless, has been the debt of all later navigators of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence to the observations jotted down for the first time in the busy great cabin of *The Pembroke*. Major Holland was uncle of Joseph Bouchette, author of "*The British Dominions in North America*," who ultimately became his successor as Surveyor-General of Lower Canada.

My autographic relic of Surveyor-General Bouchette is a letter written at Montreal in February, 1800, addressed to a cousin of his, Ensign Cheniquy, 2nd Battalion Royal Canadian Volunteers, at Quebec. This letter happens to name Major Holland. It refers to an enclosure, an application to the Governor apparently, which Cheniquy was first to seal and then entrust to the hands of Major Holland, "as if he had not seen it." "You alone," he then proceeds, "can put the matter in fair and speedy train. * * Neglect nothing, and let the matter be over as soon as possible; and let me know the result." He then offers land at 3s. 6d. an acre. "As to land," he says, "I shall dispose of any quantity at 3s. 6d. per acre. I have six hundred acres in Darlington, the third township to the eastward of York, and two hundred acres on Yonge Street, back of the town, lot No. 62; and I have four hundred acres in Rainham, near the Grand River; therefore I state this to you that you may take your choice, or any number of acres you please."

The successor of Gen. Simcoe in the Government of Upper Canada was Lieut.-Gen. Hunter. I have nothing to represent him except a note in the handwriting of his Secretary and Aide-de-Camp, addressed to the Ensign Cheniquy just named. The ensign, after obtaining his commission, had perhaps been prevented by circumstances from joining his corps, and had offered some explanations. The Secretary's note was as follows:—"SIR: I have had the honour of laying your letter of this day [the document is dated at Quebec, 17th March, 1800,] before Lieut.-Gen. Hunter, expressing your anxiety to join your regiment immediately. The General desires me to say that he perfectly approves of your joining your regiment as soon as possible, and thinks the sooner you do so the better. I have the honour to be, &c., W. J. CURREY, Aide-de-Camp."—This reads like a communication from Gen. Hunter, who is remembered as a strict disciplinarian.

An autograph letter, which I preserve, of Monseigneur Denaut, French Bishop of Quebec, relates also to the same Ensign Cheniquy. We learn from it that the young soldier had been applying in 1803 for admission or re-admission to the Seminary at Quebec, with a view to studying for Holy Orders in the French Church. The letter is in French, and is dated "Quebec, 3 9bre, 1803." "Monsieur," the bishop says, "Je n'ai point d'objection particulière à votre entrée au Séminaire pour y continuer vos études. Je l'ai déjà permis une fois, et vous avez quitté. Voyez M. le Supérieur et arrangez-vous ensemble.

Quant à faire de vous un ecclésiastique—cela ne peut avoir lieu qu'après examen fait par Monseigneur de Canathe qui jugera de votre capacité, de vos dispositions, et du temps de vous admettre. Je m'en rapporterai à lui, et sa décision sera la mienne. Je suis &c., + P. Evêque de Quebec."—The Monseigneur de Canathe just mentioned was Joseph Octave Plessis, coadjutor to Bishop Denaut from 1797 to 1806. His Life has been published, and forms a work of great historical interest. I have his autograph also, and it chances likewise to relate to Ensign Cheniquy. A document in the handwriting of Bishop Plessis is by no means a common sight. The language of the paper this time is Latin. First we have a brief certificate of Joseph Cheniquy having attended confession, signed by a presbyter named Demers. "Audiui Jos. Cheniquy. Quebeci, die 3â Maii, 1803. DEMERS, pter." Then in continuation follows Bishop Plessis' testimonial to Cheniquy's orthodoxy: "Quem fidei Catholicæ adhærentem et nullo, quod noverim, censurarum vinculo irretitum omnibus ad quos præsens perveniet schedula testificor. Ego infra scriptus. + J. O. Epûs Canathensis et Co-adjutor Quebecensis, Qubeci, 13 Maii, 1803." The "Demers, presbyter," whose signature appears above, was in his day a man of eminence in the scientific world of Canada. His work, entitled "*Institutiones Philosophicæ ad usum studiosæ juventutis*," was published at Quebec, in 1835.—Further on, I shall have occasion to give some passages from an autograph letter of Jacob Mountain, the first English Bishop of Quebec.

I introduce here the letter of a Mohawk chief addressed to General Simcoe in England, after his final departure from Upper Canada. It will serve to shew the esteem and veneration in which the general continued to be held among the native tribes and other portions of the people lately under his rule. Liancourt remarked how Governor Simcoe cultivated the good will of the Indians. Joseph Brant was his personal friend. The name of the chief whose letter I am about to give from the original, was John Norton, but known among the Mohawks as Teyoninhokarawen. He is said by some to have been the son of an Indian woman by a Scotchman; but Stone in his Life of Brant puts it the other way, and says that he was the son of a Scotchwoman by an Indian, which does not seem so probable. He passed two years in Scotland in his early boyhood, and moreover received some education in an American college. Stone remarks of him, that next to Thayendanagea, *i. e.* Brant, he was the most distin-

guished of the modern Mohawks. It was he who continued the translation of the Gospels, begun by Brant. The letter of Teyoninhokarawen which I possess is dated at Bath, in England, Dec. 24, 1804. It then proceeds thus :

"Sir : The many important concerns that have occupied your Excellency's time since you left the wilds of Canada to lament your absence, may have left but imperfect traces on your mind of some of its remoter parts and of its inhabitants. But with respect to them, retired and sequestered from the busy world, nothing could intervene to shade from their memories the grateful sense they retain of your benevolent intentions towards them, and the active zeal with which you were ever ready to promote every measure in your power for the welfare of that country and the various descriptions of people therein residing, as also for those out of its boundary, but who ever faithfully adhered to His Majesty's interests and relied on his fatherly protection. Since I have been in Britain," he continues, "I have greatly desired to do myself the honour of waiting on your Excellency. But the distance of your residence, and the business which occupied my attention, caused me to defer from time to time, till lately I came to Bath, when I proposed myself that pleasure ; but by a particular arrangement was so soon recalled to London as to put it out of my power for that time. As I now hope to be able to remain for this week at Bath, could your Excellency with propriety and convenience permit me to wait upon you, I would do myself that honour any day you might be pleased to appoint. With the greatest respect, I have the honour to be, &c., JOHN NORTON, Teyoninhokarawen.—P.S. Please to direct to me at Mr. Robert Barclay's, Bath." The peculiar use of the word "Britain" above reveals the Scottish tincture in the chief's education.

Norton, we are told, when in Bath appeared in the Pump Room in Indian costume, and the following scene is said to have occurred. A young Englishman, who had been in America, accosted him, and gave him to understand that he suspected him to be an impostor. Norton calmly assured him to the contrary. "But then," returned the other, "if you really are what you pretend to be, how will you relish returning to the savages of your own country?" "Sir," replied Norton, "I shall not experience so great a change in my society as you imagine ; for I find there are savages in this country also."—Norton proved himself a useful ally to England in the war with the United

States in 1812-13-14. He assisted at the capture of Detroit; he was present on Queenston Heights when Brock was killed; he entered Fort Niagara when surprised and taken by Colonel Murray in December, 1814; and again, at the famous night-attack on the United States' camp at Stoney Creek, he was also present. Norton's association with the British officers on these and other occasions gave rise to some wild stories, believed in the United States. One writer reports that Colonel Murray, when he surprised Fort Niagara, entered the fort at the head of 400 British and Indians. James, in his "Military Occurrences of the Late War," &c., corrects the statement by saying there was but one Indian, and he was a Scotchman: meaning, of course, Norton. But doubtless, wherever Norton was, his savages were not far off.

As a companion-piece to Norton's letter, I give another, written also by our educated Indian chief, Captain John Brant, son of Joseph, and his successor as Tekarihogea, or Head Chief of the Mohawks. Its date, however, is so late as 1825. I transcribe from the original. Application is made therein to Colonel Givins, of the Indian Department, for his friendly intervention in behalf of Thomas Davis, Susannah Johnson and Lucy Brant, Grand River Indians, who had suffered losses during the War of 1812. "Their respective claims," Captain Brant says, "have been legally authenticated before William Holme, Esq., of Dumfries; and I believe that they have proceeded in every respect according to the rules of the Commissioners. These claims were transmitted to J. B. Macaulay, Esq., Clerk to the Commissioners, nearly a year since. It is in consequence of the bad state of health of the Hon. Col. Claus," Brant adds, "that Thomas Davis intends to solicit your assistance, and to inquire of Mr. Macaulay if the Commissioners have examined those claims: and also the result of such examination. Any assistance you can render to these people will be gratefully acknowledged by, Dear Sir, your very faithful servant, J. BRANT." The letter is dated at Wellington Square, July 5, 1825. This is the J. Brant who, when visiting England in 1821, called on the poet Campbell to retract the language he had used in "Gertrude of Wyoming" in regard to his father, Joseph Brant. Campbell's elaborate reply can be seen at the end of Stone's *Life of Joseph Brant*. The Mohawk name was Ahyouwaeghs.

The Hon. Col. Claus long filled a large space in the Canadian public view, as Chief Superintendent of Indian affairs. Here is a

letter of his dated Niagara, 6th November, 1806. It is addressed to the same Cheniquy of whom we have already heard. Cheniquy's occupation as a military man was gone, the Canadian Volunteers having been disbanded. Col. Claus alludes to hopes of half-pay fondly but vainly indulged by Cheniquy. He speaks a good word for Gen. Hunter, who was lately deceased. He names also Judge Thorpe, and disapproves of his having presented himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. Col. Claus addresses his letter to Cheniquy at Springfield Park, near York. This was the abode of Mr. John Mills Jackson. Col. Claus says,—“Dear Sir, I was favoured with your letter of the 12th ultimo, and I am to acknowledge myself highly flattered with your good wishes for me. I have been unwell, but not seriously so. I hope and at present feel myself to be getting strength every day. I have heard that Mr. Justice Thorpe is offered to the public to represent the Counties of York, Durham, &c. Every man has a right to give his opinion; and I think that Law and Divinity ought to have nothing to do with Politics. * * * There is no report here of the half-pay being allowed to the Canadian Volunteers. As to the truth of it, I cannot say anything about it.—I hope it may be the case. As to General Hunter's administration, what a few idlers and discontented people may say will never affect him. Those who cry out are strangers both to him and his measures, and some who received from him that censure and punishment that they deserved. He was an honest man, which cannot be said of some who make such a noise. I should be happy if I had it in my power to do anything for you. I shall always be happy to hear from you, and believe me, &c., W. CLAUS.” It may be pleasing to know that, through Col. Claus, Cheniquy did obtain (in 1807) an appointment as Collector at St. Joseph, in the Far West. I have a letter of Cheniquy's in which this is implied. Also I have a portion of Cheniquy's Journal as far as Matchedash Bay, *en route* to St. Joseph. In his way up Yonge Street he rested at the Count de Chalus'. (He speaks of the Count's place as “Windham.”)

Having named Judge Thorpe, I am led to give two or three letters from the hands of our early Judges. First I go back in time a little, and transcribe an autograph of Chief Justice Osgoode's, the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada. It is a communication addressed to W. Dummer Powell, Esq., at Detroit, in 1794. Mr. Powell's home was at that place at the time. He had not yet been raised to the

Bench. The Chief Justice writes plaintively of his "solitude" at Niagara: alludes to some mental perplexity which he does not care to commit to paper: refers to projects for the speedy establishment of a Superior Court of Judicature to be stationary at the seat of Government. Among the items relating to current events at the end, he speaks of the pacific tone of certain communications of "Mr. Washington" to Congress. The Chief Justice writes from Navy Hall, the Governor's residence at Niagara, the humble accommodations of which are to be gathered from the regret expressed that it had not been convenient to offer Mr. Powell's son a bed there, except only during the absence of Major Littlehales. I now give the text of the letter:

"Navy Hall: May 2, 1794. Dear Sir: By the report of the Attorney General on his return from Detroit, [this would be Mr. White] as well as the expectation formed by your son on his arrival here, I was flattered with the hopes of seeing you in this quarter during the course of last winter, and had cause to regret the disappointment both from the loss of your company, which would have greatly cheered my solitude, and because I was thereby deprived of an opportunity of conversing with you upon some topic connected with our system of judicature, and perhaps of receiving some insight upon a question that involves a matter of candour with which I confess I am at present somewhat puzzled, and which, if stated upon paper, might lead to a tedious and unavailing discussion. As it seems to suit the general convenience that the Assembly should meet in June, it would not be easy to arrange matters for holding the Western Circuit in spring so as to secure my return in time. I must therefore defer it till autumn. Many circumstances have made it absolutely necessary that some course should be taken to relieve those gentlemen in part who have gratuitously stood forward to administer justice at a time when the country was destitute of professional men, and to carry into effect the institution of that Superior Court which is provided for by the civil estimate of the Province, and the want of which has been openly and repeatedly complained of by the people. For the reasons you formerly detailed, I know that the removal of your family will be attended with much inconvenience, and, without the means, can only wish I had the power of redressing it. In this case the most friendly part I can act is to apprise you, that unless some unforeseen event should occur, a Bill will be brought forward

this Session to establish a Superior Court of Judicature, to be stationary at the Seat of Government; and, till that shall be fixed, to be holden at the last place of meeting of the Assembly. I am sorry it was not in my power to offer a bed to your son except during the absence of Major Littlehales. We have no news from Europe except by way of the States. A copy of the King's speech has found its way here, which continues to insist on the necessity of opposing the measures of the French. No mention is made of the American States; but I am happy to learn, from a recent communication from Mr. Washington to Congress of letters from Mr. Pinkney, that at an interview with Lord Grenville the most pacific professions were made by the Secretary, so that the apprehensions of war begin to subside. I am, Dear Sir, with great esteem, &c., WILLIAM OSGOOD.

It would appear that during the subsequent autumn Mr. Powell had visited Niagara, and had returned rather suddenly to Detroit, with the intention of bringing down his family. Navy Hall was to have afforded them a temporary shelter in the expected absence of the Governor for the winter. But in the meantime some change had occurred in the aspect of public affairs, and it might be expedient for the Governor to pass the winter, after all, at Niagara: also, it might be necessary to quarter a military guard in the spare portion of the Governor's House. The following note was accordingly dispatched. I copy from the original. "Navy Hall, Nov. 14, 1794. DEAR SIR: The critical situation of affairs will in all probability render it necessary for His Excellency to remain at Navy Hall during the ensuing winter, and he may have occasion to quarter troops in that part of the House which was otherwise intended for the temporary accommodation of your family. Under these circumstances, His Excellency has directed me to write to you immediately, to obviate any inconvenience you might else experience. I am, Dear Sir, with regards, &c., E. B. LITTLEHALES.—P.S. Colonel Simcoe was prevented from personally explaining to you what he has directed me to write, owing to your unexpected departure to Detroit."—To this autograph letter of Major Littlehales', it will not be inappropriate to append Liancourt's account of the impression made on himself by that gentleman. "Before I close the article of Niagara," the duke says, "I must make particular mention of the civility shown us by Major Littlehales, Adjutant and first Secretary to the Governor—a well-bred, mild and amiable man, who has the charge of the whole

correspondence of Government, and acquits himself with peculiar ability and application. Major Littlehales appeared to possess the confidence of the country. This is not unfrequently the case with men in place and power; but his worth, politeness, prudence and judgment give this officer peculiar claims to the confidence and respect which he universally enjoys."

In connection with Mr. Powell's first visit to Niagara and the fraternal conferences which, as we have seen, Chief Justice Osgoode in his solitude desired to have with him, I must give the following note from the autograph of the Governor himself: "Col. Simcoe's compliments to Mr. Powell: Mr. Chief Justice Osgoode is to be with him at eleven o'clock, when he shall be happy to present Mr. Powell to him. Sunday morning." Public men, at home and here, were not in 1794 so scrupulous as they are obliged now to be, in regard to utilizing occasionally some of the hours of Sunday for the consideration of affairs of state. In the following year, under date of "4th July, 1795, Saturday morning," we have a note in the handwriting of Major Littlehales, addressed to Mr. Powell, in these words: "Lieut.-Governor Simcoe will be glad to have the pleasure of seeing you to dinner to-morrow at three o'clock, and is the more solicitous in this invitation, as he wishes to converse with you upon business, before or after dinner." And when the King's birthday falls on a Sunday, the Commandant at Fort George does not defer to the following day the dinner to which he invites his friends. Thus: "Major Shank requests the honour of Mr. A. Macnab's company to dinner on Sunday, the 4th of June."

A note of Chief Justice Elmsley (Osgoode's successor) to Mr. Powell, now advanced to be Mr. Justice Powell, exhibits the same peculiarity. It is dated "Sunday morning," and conveys the following queries to Mr. Powell. (They constitute my chief MS. relics of Chief Justice Elmsley). "1. Is there any ordinance or law that has made any alteration in the Penal Law of this Province since the 14th George III., except that which extends Petty Larceny to twenty shillings sterling? 2. By what Proclamation, Ordinance or Law was the Penal Law of England introduced here? for the 14th Geo. III. mentions its having been established near nine years. To these questions," he then says, "allow me to add another of much less importance. Is it the custom to give the Grand Jury a dinner here, as elsewhere?" I happen to possess Mr. Justice Powell's response, in

his autograph. He says: "I know of no law affecting the Penal Code of this Province except the change you mention, extending the value of Petty Larcenies to meet in some measure the depreciation of money. I consider the Criminal Code of England, as it stood in 1774, to be operative here, being then confirmed by statute. Its first introduction was by Proclamation, 1763, extending the Laws of England to all newly acquired conquests. It followed the first Civil Governor's Commission, which was in '65 or '66." He then answers the Chief Justice's inquiry about the dinner. "It has not been customary to entertain the Grand Jury on the Home Circuit, no allowance having been made for the expenses of it to the Officers." Chief Justice Elmsley was afterwards Chief Justice of Lower Canada. A few words of his, penned by him when resident at Quebec, are the following—the mention of five o'clock as the Quebec dinner hour will perhaps redeem them from mere commonplace: "Mr. Elmsley will do himself the honour of waiting on the Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Mountain at dinner on Friday next, at 5 o'clock." The note is addressed to "Mrs. Mountain, Belmont."

To accompany Chief Justice Elmsley's autographs, I add a passage from an admirably written letter now lying before me, of Mrs. Elmsley, at the time of the date (1825) his widow. It is addressed to Mr. Alexander Wood, and relates to a generous offer that had been made by that gentleman to restore a parcel of land containing fifty acres, to the Elmsley Estate, for a reason which will in these days be considered romantic. In view of the great and unexpected rise in the value of property since the purchase, he feels that he got it altogether too cheap. He therefore desires to hand it back to the Estate, that the Estate, and not himself, might reap the benefit. Mrs. Elmsley firmly declines the proffered advantage in this well-expressed language: "I thought I had not sufficiently remunerated you for the infinite trouble you have had in the care you have taken of the property, by allowing you to *purchase* the lot in question instead of *giving* it, and was much gratified when I heard it had become more valuable. In case you should wish to dispose of it even in this way you were still my *creditor*, for the land became yours at the price it was *then* valued at; and whatever *future* advantages might arise from such property, the increase of value must be yours as much as if you were to receive the benefit of any article in trade. You have done more for me and my family than any one else would

have done ; and though I feel your last act of kindness, if possible, more than all past favours, yet I must not tax your friendship at so high a rate. Therefore, pray do not be offended if I decline the benefit you generously proposed, and allow me the gratification of knowing that you have received a trifling profit from what, in fact, is your own to dispose of as you please. The continued friendship of a mind like yours will always afford me more real pleasure than accession of riches ; for few, very few indeed, possess such feelings as yours, and such a friend I shall feel the greatest pride in boasting of. I have met with many instances of ingratitude, but your disinterested conduct has a hundredfold overpaid me."

The successor to Chief Justice Elmsley, in Upper Canada, was Chief Justice Allcock. My MS. relic of him is dated from London, 3rd April, 1805. He writes to inform Mr. Justice Powell that "Mr. Robert Thorpe, who succeeded Mr. Cochran at Prince Edward Island, [*i.e.*, as Judge], is appointed his successor in Upper Canada." The vacancy on the Bench in Upper Canada had been occasioned by a singular disaster, by which a judge, a solicitor-general, a sheriff, a high bailiff, a prisoner, witnesses, and others were suddenly engulfed in Lake Ontario in a Government vessel named *The Speedy*, not one person of those on board surviving to tell the tale.—Chief Justice Allcock then goes on to describe to Judge Powell how he has fixed the Circuits. "He [the new judge, Thorpe] is here now, and I have made an arrangement with him about the Circuits of this year, which I hope you will approve of. I shall be obliged [he says] to take the East in my way home, [*i.e.*, from London], as I fear it would be too late to go to the West after my arrival at York. Mr. Thorpe," he then adds, "is going to Prince Edward Island from hence : he expects to sail from thence early in July for York with his family, consisting, I think, of a lady and five children. His arrival at York," continues Mr. Allcock, "depending as mine does, on wind and weather, he agrees to go to Newcastle only, (to which he says he will ride) ; so that I hope you will have no objection to take Niagara, London and Sandwich.—Mr. Thorpe," he further explains, "much wished to have some place he could ride to this year, as he said his Lady's alarms would be such as to the dangers of the Lake as to injure her materially, if he was to leave her on such an expedition on her first arrival. Under all circumstances," the Chief Justice finally observes, "I could think of no other arrangement."

When *The Speedy* foundered, Mr. Herchmer, a merchant of York, also perished. I have Mr. Herchmer's signature attached to a receipt, which happens to give the amount of municipal tax paid by two citizens of York in 1801. "Received, York, 22nd April, 1801, from Alexander Wood, Esq., for Doct. Burns, the sum of four dollars, being the amount of his Taxes and his brother's. J. HERCHMER, Collector. Doct. Burns, 16s., Alex. Burns, Esq., 4s.; total, 20s." One barrister who narrowly escaped drowning in *The Speedy* was Mr. Weekes. He determined, as Mr. Thorpe proposed to do, to "ride" to the vessel's destination, and so saved his life. My specimen of Mr. Weekes' autograph consists of an order for window-glass and putty left with Mr. Wood. He was contemplating building at York. "Please to order from England for me Six Hundred feet of Glass, ten by sixteen inches, and putty sufficient for glazing the same. W. WEEKES. 12th Oct., 1805. Alexander Wood, Esq." In the following year Mr. Weekes was killed in a duel at Niagara.

Chief Justice Allcock's successor was Chief Justice Scott. I have two autograph letters of Mr. Scott. One was written when he was Attorney General, and is addressed to Judge Powell, requesting him to nominate some one to conduct the Crown business in his absence, it being necessary for him to repair to York in consequence of the death of the Lieutenant-Governor, General Hunter. "As the melancholy event," he says, "that hath taken place renders it a duty in me to return to York as soon as possible, I request that you will appoint any gentleman at the Bar whom you may think fit to carry on prosecutions for the Crown, when a person in such a situation may by you be considered as necessary." The other letter was written by Mr. Scott eleven years later, on his being allowed a pension. It is addressed to Governor Gore, and reads thus: "March 30th, 1816. My Dear Sir: I have only time to offer my sincere thanks to your Excellency and the Members of the Legislature. Their generous conduct I see and feel; and I shall ever bear in mind the high obligation they have laid me under. I now return the enclosed according to your request. I am, with great regard, your Excellency's obedient and obliged servant, THOS. SCOTT." The pension was the comfortable one of £800 sterling per annum, as appears from a receipt which I have: it is a printed form filled up, and it runs thus with great and satisfactory particularity: "Upper Canada. Receiver General's Office, York, the third day of January,

1820. Received of George Crookshank, Esq., Acting Receiver General, the sum of Four Hundred and forty-four Pounds eight shillings and tenpence halfpenny, Canada Currency, being my half-year's allowance of Pension from the 1st of July to the 31st of December, 1819, inclusive, at £800 sterling per annum, as late Chief Justice of the Province, granted upon my retirement from the Bench by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, as signified in Earl Bathurst's letter dated the 18th of June, 1816; pursuant to Lieut.-Governor Sir P. Maitland's warrant No. 22 of this date, having signed five receipts of the same tenor and date.—THOS. SCOTT. £444 8s. 10½d., Canada Currency; dollars at 5s. each."

I should have noted further back that between Gov. Simcoe and Gov. Hunter came the Administrator, Peter Russell. He was afterwards Receiver General of the Province. Here is his autograph signature, a fine one, attached in that capacity to a receipt, which informs us what was the sum accruing to the public Treasury from Licenses in the Midland District in 1806. "Receiver General's Office, 20th March, 1806. Received from John Cummings, Esq., Inspector for the Midland District, through the hands of Alexander Wood, Esq., Twenty-three pounds twelve shillings and ninepence, Halifax Currency, for account of Duties received on Licenses in that District.—PETER RUSSELL, Receiver General. £23 12s. 9d., Hx. Currency; dollars at 5s." Mr. Russell died at York in 1808. I copy the printed card of invitation which was sent to his friends on the occasion of his Funeral, the mem. at its close sounding somewhat strange to us now. "Sir: The favour of your attendance at the Funeral of the late Mr. Russell is requested on Wednesday next, at 2 o'clock precisely. York, 3rd October, 1808. Divine Service and a Funeral Sermon, by the Reverend Mr. Stuart."

Of Governor Gore I have several minute manuscript remains. He was twice Governor of Upper Canada. He departed before the Three Years' War, begun in 1812, and was reappointed when the contest was over. The following is a familiar note to Mr. Justice Powell, 3rd May, 1810. He was just on the start for an inspectional tour, probably. "Dear Sir: I hope to get away on Saturday morning; therefore if you will excuse a short invitation, and take your *supper* with us to-morrow at half-past 5 o'clock, we shall be most happy of your company.—FRANCIS GORE." The italicised *supper* is, I think, a jocular allusion to the use of the word supper for "Tea," common

in the United States and among country people here. Secondly, I produce Mr. Alexander Wood's License to sell Spirituous Liquors, signed by Governor Gore's own hand, with Mr. Allan's receipt as Inspector, for the fees receivable on the same. This is the same Mr. Wood whose scruples about profiting by the great rise in the value of fifty acres of the Elmsley Estate were noted just now. "Province of Upper Canada. Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, &c., &c., &c. To all whom these presents may concern: This License is granted to Alexander Wood, Esq., of the County of York, Home District, Shopkeeper, to utter and sell Wine, Brandy, Rum, or any other spirituous liquors by retail, to be drank out of his house. This License to be in force until the fifth day of January, One thousand eight hundred and eleven; provided that the said Alexander Wood shall observe such rules and regulations as are or shall be made in that behalf. Given under my hand and seal at arms at York, in the County of York, the seventeenth day of January, One thousand eight hundred and ten, in the 50th year of His Majesty's reign.—FRANCIS GORE, Lt.-Governor. By His Excellency's Command: JOHN MCGILL, Inspector-General, Public Provincial Accounts."—"Received from the said Alexander Wood, Esq., the sum of One pound sixteen shillings sterling, being the original statute duty on each License, and likewise the sum of Twenty shillings, lawful money of this Province, being the additional duty imposed on the same by the Legislature.—W. ALLAN, Inspector." The John M'Gill, whose autograph also here appears, is the gentleman from whom M'Gill Street and M'Gill Square, Toronto, have their names. I give one or two more representative relics of Gov. Gore. Here is an extract from a letter to Col. Givins of York, after his final retirement from the Government of Upper Canada. Writing from 15 Lower Grosvenor Place, he says: "I learn that Lord Dalhousie has recommended a Major Darling to succeed to our poor friend Claus. I suppose his Lordship is satisfied with that gentleman's perfect knowledge of the Indian Nations to justify him in preferring him to so important an office. * * If I was a little younger, it would afford me great pleasure to pay you a visit and witness your improvements. My late absence from London prevents me from filling up a letter with the news of the day: the most important event is the hourly expectation of the Duke of York's death. It is quite impossible to describe how universally he is beloved,

not only by the Army, but by every class." The rumour respecting the appointment of Major Darling did not prove to be well-grounded. Col. Givins himself became Col. Claus' successor in the Chief Superintendency of Indian Affairs. A little later, Mr. Gore communicates to Mr. Justice Powell at York an *on dit* of the moment in London, which he evidently thought farcical, and which also did not prove true. "Many thanks for your letter," he says, "and I was about writing to you to tell you that Sir Peregrine Maitland has asked for a twelve month's leave of absence, which is granted: and that Sir Francis Burton has received the appointment of Governor General of British North America!!! I beg you not to mention this latter appointment," Mr. Gore adds, "because Sir Francis begged me not to mention it; and yet it has transpired, although many do not believe it." He closes with a hint which probably had much latent significance: "I should recommend you," he says, "to abstain from making any applications to the Colonial Office at present, but wait till Mr. W. Horton abdicates, which I understand will be about Christmas."

The name of Sir John Harvey, otherwise so greatly distinguished, has an especial interest with Upper Canadians, inasmuch as it was he—at the time Lieut.-Col. Harvey—who planned and so successfully carried out the daring night attack on the enemy's Camp at Stoney Creek on the 5th of June, 1813, by which a most effectual check was given to the progress of invasion. My autograph memorial of Sir John Harvey is the following letter, addressed to Col. Givins: it refers, like another document, already given, to the death of Col. Claus, and to a movement which was set on foot to secure for Col. Givins the succession to the General Superintendency of Indian Affairs—a post for which his long experience with the native tribes, and his knowledge of their languages, peculiarly fitted him. The movement was, as we have already been apprized, successful. "I had not heard" he says, London, 1st Dec., 1826, "of poor Col. Claus' death, nor do I at all know whether it be intended to keep up the appointment he has so long held. If such should be the intention, much attention would doubtless be paid to the recommendations of the authorities in Canada, particularly, I should imagine, as regards Upper Canada, to that of your excellent Lieut.-Governor, [in 1826, this would be Sir John Colborne,] whose support you will, I doubt not, have, and you can require nothing beyond that." Previously,

however, in the letter, Sir John Harvey had said, "I addressed a note to Mr. Horton for Lord Bathurst's information, stating my knowledge of your services in the Indian Department, particularly as they fell under my observation in the late War, in such a manner as may, I trust, be serviceable to you."

When Gov. Gore departed for England in 1811, it was simply on leave. Major General Brock, the Commander of the Forces, became Administrator or President of Upper Canada. Of this distinguished man, soon after slain at the Battle of Queenston Heights, where his noble monument is a conspicuous object, I have an epistolary relic. It is not in any way of a military character, being a letter to the Bishop of Quebec, the first Bishop Mountain, of whom we have before heard. Every one knows that at the outset a close connexion subsisted between Church and State in Upper Canada, often no doubt to the inconvenience and perplexity of both contracting parties. Solemn letters passing between governors and bishops on the subject of missionaries, rectors and ecclesiastical livings, have become curiosities now to us under the modern and much simplified system of a Free Church in a Free State. Bishop Mountain, it appears, had thought it proper to apply to the Administrator of the Government for his opinion as to the advisability of ordaining a certain German Lutheran named Weagant. The Administrator had referred the matter to Dr. Strachan, recently appointed to York. He then replies: "York, Upper Canada, September 24th, 1812. My Lord: I was honoured with your Lordship's letter of the 3rd ult., a fortnight ago, but thinking that it would be more satisfactory to receive a confirmation from Dr. Strachan of the favourable account given by others of Mr. Weagant's character, I have delayed until my arrival here giving an answer. Dr. Strachan is of opinion that Mr. Weagant's abilities and moral conduct entitle him to be admitted into the ministry of our Church, and that he will be of essential benefit to the people among whom he now resides, who generally speak Dutch, in which language he is only competent to officiate. It appears that Mr. Weagant attends at present three places of worship, and it is suggested that he should be required to perform some duties. Allow me to assure your Lordship that I shall at all times be proud to attend to your recommendations, and to express my regret that your Lordship's ill state of health deprived this Province of the advantage of your Lordship's presence. I have the honour to

be, with high respect and consideration, your Lordship's most obedient and very humble servant, ISAAC BROCK, M.G." This letter is wholly in the handwriting of Gen. Brock. As a pendant, I add an extract from a letter by Major Glegg, who was with the general as one of his aides-de-camp at the moment of his death at the base of Queenston Heights. It was written some years later at Quebec to a friend who had congratulated him on a happy windfall in England, which he was about to take possession of. "I thank you," he says, "very sincerely for your congratulations on my late very unexpected good fortune; it is quite true that a distant connexion has left me a very pretty estate in my own county (Cheshire), and in the immediate neighbourhood of all my relations, about seven miles west of Liverpool, and thirteen from Chester, where I shall be truly happy to give you a good day's shooting and a most hearty welcome under my roof. It is my intention to proceed to England soon after the opening of the navigation, proceeding through your Province to New York."

During the Three Years' War, in the course of which Gen. Brock was killed, the church at Niagara was burnt, along with the whole town. Being of stone, however, the walls of the building remained. Some sentences of a letter, now before me, from Mr. Addison, the English clergyman there at the time, to Bishop Mountain of Quebec, will afford an idea of the situation in which the inhabitants found themselves. It is dated at Niagara, 30th Dec., 1815. "I took the liberty," he says, "of recommending the state of our church to your Lordship's protection by Lieut.-Col. Robertson, of the Canadian Fencibles. I now think it my duty to acquaint your Lordship that we have begun to perform the Service in it and have got, by means of a subscription, three windows and some benches put into it. We are still in a very comfortless situation, and if Government will not assist us, I fear we shall continue so for some time." The three windows here spoken of were not some of "the storied windows richly dight" with which we deck our churches now, but doubtless the most matter-of-fact affairs, simply to answer the primary purpose of windows, viz., the admission of light: the three opposite apertures were probably roughly boarded up. Mr. Addison then expresses some desire to be transferred from Niagara to the London District. "I have been strongly solicited," he says, "by some of my old hearers who have removed to that district, to live amongst them, and should

not feel much disinclined, if such a salary was allowed for visiting the Indians two or three times a month, as would make up for the loss I must sustain in leaving my present situation. I beg leave, however, to assure your Lordship that I wish not to ask any unpleasant favour, for really, my Lord," Mr. Addison pathetically subjoins, "I think it a matter of great indifference where I struggle through the few remaining years of my life."

It having happened just now that Dr. Strachan and Bishop Mountain came before us together, I give here, as examples of their autograph letters respectively, two extracts in which a trifling passage of arms or crossing of pens occurs between them. The Bishop of Quebec was in London at the moment, attending to Canadian Ecclesiastical interests at Downing Street and elsewhere. The Doctor writes to him from York, Upper Canada; and after, among many other things, detailing certain specific advantages which he has heard the Roman Catholics of Upper Canada had lately obtained from the Home Government, he ventures to observe to the Bishop, "It is impossible to look at this statement, my Lord, without inferring that either the Ministers at home, or the Head of the Church in this country, had failed in their duty. It therefore behoves your Lordship to take such steps as shall clear you from any such suspicion, and bring to light your incessant exertions for the increase and prosperity of the Church, (*i.e.* the Church of England in Canada.)" He suggests that the Secretary of State for the Colonies should be moved to dispatch a strong letter to the authorities in Canada in favour of the Church of England; "and if the letter added," he says, "that his Majesty's Government expected the hearty co-operation of men high in office here in promoting the prosperity of the Establishment and affording it every assistance, it would have a wonderful effect. Such a letter," he remarks, not surely with his customary shrewdness, "your Lordship might, I think, very easily procure."

After passing in review the other points in Dr. Strachan's communication, the Bishop takes notice with a good deal of dignity of the words and ideas just quoted. He writes from Hastings, in Sussex: "You tell me, Sir," he says, "that it is impossible to look at this business without inferring that either the Ministers at home or the Head of the Church in Canada had failed in their duty. It therefore (you say) behoves me to take such steps as shall clear me from any such suspicion, &c. These observations may in some degree be

just. I am fully aware that in ordinary minds, or with persons not sufficiently informed of the difficulties to be encountered—the Ministers consider the affairs of the Canadas to be involved in very great difficulties—a want of success will commonly produce the suspicion of a want of due exertion. Yet I do not exactly see the propriety of urging this to me. I must bear these suspicions as I may. The time perhaps will come when the exertions which I have made will be better understood. I shall not remit them; but it is not my intention to make them public at present. I have a very awful responsibility, and I trust that I am duly sensible of it; but what 'it behoves me to do,' under the circumstances in which I am placed, ought in propriety to be left to my own judgment." Then as to the facility with which Ministers might be moved to adopt a particular line of action, the Bishop rejoins: "Ministers will not consider the Ecclesiastical affairs of the Colonies but in conjunction with other matters relating to them. Whenever they do proceed in this business, they will certainly not fail to have before them all that relates to the Reserved Lands, and everything else materially affecting the Establishment and the general interests. But like many other persons at a distance from Courts and Ministers, you mistake extremely in supposing that effectual attention to everything that seems important in the Colonies, and particular directions respecting it, may 'very easily' be obtained here." In his next letter, Dr. Strachan offers many apologies for his "loose manner of expressing himself," which he says was the result of haste,—Col. Talbot, who was to be the bearer of the letter, being kept literally waiting until it should be finished. He then adds: "The great exertions of your Lordship to place the Church in these Provinces upon a more respectable footing do more than equal my expectations, which were not perhaps very moderate. They are not to be measured by their success; but will reflect the greatest credit on the first Bishop of Quebec, when they are once generally known, long after we are all mingled with the dust." Both of these energetic contenders in a cause which it was their office to uphold are now mingled with the dust, and truly their names are held in honour. But the way out of the maze in the perplexities of which they were entangled—how different it finally was from that which they had conceived to be the only one!

But now I must return to secular affairs. When Gen. Brock was killed, the command, civil and military, devolved on Gen. Sheaffe.

The name of Gen. Sheaffe—afterwards Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe—is associated with the history of Toronto. It was he who retired with the remains of the small regular army under his command towards Kingston, when Toronto, then York, was taken and partially sacked by the Congressional invading force. I possess an autograph letter of his. It is addressed to Col. Givins at York, and introduces to him and to us Capt. Basil Hall. "I have the pleasure of introducing to you," Gen. Sheaffe says, "Capt. Basil Hall of the Royal Navy. In granting him the benefit of any kind offices in your power, and in procuring from others any aid that may promote the purposes of his visit to Canada, you will confer an obligation on, yours very truly, R. H. SHEAFFE." This letter is dated Edinburgh, 8th April, 1827.

Capt. Basil Hall's three volumes of Travels in North America in 1827-8 appeared in 1829. He preceded Mrs. Trollope by a few years, and, like that lady, he gave great offence by his criticisms, which, like hers, were not always of the most enlightened kind. An autograph letter which I chance to have of Capt. Hall's relates wholly to America. It is addressed to W. R. Hamilton, Esq., Secretary to or otherwise connected with the Athenæum Club, and it offers some recommendations in regard to the newspapers of the United States some forty years ago. The letter is dated 4 St. James' Place, Wednesday, 23rd June, 1830. "My dear Sir," it proceeds, "in reply to your question about American papers, I beg leave to mention to you, that I think your best plan would be to take one of the New York Tri-weekly Papers, as they are called, and Niles' Weekly Register. The New York Paper will give you all the interesting transatlantic information current at the moment, including as good a report of the Debates in Congress as can be required in this country; while Niles' Register will be found very useful, from its containing all the Reports made to Congress and a great mass of other information pretty well arranged, and carefully indexed. These qualities make Niles' Register a good work of reference; and it is my intention to offer to the Athenæum a complete set from its commencement, I think in 1811, up to 1828. This can easily be completed to the present day; and if the Committee think fit, it may be continued in future as a document to be referred to. With respect to the National Intelligencer, it strikes me that this would be superfluous, if you get Niles' Register and a New York Tri-weekly Paper. When Congress is sitting, indeed, the reports of the Debates are more fully given in the Intelligencer than in any

other Journal, but they are of such length and so peculiarly local, that they are well nigh unintelligible even on the spot. At this distance I can hardly think they would be found interesting or useful by the members of the Athenæum, especially if they had the means of applying to the condensed Reports in a New York Paper. I would venture, therefore, respectfully to recommend to the Committee to order, simply, The New York Enquirer, Tri-weekly, and Niles' Weekly Register. I remain, most truly yours, BASIL HALL."

After the War which was wound up by the Treaty of Ghent, Gov. Gore returned to Upper Canada, as has been already intimated. On his final retirement in 1818, Sir Peregrine Maitland succeeded. But there was a brief interregnum, when President Smith, as senior member of the Executive Council, was at the head of affairs. I shew Col. Smith's hand subscribed to a document which records the allowance made to a Lieutenant Governor or Administrator, in 1820, "in lieu of fees." Col. Smith's proportion for four months is nicely calculated down to five-tenths of a farthing, sterling,—an expression more dignified than half a farthing would have been. The Prince Regent and Carlton House suddenly come before us in the paper. "Upper Canada, Receiver-General's Office, York, 30th June, 1820. Received from George Crookshank, Esq., Acting Receiver-General of Upper Canada, the sum of One hundred and Fifty-seven Pounds nineteen shillings and four pence and five-tenths of a farthing, sterling, dollars at 4s. 6d., being one moiety of a part of the One Thousand Pounds, sterling, per annum, in lieu of fees which have hitherto formed a part of the emoluments of the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, from the 8th March to the 30th June, 1820, inclusive, as established by His Majesty's warrant, under the sign-manual of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, bearing date at Carlton House the 29th September, 1812, having signed five receipts of same tenor and date.—SAMUEL SMITH, Administrator."

My first autographic relic of Sir Peregrine Maitland will be a certificate under his hand and seal, guaranteeing the trustworthiness of an attestation given by a Notary Public at York to another document. I select this particular paper because it brings under view a group of names familiar to the early people of Toronto, two of them also, in addition to Sir Peregrine's, autographically inscribed. First we have a copy of a Power of Attorney from William Halton to Duncan Cameron to draw certain moneys. The accuracy of the copy and

the genuineness of the original, with its signatures, are attested by STEPHEN HEWARD, Notary Public. The Lieutenant-Governor adds his testimony to the reliability of the Notary; and Major Hillier subscribes the Governor's certificate as Private Secretary. Preceding Mr. Heward's signature is his Notarial Seal, bearing his name; and preceding the Governor's signature is a seal with the Royal Arms. The witnesses to the original signature of William Halton are D'Arcy Boulton and George S. Boulton. The Governor's certificate is in these terms: "By Sir Peregrine Maitland, K. C. B., Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, Major-General Commanding His Majesty's Forces therein, &c. &c. &c., I do hereby certify that Stephen Heward is a Notary Public, duly admitted in the Province, to whose acts in that capacity entire credit is due. Given under my hand and office-seal at York in Upper Canada, this fourteenth day of January, 1820.—P. MAITLAND. By His Excellency's Command, GEORGE HILLIER, P. S."

My second memorial of Sir Peregrine will be another illustration of that curious interlacing of Church and State which was once expected to be a joy for ever in this country. It is a pleasant letter to Bishop Mountain of Quebec, the prelate whose acquaintance we have formed already. We have in it again the Governor of Upper Canada in the character of a Charlemagne, pointing out the best position for a clergyman, and solving a difficulty in relation to the ownership of a place of worship. Between these two matters of business we have an appropriate reference to the past and present of the aborigines of the country. "My dear Lord," Sir Peregrine says, "I have communicated my sentiments to Archdeacon Stuart respecting the fittest station for the Rev. Mr. Morley. Indeed, I had no hesitation in deciding on the Grand River, as the Mohawks, with whom he has to converse, are in greater numbers, and have more settled habitations there than in any other part of the Province. This subject reminds me," he then proceeds, "of a letter I received from your Lordship long ago, and which, but that I could plead absence from home and indisposition, I should feel ashamed had remained so long unanswered. In that letter your Lordship requests that I would point out to you some source of information relative to the past and present state of the Indian Tribes dispersed over this part of the American Continent. To my intercourse with the Officers of the Indian Department and other persons long resident in this country, I owe the very

limited information I have obtained respecting these tribes, and I am not acquainted with any publication on the subject of which you do not appear to have been in possession." He then adds: "On referring to the Rev. Mr. Myers' application and the Note of Council, it seems to me that Mr. Myers could not take a better step than to offer the Presbyterians to restore to them the sums they subscribed for the building of the Church: this, I think, would remove all difficulties." There are then some family compliments: "Lady Sarah unites with me in felicitating your Lordship and Mrs. Mountain very sincerely on your daughter's marriage, and on the good state of health which both Mrs. Arrabin and her sister seemed to enjoy when we had the pleasure of meeting them. I have the honour to remain, my dear Lord, yours very faithfully, P. MAITLAND." This letter is dated from "The Cottage," i.e. Stamford Cottage, July, 1st, 1823. So recently as September 18th, 1873, I noticed in the Bath Chronicle the following sentence: "Several noble families are placed in mourning by the death of Lady Sarah Maitland, daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, and aunt of the Countess of Bessborough." This is the same Lady Sarah.

In Sir Peregrine Maitland's day, the Canada Company, which still carries on its operations, was instituted and incorporated. Of its first Chief Commissioner, Mr. Galt, I exhibit two little relics; the first, a note, dated Barn Cottage, Old Brompton, 25th Nov., 1833, addressed to W. Jerdan, Esq., for thirty-four years editor of the Literary Gazette, relating to the affairs of Mr. Picken, deceased, a man of letters, who had, in his day, written a book on the Canadas. "The sudden death of Mr. Picken," he says, "has left his family in very straitened circumstances, and his son has requested me, if you would have the goodness to insert it in the Literary Gazette, to write his character. He likewise tells me that his father has a novel finished, and if he can dispose of it, I have promised to correct the press. The notice in the Gazette would be of great service." The second relic of Mr. Galt is a portion of the manuscript of a story of his, entitled, "Tribulations." I select a passage: "No to waste words, we were by and by married, but for all that she was not your grandmother; for she had not been my gude wife scarcely a twelvemonth and a day when she took a kittling in her craig and departed this life at her appointed time with a sore heart—a kink, as it were—leaving me all her residue, which was a great penny, more than

double and aboon for what I married her; but she said I had made the best of husbands, and needed a consolation for the loss of her; so saying, she died, leaving me with the meal, though the basin was taken away."

I show part of a letter in the curious, even, sloping, handwriting of Mr. Widder, so long associated with the Canada Company, with his familiar signature attached. "I have been urged by three successive mails from England, by influential parties, to endeavour to draft some project for a Railway, and Colonization purposes. This I have done, and with the concurrence of favourable circumstances, I believe that success will attend my scheme. I shall require to submit it, as I have previously intimated, to the consideration of *this* Government after I obtain the approbation from home; and as I think my success will be mainly influenced by the scheme having to be dealt with whilst you are a member of the Council, I feel extremely anxious about your continuance therein for two or three months. Believe me, &c., FRED. WIDDER." As a memorial of Mr. Robinson, the Commissioner of the Canada Company, lately deceased, I preserve with care an autograph addressed to him by Sir John Franklin, who, on one of his journeys north, previous to the expedition which proved fatal to him, was the guest of Mr. Robinson at Newmarket. "Dear Sir," Sir John Franklin writes, "you will be glad to learn that we reached the River by eight this morning with all the stores. I feel much indebted to Mr. Beaman for his exertions: without his aid and that of the men under him we should have had to remain some days on the other side of the Portage, as the Contractor had neither Teams nor Cart ready. The former were procured by Mr. Beaman from a farmer, and I have to request you will pay him for their use and charge the sum to the general account. I have just heard that Lieut. Douglas sent off his Batteaux yesterday; but as the wind is strong from N.W., I fear it will be three days before it reaches us: in that case our provision will run short, if Mr. Beaman does not succeed in getting us some on his return, which he will endeavour to do. We have found your Canteen and supplies extremely useful, and feel much obliged for your kindness in letting us have it. Believe me, &c., JOHN FRANKLIN. Monday, 11th April, 1825. Lieut. Back will have to get provisions from you for the men. The Batteaux will be sent back here for them as soon as possible." The river spoken of would be the Holland River, and the other side of the

Portage would indicate Penetanguishene, where Sir John would embark on Lake Huron for the North or North-West.

My first relic of the ruler of Upper Canada who came next after Sir Peregrine Maitland—viz., Sir John Colborne—will be one of an ecclesiastical character again. It is a note addressed to Bishop Mountain of Montreal, son of Bishop Mountain of Quebec, accompanying a paper justificatory of himself in proceeding to establish the famous fifty-seven Rectories. He says: "My dear Lord,—In transmitting to you the accompanying letter respecting the Rectories in Upper Canada, I beg to mention that I have no objection to this communication being forwarded by you to the Colonial Secretary, if you think the explanations will be useful to the cause. I remain, my dear Lord, sincerely yours, J. COLBORNE." This note is dated Sorel, 14th Oct., 1837. On the same subject, I transcribe a letter to the same Bishop from Chief Justice Robinson, written also at Sorel, in 1837. It reads as follows, and contains, as we shall see, the main reason of Sir John Colborne's recent action: "My dear Bishop,—I am spending a day with Sir John Colborne before commencing my duties on the Eastern Circuit. The Archdeacon made me the bearer of Lord Glenelg's dispatch on the subject of the Rectories, and sent it open that Sir John might see it. It is a bulky document, but I believe it will reach you without subjecting you to the necessity of contributing to the Post Office revenue. I promised Dr. Strachan to see that it was sent to you from hence. Of course you are aware that both in 1817 and in 1825 instructions were sent by the Secretary of State, the latter formally and carefully framed on the Statute authorizing the Lieut.-Governor and Council to erect parsonages, &c., and to endow them; so that the Crown Officers have given their opinion upon a defective, or rather upon an erroneous statement of the case. I am, My dear Lord Bishop, most faithfully yours, J. B. ROBINSON."

Another epistolary relic which I have of the Governor last named, is dated at Deer Park, near Honiton, Devon, May 24, 1852, written after he had become Lord Seaton. It shows the minute interest still taken in the affairs of the Province formerly under his charge. "I beg to acquaint you," he says to a Canadian correspondent, "with reference to your letter of the 3rd, that I have made Lord Hardinge acquainted with my opinion as to the expediency of the title of the Ordnance Department to the Niagara Reserve being relinquished, to

enable the Town Council to proceed with their proposed Railway improvements, and shall be glad to render any assistance in my power to promote the views of the Memorialists. I have the honour to be &c., SEATON."

Having given above representative autographs of the two Bishops Mountain, I ought to present one of Bishop Stewart, the second Bishop of Quebec. I accordingly make an extract from a letter written by him while yet a simple missionary. It was addressed from London, in 1823, to Archdeacon Mountain at Quebec. "I have drawn up a subscription paper," he says, "in aid of building Churches in Canada, and of defraying the expense of repairing the Mohawk Church in the Bay of Quinté. I went to the Archbishop yesterday—to Addington—and he gave me £10. He told me that the robbers of Lambeth Palace had carried off very little indeed. I do not see that I can do anything in aid of procuring Bells for the Cathedral. Mr. Davidson promised me, last week, to inquire at the Treasury if there is any prospect of assistance in that quarter. * * You will oblige me by requesting Mr. Malhiot (at your leisure) to examine and air my linen and mattresses left in my cot at his house, for I wish to preserve them from being spoilt." This Bishop Stewart was a son of the Earl of Galloway.

Sir Francis Head was the successor to Sir John Colborne. I copy a portion of a letter of his, written after his return to England, to a friend in Canada: Lord Durham's Report is referred to in it, and he speaks of being engaged in the construction of a paper on a subject of which he recently knew nothing:—"I have been much occupied," he says, "for the last month in writing an article which will appear in the Quarterly Review on the first of January [1839], on Railroads, or perhaps on the Power of Steam. I was but a tyro in the steam department (as you may well recollect, for you know I nearly blew you up one day in the middle of a long argument) when I was at Toronto. In fact, I knew nothing at all about Railroads, but I was so strongly pressed to write about it, and ignorance was so strongly urged as being no objection whatever, that I at last undertook it. If you should read it, you will see that I fired a shot into Lord Durham, in return for the gun he fired on all preceding governors at his departure from Quebec." I take this occasion to produce an autograph of Lord Durham's, but unfortunately it was written before his famous mission to Canada, and so has no allusion

to Canadian affairs. It is dated Lambton Castle, Dec. 26th, 1834, and is addressed to S. W. Phillips, Esq. It must speak for itself. "Sir," it says, "I have the honour to transmit to you an Address to the King from the Inhabitants of Oban, which I beg you to lay before the Home Secretary for presentation to His Majesty. Your obedient servant, DURHAM."

The name of Sir Francis Head suggests that of William Lyon McKenzie. I have Mr. McKenzie's autograph signature in a copy of Story's Laws of the United States, captured at Montgomery's on Yonge Street in 1837. Pages are turned down at the Act of 1794 to establish the Post Office and Post Roads within the United States; and in the Act of 1799 to regulate the Collection of Duties on Imports and Tonnage. I have also his name subscribed with his own hand to Scrip for One Dollar, issued by the Provisional Government of Upper Canada in 1837, at Navy Island. I copy the document, which is a printed form only partially filled up: (David Gibson's autograph also appears thereon.) "\$1. Provisional Government of Upper Canada, No. 252. Navy Island, Upper Canada, Dec. 27, 1837. Four months after date, the Provisional Government of Upper Canada promise to pay to — or order, at the City Hall, Toronto, One Dollar, for value received. WM. L. MCKENZIE, Chairman *pro tem.* Ex. Com. Entered by the Secretary, P. H. WATSON. Examined by the Comptroller, DAVID GIBSON." I preserve likewise a blank commission in the "Patriot Army," organized along the frontier in the United States in 1839, ready-signed by H. HAND, Commander-in-Chief of the North-Western Army on Patriot Service in Upper Canada, and endorsed by "John Montgomery," President of the Grand Eagle Chapter of Upper Canada on Patriot Executive Duty, Windsor, Upper Canada, Sep. 26, 1839. ROBERT ROBERTSON, Secretary. A rude woodcut adorns the fly-leaf of this paper of an Eagle soaring aloft and carrying in its claws the British Lion. At the side is the motto "Liberty or Death."

W. Lyon McKenzie's name recalls to Upper Canadians that of Joseph Hume, and his often-quoted letter to Mr. McKenzie on the "baneful domination of the mother-country." I introduce here a note of Mr. Hume's, wholly creditable to him but on quite a foreign subject. It is a communication addressed to a young protégé or relative named Crow, who had been a little wild. The tenor of the document enables us at once to conceive the case. I copy the original.

"38 York Place. 26th March, 1819. Dear James: It was my intention to have seen you immediately after I wrote to Captain Tarbet, but I have been prevented by a press of business. On consulting Captain Tarbet, I think nothing better can be done for you at present than to proceed in his ship, and to put yourself under his orders in every way he may direct; and I am certain he will behave towards you as your conduct may deserve. I have written to your mother to that effect, and I should hope you will see the propriety of implicitly attending to your duty on board, so as to merit the patronage of Captain Tarbet. I have every disposition to give you the same assistance to forward you in life as I have given to your brother Robert and to your cousins. But as your behaviour has not hitherto been such as to deserve that countenance from me which I have given them, it would be highly improper in me to make no distinction. If, under Captain Tarbet's commands, you conduct yourself to merit his approbation and recommendation, I shall be most happy on your return to receive you as I have done your cousins, into my house, and to afford you all the assistance in my power to forward your views in life. But I am confident your own good sense must convince you that you have not behaved as you ought to have done, and that it is absolutely necessary you should have a fair trial, which you will have under Captain Tarbet, of shewing your capability, and of proving the inclination to behave well and to deserve attention. Captain Tarbet will order you such clothes, &c., as he may think you require for the voyage; and I shall have an opportunity of seeing you again before you sail. I am your well-wisher and friend, JOSEPH HUME. Mr. James Crow, Ship *York*." The young sailor, we will hope, weighed well these paternal words, and turned them to profitable account.

Sir George Arthur, who followed Sir Francis Head, was the last Governor of the Province of Upper Canada. His name is before me, subscribed by his own hand, to a long letter addressed to Bishop Mountain of Montreal, from Government House, Toronto, 18th December, 1838. This again is ecclesiastical in tone. The whole paper is in the handwriting of Mr. John Kent, who for a time acted as Private Secretary to Sir George. I transcribe the concluding sentence: "The subjects brought under my consideration by your Lordship's letter I am conscious are of the deepest importance. I will give what attention to them I can bestow at present, and I do

assure you I shall have pleasure in doing so; but I lament there should be occasion to undertake, in the midst of commotions from without and troubles from within, measures which should have been adjusted in the day of tranquillity and of peace. I have the honour to be, &c., GEO. ARTHUR." A preceding paragraph possesses more interest. "I have caused," Sir George says, "the whole subject [of the Upper Canadian Indians] to be fully gone into by the Provincial Secretary, and Mr. Tucker is a gentleman who will feel it to be a conscientious duty to befriend the Indians, and to exert himself to bring their case forward, so as to remedy the past, as far as it admits of remedy, and to provide for the future."

Lord Sydenham carried the reunion of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada by judicious pressure brought to bear on the Special Council of the latter and the House of Assembly of the former. I have several autographs of Lord Sydenham's. Here is one signed while yet a Commoner—addressed to a Canadian member of Parliament: "10th December, 1839. My dear Sir: I hear that you made a most admirable speech this morning, which I cannot refrain from thanking you for. I only regret that I had not the pleasure of hearing it. Very truly yours, C. POULETT THOMSON." Here is another written after his elevation to the Peerage. He refers in it to a Periodical about to be brought out at Toronto, having a political object: also to certain land-grants in Garafraxa, a township on the Grand River. It is dated from Government House, Montreal, 28th November, 1841. "My dear Sir: I have yours of the 24th this morning. As the case now stands, the course you propose to adopt in regard to the 'Monthly' is the best, to take an opportunity in the publication of the first number to explain that 'my sanction and patronage' mean the support which I am glad to give to any literary work undertaken upon good principles,—and not a control or responsibility on the part of the Government. After all, the paragraph does not seem to have attracted much criticism, and may not injure the Journal, which was what I feared, or commit the Government. They are a funny people there. They make a great piece of work about the supposed interference of the Government with elections, about which we should care nothing in England, and do not mind an avowal that a Journal is under the sanction and prompting of the Executive. I have a complaint from home about our giving as much as 50-acre allotments in the Garafraxa concern,

and they want them to be reduced to 5 in future. This is too little, but at the same time 50 appears large. Will not 25 do? This, I think, was my original suggestion. Let me know your opinion, and also the *reasons* for 50, if you still think that number ought to be continued. Send me, too, some account of how the thing is proceeding, as you have been up there. They like *facts* at home very much, and *they* tell more than 100 arguments of any other kind. Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly, SYDENHAM." Lord Sydenham's very minute hand is difficult to decipher. He did not employ in his signature his full title—SYDENHAM AND TORONTO.

After Lord Sydenham came Sir Charles Bagot as Governor-General. My autograph memorial of him speaks of the Clergy Reserve question, which was not yet settled. The note is addressed to one of his Canadian Ministers, and is dated Friday, March 18, 1843. "I had entirely forgot," he says, "when you were here this morning, that I had transmitted by the last mail to the Colonial Office your own Memorandum upon the Clergy Reserve question; and I conceive therefore that *en attendant* the receipt of Lord Stanley's answer to my dispatch upon the subject, we have precluded ourselves from any further discussion upon the subject. As, however, there are no doubt other points which we have to decide in Council, I will be down to-morrow at 2 o'clock. Yours truly and faithfully, CHAS. BAGOT." I may add another example, addressed to an eminent Canadian legal functionary. It is dated simply "Sunday morning," and then runs thus: "My dear Sir: There appears to be no chance of seeing you excepting on a Sunday, when your Court is not sitting. Can you come and dine here quite quietly to-day: nobody but ourselves. I wish much to have some conversation with you on College matters, which admit of no more delay. I have not had a line from the Bishop. Yours truly and faithfully, CHAS. BAGOT." It was Sir Charles Bagot, it may be recalled, who laid the foundation-stone of King's College, which afterwards was transformed into University College, Toronto.

Of Lord Metcalfe, who came next after Sir Charles Bagot, I have to content myself at present with a sign-manual attached to a marriage-license; and similarly with respect to Lord Cathcart, who administered the Government for a short time.

In addition to the bold ELGIN AND KINCARDINE signature of the Governor-General who then succeeded, I have a note in the third

person wholly in his own free, dashing, gubernatorial handwriting. He speaks therein of the Reciprocity Treaty, names Monklands, the Governor-in-Chief's temporary residence near Montreal, and asks for the draft of a dispatch. "Lord Elgin would wish the Act for the establishment of reciprocal Free Trade with the United States, and the Minute of Council with reference thereto, to be sent to Monklands this evening or to-morrow, Saturday; also the draft of Lord Elgin's dispatch sent a fortnight ago, covering a letter from Mr. Merritt."

Apres of drafts of dispatches:—I venture to give, from the original, a specimen of the irreverent way in which Secretaries at head-quarters sometimes speak of such things, one to the other. The following is from Mr. Governor's Secretary — to Mr. Provincial Secretary — of Lord Sydenham's period, I think; and relates possibly to some great State Document which, after due manipulation, influenced subsequently perhaps the destinies of the whole country. "My dear —: I went to your room to ask you to read the enclosed and found you just gone. I wish you would look it over, if it is not too much trouble, and let me have it, if not to-night, early to-morrow. One point I assume, but you will correct me if I am wrong—that the surplus of £274,000 on the Loan was to go in aid of the Public Works Loan: indeed if it was not, I do not know where it should have gone. The enclosed is a rough draft, so pray have no hesitation in altering or adding to it. It wants a concluding sentence, which I will write afterwards—something about speaking strongly and public duty, &c. &c., and that kind of official balderdash. Yours ever truly, ———. Monday. P.S.—I have added the balderdash."—When we are thus admitted behind the scenes and learn some of the secrets of State, we can enter better into the spirit of old Oxenstiern's observation to his son:—"You are not aware, my child, with how little wisdom the world is governed!"

Of this era is a note which I produce, of Dominick Daly's, afterwards Sir Dominick, and Governor of Prince Edward's Island. He salutes in the following amiable manner his own successor in the post of Provincial Secretary under Lord Elgin, Mr. Sullivan: "My dear Sullivan," he says, "if I may not congratulate *you*, I certainly can the *Public*, upon your having waived your objections, and consenting to fill my late office. Should it happen that my knowledge of the details in any matter can be made available to you, I hope I need

not assure you that it will afford me much pleasure to be in any degree useful to you. So pray command yours, very truly, D. DALY. Champ-de-Mars Street, Saturday, 10th March, 1848."

One more relic of Lord Elgin's day, ere I pass on. The year 1848, it will be remembered, was a memorable one for commotions in Europe. It was not allowed to pass without public trouble threatened to Canada, from the usual quarter. Mr. Barclay, so long the well-known British Consul at New York, had occasion to address the following communication to the proper functionary at Montreal, on the 28th of August, 1848. "Sir: I beg to acquaint you that a large company of persons, sympathizers with the seditious in Canada, left Albany and its vicinity on Saturday morning the 26th instant for Quebec. This information may be relied on as correct. It is derived from the same source as that communicated to you by my letter of the 26th instant, for the use of His Excellency the Governor-General. I have the honour to be, &c., ANTH. BARCLAY."

A sentence or two of Sir Edmund Head's, Lord Elgin's successor, must close for the present my Canadian series. After the requisite number of years, manuscript relics of the Lords Monck, Lisgar and Dufferin, and of several of their respective contemporaries in Canada, will be of equal interest with those which I have now adduced.

I transcribe first from a letter addressed by Sir Edmund to a friend in 1856. It may be observed that Sir Edmund Head's handwriting, while Governor-General, was of a style most appalling to the ordinary reader or copyist. The words are visible enough, with roomy spaces between them. The pen seems usually to have been a soft quill with a broad nib, much worn. But haste ever impelled the hand, and most of the letters are only partially formed. His signature might be anything—the cipher of an eccentric Shah or Padishah. In 1856 Ottawa had not yet been fixed on as the capital of Canada. The Government was still alternating between Toronto and Quebec. In November of this year, Sir Edmund writes to his friend thus: "The open state of the Seat of Government Question is doing harm by aggravating the French and English quarrels, and affording a topic in which four parts out of five can always be brought to bear negatively against any Government." To the same friend we have him expressing, two years later, an opinion on Canadian Confederation—some nine years before Confederation was effected. "I admit," he says, "the union of the Canadas may be difficult to maintain. If it

should go, according to my view the next, indeed the only hope would be the promotion of some Government on a still larger scale, more or less like a federation, which shall gather up the reins and control the St. Lawrence, as well as the Western and Eastern waters. I do not undertake to say," he adds, "that I should be for framing a Government strictly 'federal'—that is, one in which the (?) residue of power belonged to the local governments, and the limited power to the central one. It is possible, nay, probable in my opinion, that the local powers should be the limited ones, and the central power the unlimited one. We start, not from the separate existence of five or six independent states, but from the fact that all are already provinces subject to the same sovereign. All this, I think, matter for grave discussion; full of difficulties, but not therefore impracticable or absurd." In 1856 again we have Sir Edmund, in a letter from Toronto to the same friend, making the following startling observation: "I think," he says, "the Toronto University and its Colleges give about as much trouble as the rest of the Government business put together." Now that the storms alluded to are all over, how pleasant to hear or read these words!

With my literary relics relating to the United States I shall be very brief. I show first a volume from the library of William Penn, a splendid copy of the first edition of Gilbert Wats' translation of Bacon's *Instauratio Magna*, printed at Oxford in 1640, with Marshall's portrait and mystical title-page; the whole dedicated to Charles I. in a Latin inscription, in which that king is styled "Dominus Virginie et Vastorum Territoriorum adjacentium et dispersarum Insularum in Oceano Occidentali." The bookplate therein exhibits the arms of the Penn family, and underneath, the following: "William Penn, Esq., Proprietor of Pensylvania. 1703." The motto is *Dum clavum teneam*, "Let me but hold the helm." The family motto, as given by Burke, is *Dum clavum rectum teneam*, "Let me but hold the helm aright"—which accords with the verse of Ennius, from which the words are borrowed. The omission of *rectum* makes the sentiment savour of ambition. It may be observed that the first syllable of "Pensylvania" has only one *n*; and so the name of the province appears in the older Gazetteers, and in early French works. Penn survived the date on his bookplate fifteen years. On several pages of my copy of the *Instauratio* there are marginal annotations in manuscript which are probably from the

hand of William Penn. He was, as we know, a scholarly man and a thoughtful student. At p. 29, St. Paul's words, *Devita profanas rocum novitates*, are quoted in Latin in the text: the annotator adds in the margin with a pen the rest of the sentence—*et oppositiones falsi nominis scientie*. At p. 277, on the expression, "glasses of steel" in the text, the observation is made—"speculis ex metallo, in Lat. edit."—shewing that Gilbert Wats' version of the Instauration was being compared with the original. At p. 200, "fine wafer-cakes" is erased, and "furmenty" substituted. An allegation in page 262 is declared "false" in the margin.—The great Elm-tree under which the treaty of Penn with the local aborigines was made, long continued to be a venerated object. When, during the war of the Revolution, Col. Simcoe was quartered at Kensington, he so respected it that when his soldiers were cutting down every tree for firewood, he placed a sentry under it, that not a branch of it might be touched. After Montmagny, a distinguished French Governor-in-Chief of Canada, the Indians used, as we know, to style all Governors-in-Chief *Onontio*, i.e. Montmagny, Great Mountain. In the same way the natives who had formed treaties with Penn, styled subsequent Governors of Pennsylvania, *Onas*, i.e. Pen, from the name of the great white man whom they had learned to respect. As the highest compliment which the Indians could pay to Sir William Keith, a Governor in 1722, they said, "We esteem and love you, as if you were William Penn himself."

The last royal Governor of the Province of New York was Major-Gen. Tryon. Happening to possess the original parchment containing his commission as Colonel of the 70th Regiment, I preserve it for two reasons: first, because it bears at its head the signature of George III., some remains of the royal seal, and some other autographs of note; secondly, because the document is to me a kind of visible transition-link between the few relics which I have of the "old colony days" of the southern portion of this continent, and those which I have relating to later American history.

In 1777 Gov. Tryon was seeking release from his troublesome post. The Documentary History of the State of New York, published at Albany in 1859, contains many papers from the pen of Gov. Tryon, and among them is a letter dated at King's Bridge Camp, 3 Oct., 1771, addressed to Lord George Germain, from which I give an extract: "The incidents," he says, "that have occurred to me since

my return to this country, my present situation, and the state of my family affairs, all powerfully invite me to return home. The fee-simple of this vast continent would be no temptation for my residence in a country in which I have struggled through so many scenes of trouble and disappointment, against all which, a principle of pure affection for his Majesty and his Government has, thank God, sustained me." Under date of Whitehall [London], 5 June, 1778, Lord George Germain makes the agreeable announcement to Gov. Tryon, of his appointment to the Colonely of the 70th Regiment, and of his elevation to the rank of Major-General. "It was a great pleasure to me," he says, "in the course of last month to have the honour to lay before the King, for his Majesty's royal signature, a Commission giving you the rank of Major-General in America, according to that you held as Colonel, and which your merit and services so well entitle you to, and upon which, and your appointment to the command of the 70th Regiment, I beg you will accept my congratulations." On the 6th of the following September, Tryon acknowledges the receipt of the two commissions. He says to Lord George Germain: "These most gracious marks of his Majesty's bounty towards me have filled my mind with gratitude for such royal benevolence. I shall most cheerfully serve through this campaign," he continues, "at the expiration of which, unless a very opening prospect should present itself to render some essential service on this continent, I shall entreat the Commander-in-Chief's permission to quit America that I may lay in a better stock of health for future services, and settle my private affairs in England, which daily become more pressing." The parchment instrument, then, which I possess, is one of the documents to which reference is made in the two foregoing extracts. I give it entire, with the royal sign-manual at the beginning, and three other autographs of official persons at the close. "GEORGE R. George the Third, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., to our Trusty and well-beloved William Tryon, Esq., greeting. We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your loyalty, courage and good conduct, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be Colonel of our Seventieth Regiment of Foot, whereof our Trusty and well-beloved Lieutenant-General Cyrus Trapaud was late Colonel, and likewise to be Captain of a company in our said Regiment. You are therefore to take our said Regiment as Colonel, and the said Company as Captain, into

your care and charge, and duly to exercise as well the officers as soldiers thereof in Arms, and to use your best endeavours to keep them in good Order and Discipline. And We do hereby command them to obey you as their Colonel and Captain respectively. And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from time to time as you shall receive from Us, or any other your superior officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War in pursuance of the Trust We hereby repose in you. Given at our Court of St. James, the fourteenth day May, 1778, in the Eighteenth year of Our Reign, By His Majesty's Command, WEYMOUTH. Entered with the Secretary at war, M. LEWIS. Entered with the Commissary-General of Musters, JOHN F. HESSE."—At the side of the document appear three half-crown stamps. In 1772 the whole of the western part of the State of New York was included in "Tryon County," a name which was changed after the Revolution to "Montgomery County," after General Richard Montgomery.

Finally I transcribe an interesting letter of General Washington's, which perhaps may have been in print before, although I have never seen it so offered to the public. We are therein transported to Philadelphia in 1782, and we find ourselves in the midst of naval and military movements connected with the War of Independence. It is addressed to Col. Dayton, and reads as follows (he spells "Pensylvania," it will be observed, as Penn spelt it): "Philadelphia, Jan. 28, 1782. Dear Sir: I have received your favour of the 12th, and am glad to find you have got rid of the person who embarrassed you. Inclosed you have my acceptance of Col. Dehart's resignation, which be pleased to deliver to him. I cannot grant that of Major Hollingshead before he himself signifies a desire of leaving the service. When he does that let him mention the time that he looked upon himself as out of the Army, that his resignation may be dated accordingly. I am of opinion with you that the most flagrant abuses are committed under the cover of flags to and from New York, and am willing to adopt any measures to prevent a continuance of them. I have no papers with me but those of a late date, and therefore cannot refer to the instructions formally given to you upon this subject. If I recollect them they were to put a stop to the practice of Flags going and coming at stated times, and to suffer no persons to go on board or to land from the Boats except those who have proper passports. All letters to be delivered to the Officer on Guard at

Elizabeth Town. If you think this mode, or one similar to it, will answer the purpose, you will carry it into execution and try the effect. Previous to seeing your letter to General Hand, I had heard that there was some uneasiness in the Company stationed at Wyoming, and had determined to relieve it. You will therefore order up a relief as soon as the troops are clothed. I have no new instructions to the officer who is to go upon the command. He will call upon Captain Mitchell for those given to him and follow them. You may give him this general caution, to confine himself to his military duty and avoid intermeddling in the politics of Pennsylvania or Connecticut. I am, Dear Sir, your most obt. servt., G. WASHINGTON."—Col. Dayton.

The great contest was drawing to a close. Winners as well as losers were becoming somewhat weary of it, as we may perhaps partly gather from the letter before us. Washington was aware that negotiations for peace were likely soon to commence. He knew, nevertheless, that it was politic to maintain to the latest moment a due preparedness for all issues.

I might give a few words from the hand of Bishop White, the first Anglican bishop in North America, consecrated at Lambeth in 1787; their subject matter, however, would be unimportant.

I exhibit the MS. signature—ABRAHAM LINCOLN; but I do not transcribe the document to which it is attached, that being simply a Military Commission, cancelled. It was "given" at Washington on the 27th of July, 1861. The autograph of the Acting Secretary of War, THOMAS A. SCOTT, likewise appears thereon.



LEAVES THEY HAVE TOUCHED;
BEING A REVIEW OF SOME HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPHS.

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D.

ADDENDA.

As addenda to the series entitled "Leaves they have touched," I desire to transcribe and put on record here, several autograph MS. relics which have come into my hands since the papers thus entitled were read to the Canadian Institute. I should have preferred to have introduced them in their proper places.

I. (1.) The following letter from Lord Dorchester to Sir George Yonge, transcribed from the original, dated at Quebec, 22nd June, 1790, belongs to the Canadian series. Lord Dorchester is more generally known among us as Sir Guy Carleton, the companion of Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, and the defender of Quebec, at the time of Arnold and Montgomery's attack in 1775. Sir George Yonge was "Secretary at War" in 1790. He is the personage from whom our YONGE STREET has its name—a communication opened, in the first instance, with a view to military operations, no less than commercial. A particle of warmth may perhaps be detected in Lord Dorchester's letter. He had applied for a commission in the Guards for his son, Guy Carleton, but a delay of four years was beginning to try his patience. He possibly felt that his services deserved more prompt attention.

"Sir," Lord Dorchester proceeds, "As I apprehend that many importunities have retarded the success of my application, about four years since, for an Ensigny in the Guards for my eldest son Guy; and, fearing lest the same reasons may still continue, while he is advancing considerably beyond the age judged necessary for entering into the military profession, I am to request you will take a proper opportunity of laying my petition before the King, that He would be graciously pleased (till such time as it may suit His Majesty's convenience and good pleasure to honour him with a commission in His Guards) to give him a Cornetcy in any of His Regiments in

Great Britain. I am, Sir, with regard, your most obedient and most humble servant, DORCHESTER." Guy probably never obtained the Cornetcy. He died unmarried in 1793, aged just 20. Nor did his next brother Thomas, who died in the following year, at exactly the same age. But Christopher, the third son, born in 1775, was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and was father of Arthur Henry, the second Baron Dorchester, who died unmarried in 1826, when the barony descended to his cousin Guy, born in 1811. Lord Dorchester, the writer of the letter just given, died November 10, 1805.

(2.) I next transcribe a document possessing a two-fold interest as bearing the autographs of GEORGE IV. and LORD PALMERSTON. It is to be placed in the Canadian series, inasmuch as it consists of a royal warrant, authorizing magistrates at "York, Upper Canada," (*hodie* TORONTO), to enlist men for service in the regular army of Great Britain. I suppose at the present date such a warrant would be locally held to infringe on the principle of responsible government. Its date is 1828. It runs as follows: "GEORGE R.—It being expedient that the provisions contained in the 117th clause of the Act, passed in the 7th and 8th years of Our reign, for the punishment of mutiny and desertion be duly carried into effect, We do hereby authorize and appoint you to enlist and attest, in our Colony at York, Upper Canada, any soldiers or others, desirous of enlisting, or re-enlisting into Our service, and to administer such oaths as are directed and required to be administered in that behalf, by Justices of the Peace in Our United Kingdom, in relation to the enlisting and re-enlisting of soldiers; and every person so enlisted or re-enlisted by you, shall be deemed and taken to be so enlisted or re-enlisted under the provision of any Act in force in relation to the enlisting of soldiers, and for the punishment of mutiny and desertion, in like manner, in every respect, and as fully and effectually, to all intents and purposes, as if such oath had been administered and such attestation had been made, and such enlisting and re-enlisting had taken place before a Justice of Peace of the United Kingdom. Given at Our Court at Windsor, this third day of September, in the eighth year of Our reign. By His Majesty's Command, PALMERSTON. To the Justices of the Peace, and other Civil Magistrates for the time being, at York, Upper Canada."

The name of Palmerston, when Foreign Secretary, especially during the period 1835-41, was regarded with a good deal of awe on the

continent of Europe. Mr. Ashley quotes a German couplet to the effect that—

“If the devil have a son,
Then be sure it's Palmerston.”

And Borrow, in the tenth chapter of his “Bible in Spain,” describes in an amusing manner the reverence shown on a certain occasion in that country to the autograph signature of the English Minister. “Señor Nacional,” said Borrow to the civic guard on entering the gate of the town of Jaraicejo, “You must know that I am an English gentleman, travelling in this country for my pleasure. I bear a passport which, on inspecting, you will find to be perfectly regular; it was given me by the great Lord Palmerston, Minister of England, whom you, of course, have heard of here; at the bottom you will see his own handwriting, look at it and rejoice—perhaps you will never have another opportunity. As I put unbounded confidence in the honour of every gentleman,” Borrow continued, “I leave the passport in your hands, whilst I repair to the posada to refresh myself.” The national guard, on bringing back the document, makes many inquiries about Palmerston, whom he takes to be a great military personage; he asks whether he was likely to assume personally the command of the British Legion in Spain, to which Borrow replies, “No; but he has sent over to head the fighting men, a friend of his, who is thought to be nearly as much versed in military matters as himself.” After having his curiosity satisfied on this and some other points, the guard asks again to see the signature of the “Caballero Balmerston.” “I showed him the signature,” Borrow says, “which he looked upon with a profound reverence, uncovering his head for a moment: we then embraced and parted.”

II. (1.) To the group in the British series, containing relics of Mrs. Piozzi, Garrick, and Dr. Parr, I now subjoin what was long with me a desideratum, a fragment in the handwriting of Dr. Samuel Johnson. It consists of a brief request to Mr. Cadell to have two pairs of two of the Doctor's early political pamphlets half bound and sent to him speedily. These were brochures, briefly spoken of here as the “False Alarm” and the “Falkland Islands,” written to order for the ministry of the day, and supporting, unhappily, the weaker side of the several questions involved. Thus the message transcribed from the original runs: “Mr. Johnson begs the favour of Mr. Cadell that he will send to his Binder two *False Alarms*, and two

Falkland Islands, one of each to be bound together in half-binding. Let it be done as soon as it can."

In a conversation between Boswell and Johnson, given in chapter v. of the "Life," these pamphlets are spoken of together in immediate association. "We talked," Boswell says, "of his two political pamphlets, the 'False Alarm,' and 'Thoughts concerning Falkland's Islands.'" JOHNSON: "Well, Sir, which of them did you think the best?" BOSWELL: "I liked the second best." JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, I liked the first best; and Beattie liked the first best. Sir, there is a subtlety of disquisition in the first that is worth all the fire of the second." BOSWELL: "Pray, Sir, is it true that Lord North paid you a visit, and that you got two hundred a year in addition to your pension?" JOHNSON: "No, Sir. Except what I had from the bookseller, I did not get a farthing by them. And between you and me, I believe Lord North is no friend to me." BOSWELL: "How so, Sir." JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, you cannot account for the fancies of men."

Mrs. Piozzi, in her *Reminiscences of Johnson*, remarks of the "False Alarm": "This, his first and favourite pamphlet, was written at our house between eight o'clock on Wednesday night and twelve o'clock on Thursday night. We read it to Mr. Thrale, when he came home very late from the House of Commons."

The "False Alarm" was connected with the repeated expulsion of Wilkes from the House, it seeming to be implied by that action of the majority, that one expulsion was equivalent to total exclusion. The rejoinder which appeared to the "False Alarm" was supposed to be from the pen of Wilkes himself. "The Thoughts concerning Falkland's Island" had reference to a threatened war with Spain, arising out of the occupation by England of the island or islands named, off the south coast of Patagonia. (2.) Accompanying my relic of Johnson is a transcription of a letter of Johnson's in the handwriting of Malone, the editor of several successive issues of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. (3.) My Johnsonian memorial circle is rounded off by a copy of Hamilton, Balfour and Neill's beautiful edition (Edinburg, 1758) of Terence, which has the autograph of Wilkes inscribed on its title-page.

(4.) A note in the handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, while yet "Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate." It is a frank permission sent to a musical composer to set some of his poetry to music, and to dedicate

a certain piece to him. He speaks of himself as "a professor of the art of poetry," and he thinks it would be churlish in him to withhold such favours from an amateur of the sister art of music. The letter is dated from Ashestiel, in Stirlingshire, almost as famous as Abbotsford, as the residence of Scott from 1804 to 1812, where he wrote his "Lady of the Lake," the "Lord of the Isles," and many of the compositions now included in his miscellaneous works. "Sir,—I am favoured with your letter, and make you most heartily welcome to set and publish (so far as I am concerned) any part of the poetry I have written. I am very sensible of your delicacy and politeness in making the application, which I have made it a general rule never to refuse, as I should hold it very churlish of a professor of the art of poetry to withhold any contribution in his power from an amateur of music. Not knowing exactly how to address you, I begged Mr. John Ballantyne to find some way of sending you a note, requesting my name might be put down for three copies of your music. Wishing you all the success your liberality merits, I am, sir, your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT." Dated from "Ashestiel, 2nd September," with this postscript added: "I need not add, I will consider myself honoured by your intention of inscribing the music to *rule of the Hymn, &c.*" Addressed on the outer cover, "G. F. Graham, Esq., care of Mr. Hamilton, Music Seller, North Bridge." The Hymn was doubtless that of the "Hebrew Maid," beginning—

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came."

George Farquhar Graham was the author of an *Essay on Musical Composition*, Edin., 1838; *Songs of Scotland*, 1858; and *Articles—Music, Organ, &c.*, in eighth edition of *Encyclopædia Britannica*, besides other books on general literature.

Ashestiel was situated at a considerable distance from a place of worship, and it was Scott's practice, Lockhart tell us, chap. xvii., on Sundays to read the church service, and then "he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook, beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here," it is added, "or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons

as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his *Tales of a Grandfather* on the early history of Scotland."

III. To the European or Continental MS. relics described in subdivision III. of "Leaves they have Touched," I now add a document bearing the autograph signature of the poet Goethe, in his capacity as one of the Commissioners appointed for a special purpose at Weimar in 1790. It is a paper of some length, relating to a deduction to be made in moneys due to the public treasury from the estate of one defunct. It appears to be a quaint specimen of official red-tapeism, and it reads as follows, as kindly translated for me by Mr. Vander Smitten: "The Princely Amt und Unter Steuer Directorium (Board of Assessors) will see from the annexed copy of Document in what manner the heirs-at-law of the late District Commissioner, Aulic Councillor Lenz of Nürnberg have offered a compromise of 30 p. c. as a final settlement of the Ilmenau assessment claim against the Lenz estate, amounting to 590 R. 4 k. The aforesaid offer having been accepted on behalf of the Commissioners in a reply transmitted this day to the Councillor of Legation at Nürnberg aforesaid, and it being still required that the calculation in this matter should be made up as soon as possible, Therefore the Princely Amt und Unter Steuer Directorium is hereby directed by the Commissioners to supply what is required in this case, and thus to finally settle the matter in question, and to write off the balance to Profit and Loss account. We herewith also return to you the Assessment documents sent in with your Report of 15th April a. c., as enclosure sub +. Given at Weimar, the 29th June, 1790. The Commissioners appointed for the Inspection of the Assessment Department of Ilmenau of the Principality of Saxony, J. W. v. GOETHE, C. G. VOIGT."

IV. My fourth subdivision embraced MS. relics of eminent Oxford and Cambridge men. These I now supplement by the following, transcribed from the originals; all of them, however, from the hands of Cambridge men. (1.) A note of the present Astronomer Royal, George Biddell Airy, formerly Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, to Mr. G. V. Fowler, who has been communicating with him on some new method of correcting the compass on board of iron ships: "Sir," writes the Astronomer Royal from the "Royal Observatory, Greenwich, London, S.E., May 18th, 1864," "If you

will have the kindness to send me any details which you think fit, on your proposed method of correcting the compasses of iron ships, I shall be glad to consider them, and as opportunity serves, will report to you on them. I presume that I am not to understand literally, your expression, 'needles can be and are *insulated* from the local influence of iron ships and ships' iron'? I am, sir, your obedient servant, G. B. AIRY." (2.) Two notes from the hand of Sir John F. W. Herschel, author of the well-known "Discourse on Natural Philosophy," and formerly Fellow of St. John's College. Both of them are characteristic. One is addressed to some gentleman who has asked him to join an expedition to a cavern at Maidstone, where the remains of hyenas are found. His occupations and engagements oblige him to decline. In like manner he was not able on Friday last to attend a meeting of the Geological Society; and that evening he was to be by appointment with Mr. Sande at the Observatory of Camden Hill, where he expects they will make a night of it. The other is addressed to Professor Faraday in 1827. It contains a scheme for a series of scientific experiments to be made by him, and reported on periodically. In this note, the Observatory at Slough is mentioned, from which Herschel desires to be as little absent as possible, so long as the state of the moon permits him to continue his observations. (a) "2nd June, 1827.—Dear Sir: I am sorry I can't go on the very interesting expedition to the Hyeniferous Cavern at Maidstone. I am no less sorry I could not attend at the Geological Society on Friday; and to-night am going to make the second observation at the Observatory at Camden Hill, according to promise. Mr. Sande made the first last night, which decided a point. I suppose we shall make a night of it. Yours truly, J. F. W. HERSCHEL." (b) "Devonshire Street, Tuesday, November 6th, 1827. Dear Sir: I received yesterday, too late to allow me an opportunity of seeing you before your leaving town, your note dated the 3rd. I am glad to hear the furnace and other preparations are in a state of forwardness, and when you return, hope the expedition will commence. I directed Mr. Hudson to forward to you the report of the third experiment in the Glass-house; that and the committee books will put you in possession of all that has been done, (together with your own recollection of what has passed under your own eyes.) On Saturday, the 10th, my astronomical pursuits call me to Slough, whence I am to be desirous to be as little absent as possible, so long

as the state of the moon permits me to continue my observations. I will gladly, however, meet you and Mr. Dollond any morning, provided you arrange your times early enough to admit of my return to Slough before dusk, and will give me, if possible, sufficient notice, and the choice of two days. With regard to the train of experiments you may think it necessary to engage in, Mr. Dollond, I am sure, as well as myself, feel every disposition to defer to your superior chemical knowledge, and wish to be as little a clog on your researches as possible. The essential point consists in preserving a very accurate detail of our proceedings, and making (as we are bound to do) a full report of them; and perhaps it might be as well to meet periodically (in our capacity of a sub-committee) at stated, or at least preconcerted days, in order to preserve a strict formality in all we do. What say you to the following sketch: 1. Mr. Dollond, Chairman; Mr. Faraday, Journalist and Treasurer; Mr. Herschel, Secretary,—of the sub-committee for the following year. 2. Sub-committee to hold regular meetings on the (Tuesday?) next immediately adjacent to, or on the day of every full moon (at o'clock), except during the months of in the summer vacation, and intermediate meetings when necessary. 3. A regular journal to be kept of all the experiments made and of all the alterations made in the apparatus, by the Journalist. 4. A book to be kept in which any one may enter any suggestion of an experiment to be considered by the sub-committee. 5. The Treasurer to keep an account of all expenses. 6. The business of the sub-committee at meetings to be arranged as follows: (1.) Minutes of last meeting. (2.) Reconsideration thereof and confirmation. (3.) Journal of the last meeting to be read. (4.) Journal to be ordered to be entered on the Minutes (or regarded as part of them, to avoid trouble of copying—though perhaps a duplicate may be desirable in prudence). (5.) Treasurer's account to be audited for the past month. (6.) Results of experiments to be discussed. (7.) Suggestions to be read, and plans of future experiments to be considered after. The sub-committee to make three reports—one at Christmas, one after Easter, and one annual, at the Council, after the meeting of the Society in November. If you approve this plan, and it also meets Mr. Dollond's approbation, the sooner we act on it the better. Yours truly, J. F. W. HERSCHEL." (3.) In the fourth subdivision of "Leaves they have Touched," I gave some account of the Rev. Charles Simeon, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1835,

with an autograph relic. I now subjoin another of the same memorable person. It is a letter addressed by him in 1819 to Mr. Charles Grant, at a later period Colonial Minister, well-known to Canadians as Lord Glenelg. In it he speaks of the new College in Bengal, *i.e.*, Bishop's College, Calcutta, and he says that if a Head for it is wanted, he has in his pocket one that would exactly suit—Mr. James Scholefield, his assistant in Trinity Church, Cambridge; he is sure that he would prove a second Dealtry, *i.e.*, equal to the Thomas Dealtry, whom he (Mr. Simeon) had been instrumental in sending out to be Bishop of Madras. Mr. Scholefield became afterwards Regius Professor of Greek in the University, and never went out to India. Mr. Simeon's letter reads as follows: "K. C. Camb., Aug. 20th, 1819.—My Dear Sir: The new College in Bengal is of great moment, and the Bishop's letter about it is a good letter. If you have the means of recommending a Head, I have a Dealtry in my pocket for you—a man every way qualified by piety, diligence, and the highest attainments, quite *laden* with University honours, and not obnoxious on account of his Religion either. It is no other than my Assistant, Mr. Scholefield. I have sent them a Martyn and a Thomason, and I will now give them precisely what you will understand, *in all its bearings*, a Dealtry. Are you likely to want more than one Chaplain? Most affectionately yours, C. SIMEON." Addressed outside to "Charles Grant, Esq., India House, London."

I close this appendix by briefly describing two manuscript copies of the Four Gospels, of an early date, which I class among my "Leaves they have Touched," because, although they are neither of them to be identified as the production or former property of any personage of note, the imagination can legitimately conceive that they have each of them come under the eye and been turned over by the hand of many an eminent man, during the four hundred and six hundred years of their respective existences. Both are manuscripts on vellum. (1.) The first is a manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, of the Four Gospels in Latin. Out of reverence, doubtless, some former possessor has had it bound in costly olive-coloured morocco, whereby its margins have been somewhat curtailed—the edges having been cut for the purpose of being gilt. I should have preferred seeing it in its original cover of oak board, limp parchment, or whatever else it may have been. It is written in double columns in the usual black letter. There is no distinction of chapter and verse; but

sections or paragraphs are numerous, and each begins with a conspicuous rubricated letter. The first letter of each Gospel is of extra size and length. Space is economized and labour saved to the greatest possible extent by abbreviations throughout, as in the early printed black letter books, which closely imitated the manuscripts. Slight marks over the words, which I do not attempt to reproduce, are made to denote contractions. Jesus is *ihc*, Deus is *ds*, est is *e*, generatio is *gnacio*, etc. The Latin is that of the Vulgate, but the orthography is mediæval and non-classic. A superfluous *h* is prefixed to some words. Thus we have *habiit* *mœrens*, he went away sorrowful, for *abiit* *mœrens*; while, on the other hand, a customary *h* is removed, making *habuit* to be *abuit*, &c. *Mihi* is *michi*. *Habundanti* for *abundanti* recalls Abbot Wheathampstead's frequent allusion to his own name at St. Albans—*Valles habundabunt frumento*. *Dies hulecionis* for *dies ultionis*, day of vengeance, has a curious look. An *h* appears unexpectedly in the middle of a word, as in *introhībunt* for *introībunt*, reminding one of the "abominable" of Shakspeare's *Holofernes*. For *admirabantur* I observe *ammirabantur*. Prefixed to each Gospel is a short account of the author. Some marginal notes appear in a later hand, written in minute and neat characters. These consist of slight corrections and omissions. For convenience, another hand has noted the chapters; and a recent hand has numbered the folios on the right hand side (*ccxi*.) In the tenth chapter of St. Mark we have an example of *homoioteleuton*—as it is called—a common error or source of error in manuscripts. The monkish scribe has given us "*da nobis ut unus ad dexteram tuam, et alius ad sinistram tuam sedeamus in gloriâ tuâ. Jesus autem ad eis: calicem quidem quem ego bibo, bibetis,*" &c. The corrector has here properly written in the margin, to be inserted between *eis* and *calicem*, the following words, which were omitted: "*Nescitis quid petatis: potestis bibere calicem quem ego bibo, aut baptismo quo ego baptizor, baptizari: et illi dixerunt ei Possumus: Jesus autem ait eis.*" The last "*Jesus autem ait eis*" caught the eye of the copyist, instead of the preceding identical expression, and caused the omission. In like careless fashion in St. Matthew, ch. 13, where the text runs: "*alia autem ceciderunt in petrosa, ubi non habebant terram multam, et continuo exorta sunt, quia non habebant altitudinem terræ, sole autem orto æstuaverunt; et quia non habebant radicem, aruerunt,*" the copyist has left out, and the corrector has

marked for insertion the words, "quia non habebant altitudinem terræ; sole autem orto aestuerunt et"—the second "quia non habebant" having led the eye astray. Copying slowly and mechanically day after day, the scribe doubtless became listless now and then. As to the age of the volume, Messrs. Ellis and Green, the well-known English and Foreign booksellers, of 33 King Street, Covent Garden, experts in respect of such matters, state that, "in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the date of a MS. can be judged with certainty from the character of the handwriting, the formation of certain letters, the use of contractions, and various other points familiar to any one who sees many such specimens. From such data we have no hesitation in repeating that the MS. in question [*i.e.*, The Quatuor Evangelia now before us] was beyond doubt written before 1400." "Repeating" refers to the statement made by Messrs. Ellis and Green in their advertisement of this MS. in the *Saturday Review*. Supposing, then, its writing to have taken place about midway in the fourteenth century, it is within the bounds of possibility that this identical copy of the Four Gospels may have been used by Wycliffe while engaged in his translation of the Scriptures, or that its leaves may have been those from which Robert Langlande transcribed the Latin texts, which appear every here and there in the Vision and Creed of Piers Ploughman. On the first folio are memoranda of Libraries to which this MS. has in its days belonged, or been presented. One of them was that of a monastery of St. Andrew, but the name of the place where, I have not been able satisfactorily to decipher.

(2.) I next describe an ancient MS. copy of the Four Gospels in Greek. It is a small thick quarto, five by six inches. The covers are of wood, perhaps cedar or cypress, very thick but light. A thin leather is stretched over the wood. A number of holes pierce both substances; once the receptacles of pins or rivets which, at the four corners, fastened to the cover metal bosses, holding, it may be, each a precious stone; whilst in the middle of each cover there has evidently been an ornamental figure; that on the first, appears, from traces left, to have been a crucifix. The volume was originally fastened, not by clasps, but, by strings of which there are remains inside: on the edge of the left hand cover there are metal pins to which the strings were looped or tied. The wood of the right-hand cover is somewhat decayed towards the top. The leaves of the MS.

are a fine vellum. Small bits of leather glued on so as to project a little, facilitate the finding of the beginning of each Gospel, and one or two other places often wanted, as I suppose. Each book has at its commencement a well-executed illumination, here and there, however, now slightly abraded. That at the beginning of St. Matthew is a broad frame of arabesques in purple, vermilion, and gold, surrounding the title: at each corner a miniature head, all of them more or less damaged. That at the beginning of St. Mark is a similar border round the title, in good preservation, but without miniatures. At the beginning of St. Luke, it is not a frame for the title, but a large compartment above it, fitted with arabesques. And St. John's Gospel is distinguished by a rich frame-work of arabesques surrounding an oval in which is a solitary head, probably intended for that of Christ. The titles themselves are: τὸ κατὰ ματθαίου ἄγιον εὐαγγέλιον: τὸ κατὰ μάρκον ἄγιον καὶ σεπτὸν εὐαγγέλιον: τὸ κατὰ λουκᾶν ἄγιον εὐαγγέλιον: τὸ κατὰ ἰωάννην ἄγιον εὐαγγέλιον. (The rather unusual word *σεπτὸν* applied to St. Mark's Gospel means august, venerable: its initial sigma is given as a C, an antique form of sigma, appearing also in other places throughout the MS.) The initial letter of St. Matthew is a large quaintly-formed beta in purple and gold: that which begins St. Mark is a large alpha in the same style. St. Luke's is an epsilon, in which the middle limb is an arm and hand, the two fore-fingers extended; and St. John's is also an illuminated epsilon, but of a different and quite arbitrary design. Each of the titles of the four books was once bright with gold; and certain small capitals, conspicuous in every page, were all originally gilded. The handwriting of the text throughout is very beautiful; minute and even and distinct, with the accents, breathings, and marks of contraction very clear. Proper names are not distinguished by capitals. The abbreviations and conjoined letters are numerous. *Θεός* appears as *θς*: *Ἰησοῦς* as *ισ*: *Χριστός* as *χς*, *εὐ* looking strangely insignificant. *Ἀνθρωπος* is *ἄνσς*. The final sigma, not *ς*. The omega is like an 8 laid sideways. The *ν* looks like a mutilated *μ*. The iotas of the dative are not subscribed, but placed at the end of the word. The small conspicuous capitals, above mentioned, were probably for purposes of ready reference, like the numerals attached to our modern "verses." They form the beginning of certain lines in every page, but are not placed at regular intervals. Sometimes the conspicuous capital is the first letter, not of a word, but of a syllable belonging to a word in the preceding line.

The Gospels of St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John are each preceded by a table of κεφάλαια or subjects, written by the original hand, and numbered in the Greek way; and the numerals, with the κεφάλαια added, are repeated afterwards at the top of the pages of the Gospels. From the minuteness of the Greek, and the many contractions, it is not easy quickly to identify a particular passage, when it is desired to compare one with a printed copy of the Greek text. These κεφάλαια are then found to be of considerable use. The table of κεφάλαια for St. Matthew has been unfortunately lost or worn out; but the beginning of the Gospel itself was thus probably preserved intact. The ink of the original scribe has retained its colour throughout very fairly. On the margins are symbols and numerical abbreviations, for ecclesiastical purposes, corresponding with tables at the end; many of these are in a later hand and carelessly written; as also are memoranda of contents written at the top and bottom of several of the pages. The ink of these additions has become very faint.

The MS. before us appears to belong to what the critics style the Constantinopolitan recension. Thus it has in Mark V. at v. 1, ἤλθον for ἦλθεν; at v. 2, ἐξελλόντι αὐτῶν, not ἐξελλόντος αὐτοῦ, and ἀπῆντησεν, not ὑπῆντησεν; in v. 5, ὄρεσι καὶ ἐν τοῖς μνημασι, not μνημασι καὶ ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι, &c. It has the twenty-first chapter of St. John, and the sixteenth of St. Mark from v. 9 onwards; but originally it had not the first part of the eighth chapter of St. John. The passage is added, in another hand, in the margin. The whole of the space usually vacant at the top of the page is filled with this; also the right-hand margin and a portion of the bottom of the page. In the narrative of the cure of the impotent man in St. John we have another example of homoioteleuton. Verse twelve of the received text is left out, but by accident. It is copied by another hand in the margin, as an omission, four dots in the text indicating the place where it is to be inserted. The passage ends with the word περιπατεῖ; and it will be observed that v. 11 ended with the same word: hence the copyist's error. At the end of St. John is a πίναξ ἀκριβής, an "accurate table," showing apparently, in a technical and most abbreviated way, the beginnings and endings of the Gospels for the Sundays throughout the year in the Greek Church. Then follows a Μηνολόγιον or ecclesiastical Calendar naming the saint or saintly event commemorated each day of the month throughout the year, with the

proper περιχοπαι or lessons indicated by conventional abbreviations to which correspond similar signs on the margin, and at the top and bottom of the pages in the preceding MS. The Calendar begins with Sep. 1, and the personage named for commemoration on that day is Saint Simeon Stylites. Both in the πίναξ and the μηνολόγιον the initial letters of numerous words seem to have been written in red ink which has now become very faint.

London experts assure us that the copy of the Four Gospels before us was written prior to 1200. We might easily conceive it to have been written a century earlier, so closely does it correspond in character with *fac-simile* specimens which I have seen of MSS. in the British Museum, said to be of the eleventh century. Not knowing its history, it is impossible to say with any definiteness whose hands may have turned over its pages. It is a chronological possibility that those of Thomas à Beckett may have done so. Or, a few years later, it may have been brought home from the Holy Land, bright and fresh, by some bibliophile pilgrim in the retinue of Hubert Fitz-Walter, Bishop of Salisbury, companion of Richard Cœur de Lion in the Third Crusade. More probably, however, some more recent English traveller, some tourist to Mount Athos—some Curzon, bent on exploring the neglected treasures of the twenty-one monasteries of the Holy Mountain—purchased it of a needy Abbot there, and brought it to England with other literary spoil. In 1833, Mr. Curzon (afterwards Lord de la Zouche) found numerous ancient MS. copies of the Gospels in the monasteries of Egypt, Syria, and the Ægean, and brought many of them with him to England. And since his visit, other travellers have gone over the same ground, and made similar forays. The latest discoverer of eminence in fields of this kind is Professor Tischendorf, of Leipsic, who first in 1844 lighted on a part, and in 1857 recovered the whole, of a MS. containing the Old Testament in Greek, and the entire New Testament, all written, it is confidently held, in the early half of the fourth century. The scene of Tischendorf's fortunate find was the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. The MS. thus rescued is now known as the Codex Sinaiticus, and is in the possession of the Emperor of Russia, who has had copies of it made in *fac-simile*, and in ordinary Greek type. In 1833, such relics of bygone centuries were not universally appreciated among the monasteries of the East. This is Curzon's description of a sight which met his eye in the dilapidated

library of Pantocratoras on Mount Athos: "By the dim light which streamed through the opening of an iron door in the wall of the ruined tower, I saw above a hundred ancient manuscripts lying among the rubbish which had fallen from the upper floor, which was ruinous, and had in great part given way. Some of these manuscripts," the writer says, "seemed quite entire—fine large folios; but the monks said they were unapproachable, for that floor also on which they lay was unsafe, the beams below being rotten from the wet and rain which came in through the roof. Here was a trap ready set and baited for a bibliographical antiquary. I peeped at the old manuscripts, looked particularly at one or two that were lying in the middle of the floor, and could hardly resist the temptation. I advanced cautiously along the boards, keeping close to the wall, whilst every now and then a dull cracking noise warned me of my danger, but I tried each board by stamping upon it with my foot before I ventured my weight upon it. At last, when I dared go no farther, I made them bring me a long stick, with which I fished two or three fine manuscripts, and poked them along towards the door. When I had safely landed them, I examined them more at my ease, but found that the rain had washed the outer leaves quite clean; the pages were stuck tight together into a solid mass, and when I attempted to open them they broke short off in square bits like a biscuit. One fine volume, a large folio in double columns, of most venerable antiquity, particularly grieved me. I do not know how many more manuscripts there might be under the piles of rubbish. Perhaps some of them might still be legible, but without assistance and time I could not clean out the ruins that had fallen from above, and I was unable to save even a scrap from this general tomb of a whole race of books." In other quarters Mr. Curzon was much more successful.

Although, as an authority, the manuscript which I have described adds nothing to the critical apparatus of the New Testament, I have ventured to have stamped upon the morocco case in which I have placed it, the words *CODEx TORONTONENSIS*, because, as I suppose, there is no other example of an early manuscript copy of the Four Gospels in the original Greek, in Toronto.

(3:) Lastly, for the sake of including a genuine specimen of a portion of the Scriptures in Hebrew, as well as in Latin and Greek, I add and describe now a roll of the Book of Esther, beautifully and

boldly written, without points, on five sheets of asses' skin, beautifully prepared, so as to present a white enamelled surface. Its length is $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and its breadth $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Its matter is arranged, not exactly in columns, but, in eighteen large pages or "doors" as they were called from their shape. One end of the MS. is lined with green silk and provided with ribbons of the same colour, but the central wooden cylinder, with the projecting umbilicus or boss at either end, is wanting. It is a document of some antiquity, and has doubtless been unrolled by the hands of eminent rabbis, and often read by them in synagogues on the Continent of Europe, in the ears of attentive assemblages of old and young. It may be added that the Book of Esther is sometimes called the Megillah or *ROLL par excellence*. It was sometimes prepared in this separate form, for special use at the Feast of Purim, when it is annually read through.



THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

No. LXXXVII.—MARCH, 1875.

LEAVES THEY HAVE TOUCHED ;

BEING A REVIEW OF SOME HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPHS.

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D.

(Continued from page 124.)

II.—BRITISH AND EUROPEAN GENERALLY.

Historical autographs may in some sort be considered to answer, in these days, the purpose of the religious relics of early ages. In former times, we know, the shrines and sacristies of churches and monasteries were the museums of the period. Science had not yet come into being ; and human curiosity was obliged to satisfy itself with the examination of fragmentary portions of the bodies of departed heroes and a variety of miscellaneous objects having relation to the same persons. Some envoys from Spain, we are told, visited Constantinople about fifty years before it fell into the hands of the Turks. There were three thousand churches and monasteries in the place, not reckoning those in ruins. All of them were more or less rich in human remains, exhibited to visitors. The Spaniards in intervals of business took a rapid survey of the principal of them. They beheld, perhaps with a full faith, fragments of the bodies of many of those whose histories or mythologies had become the chief furniture of the popular mind. They saw the right arm of St. John the Evangelist ; the right arm of St. Stephen ; the right arm of St. Mary Magdalene, of St. Anne. The hand of St. John, they noted, wanted the thumb. St. Stephen's arm wanted the hand. St. Anne's hand wanted a finger. (It had been broken off and carried away by one of the Greek emperors

to enrich his own private collection.) They saw portions of the skeletons of St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, St. Catharine, St. Louis of France, St. Li of Genoa, of the Innocents slain by the edict of Herod, and of three of the eleven hundred Virgins who were martyred in former days in the vicinity of Cologne. At one place, Don Clavijo and his companions were shown a stone of many colours, bearing upon it tears, dropped from the eyes of St. John and the three Maries, still as fresh as if newly fallen. In the possession of such treasures, Constantinople, as we know, was not peculiar. Throughout the length and breadth of Europe, in innumerable localities, deposits of human remains, and other objects similar to those displayed before the eyes of the Spanish envoys, were preserved. The practice was probably derived from Asia, and doubtless began early among the primitive races of man. It was an easy way of keeping up the memory of departed heroes and heroines. It afforded ocular proof of their former existence, and so supplemented tradition conveniently. Among simple populations going on generation after generation, without acquaintance with written records, without the power, taken in the mass, of deciphering written records, when there were any, such a practice would be greatly applauded. (As to the abuses which would be likely to attend the practice, we need not stop to remark upon them: they are obvious enough.) Now, what I say is this: that there is in historic autograph relics a degree of that virtue which was felt originally to reside in the corporal relics of eminent men and women. They satisfy, in some degree, a certain human craving. We have not indeed the same needs in regard to the past that our forefathers had. The moral proofs of the allegations of history are among us so accessible and so strong, that the supplementary evidence of tangible, visible relics is not essential. Nevertheless, such relics are always acceptable. When it is beyond the bounds of possibility to behold the doer himself of great actions, it is ever pleasant, nay, it is oftentimes strengthening and refreshing, to see a particle of his handiwork on paper or otherwise. It is well, therefore, to have among us, here and there, depositories of such things, however limited. Remains of this kind, fragmentary and mutilated as we shall often find them, may be compared to those imperfect limbs—arms without hands, hands without the full tale of fingers—of which we were told just now. The study of a part will help to an idea of the whole. The chance-words preserved in the written relics will set the dead before us in a

variety of aspects ; and should the tone of those words be at any time one of sorrow or perplexity, we shall perhaps be reminded by them of that stone of many colours bearing upon it tears still as fresh as if newly fallen. Moreover, by the contemplation of such objects, a taste for the noble study of history may here and there be awakened and fostered ; and by hints hence derived, where an enthusiasm in that direction has already been set up, an ambition may be roused to investigate the Past by the aid of original documents whenever the opportunity is afforded ; and so not to continue forever at the mercy of interested garblers who from time to time propose to supply us and our children with their one-sided compendiums.

I enter now upon my proposed review without further preliminary, save the remark that again in several instances I reckon as literary memorials of distinguished men, volumes from their libraries ; and that I reserve for separate consideration hereafter all my relics of eminent men more immediately connected with Oxford and Cambridge.

My first English historical autograph will be that of Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the famous secretary and trusty counsellor of Queen Elizabeth. It is attached to a parchment instrument authorizing the sale of some property in Warwickshire, in accordance with a private Act of Parliament which had lately been passed. He signs himself W. BURGHLEY, and not as the name usually now appears. As co-trustees probably, the following, each bearing a name more or less distinguished in the annals of England, also sign the document, thus : RO : CECYLL. ANTHO. COOKE. THO. MILDE MAY. WILL. WALDEGRAVE. The narrow strips of parchment from which the seals of the signers were once pendant are still to be seen inserted, but the seals themselves are gone. On the back of the document is a cloud of witness-signatures, and other official attestations. Amongst them I make out the autographs of Thomas Heigham, R. Coke, Will. Ffox, Th. Blythe, Lewys Hughes, Wm. Iadlow, John Thynne, Thomas Ridley. The instrument will explain itself. I have modernized the spelling of the English throughout. "This indenture tripartite made the twentieth day of September in the five and thirtieth year of the reign of our sovereign lady, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France and Ireland, defender of the Faith, between the Right Honorable William Cecil, of the most noble order of the Garter, Knight, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England, Sir Robert Cecil, Knight, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, Sir Thomas Mildmay.

and Sir William Waldegrave, Knights, of the one party, and Anthony Cooke of Romford in the County of Essex, Esquire, of the other party, witnesseth that to the intent that part of the manors, lands and hereditaments of the said Anthony Cooke may be limited and appointed out in certainty, to be by him the said Anthony Cooke disposed of at his will and pleasure for the payment of his debts, and preferment of his children in marriage or otherwise, according to the tenor and effect and true meaning of an Act of Parliament made in the present five-and-thirtieth year of her Majesty's reign, intituled an Act for giving power and liberty to repeal certain uses of a Deed tripartite therein mentioned of land in certain manors, lands and rents of Anthony Cooke of Romford in the County of Essex, Esquire ; now, as well the said Anthony as the said Lord Burleigh, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Thomas Mildmay, and Sir William Waldegrave, according to the authority and power given unto them by the aforesaid Act of Parliament and by virtue of the same, do hereby limit and appoint out in certainty the manor, lands and rents hereafter mentioned, being part of the lands and hereditaments mentioned in the said Act of Parliament, that is to say, the manor of Great Dasset with appurtenances in the County of Warwick, and all and singular other the lands, rents and hereditaments of the said Anthony Cooke, set, lying and being in the County of Warwick, to be by him the said Anthony at his will and pleasure disposed of for the payment of his debts and for the preferment of his children as aforesaid, according to the true intent and meaning of the said Act. In witness whereof, to each part of this deed indenture tripartite, all the said parties have 'putt' their seals upon the day and year first above written." The year 1593, which is the date of this deed, takes us back into the Shakspearean period. Great Dasset itself, of which the document speaks, is almost Shakspearean ground. It is situate not many miles to the south-east of Stratford. The year 1593 was the 30th of Shakspeare's life. It was in this year that he published what he calls "the first heir of his invention," the poem of Venus and Adonis, and dedicated it to the Earl of Southampton. The hand that subscribed the W. BURGHELEY which we see on the time-stained parchment whose contents I have just deciphered, had often grasped the hand of this Earl of Southampton, if it never grasped that of Shakspeare himself. Southampton, left fatherless in his infancy, had been the ward of Burleigh ; and it was the expectation and intention of the prudent

Secretary that the young nobleman should marry a grand-daughter of his, the Lady Vere. But Southampton finally preferred the Lady Elizabeth Vernon, cousin of the Earl of Essex—a match which, for some reason, greatly offended Elizabeth, and brought trouble on Southampton. It is Shakspeare's familiarity with Southampton, and his perfect knowledge of the young Earl's likes and dislikes, and the entanglements into which these had brought him, that explain some of the otherwise enigmatical sonnets, as Gerald Massey has convincingly shown. The cue was probably taken from Southampton when Shakspeare ventured to bring Burleigh in some sort on the stage, in the person of Polonius. Burleigh probably was not wont to treat playwrights with much consideration. We know that his insensibility to poetry occasioned loss in the pocket to Spenser. A latent feeling against Burleigh would be very apt to spring up among men of literary tastes.

The Robert Cecil who signs above was afterwards Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and it was he who carried post-haste the news of her death to James, her successor.

Sir Thomas Mildmay was the immediate blood-relation of the founder of Emmanuel College, in Cambridge. In the document above given, short as it is, the orthography of the proper names that recur therein is not constant. The name Burleigh reads Burghley and Burghleigh. The name Cecil is written Cecyll, Cicill, Caycill. (Another form, and the earliest, as Lower informs us, was Seysell.) Mildmay is Mildemaye and Myldmaye and Mildmay. Waldegrave is Waldgrave as well. I am hence moved to observe: What folly it is, on the strength of a chance-variation which may be discovered, to meddle with the orthography of an historical name, when it has become fixed in the language and literature of a people! What folly it is, for example, to attempt the transformation of the noble word Shakspeare, or Shakespeare, into another which the eye scarcely recognizes! We see this done now and then, to this day, by virtue, as it is asserted, of a stray signature or two, by no means distinctly written. Several publications on the poet's life and writings, and several editions of his whole works, are considerably lowered in commercial value by the exhibition of this very useless caprice; on the further propagation of which, nevertheless, a new society lately instituted in London has set its mind. Is it expected that the new rendering of the name will really supersede the old one? I remember

the attempt of some whimsical persons, about forty years ago, to force *Dovor*, with an *o* in the second syllable, on the public as the name of the ancient, ever-memorable English town which confronts Calais, in France. A coach-proprietor of the day had the name, spelt in the new way, painted on all his coaches running on the great Kentish highway. But the familiar word *Dover*, imbedded in the English language and the English heart, retained its old form. So surely will it be with the name of the great national poet. It is difficult to conceive what the gratification can be in departing from the customary orthography, received not only within the British Islands, but in France and Germany, and, as I suppose, in all foreign nations, wherever the literature of England is discussed,—an orthography authorized by the poet himself on the title-page of every production of his printed in his lifetime, adopted by his “Fellows” when they published his collected plays, and by his executors when the tablets to his memory and to that of his wife were engraved and set up in the church at Stratford. Even the Messrs. Harper, of New York, with all their deformations of the English language, have not ventured on a new rendering of “Shakspeare.”

I pass on now to another historical autograph. To appreciate the interest which attaches to it, I must recall a painful scene—the execution of Charles the First. While the King was preparing himself on the scaffold, for the block, Bishop Juxon, of London, who was in attendance, sought to cheer him with these words: “There is, Sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider,” he continued, “it will carry you a great way;” and so on. The King placed in the hands of the bishop his “George,” so called; *i. e.* the badge attached to the collar of the Order of St. George; and the last word which he uttered as he stretched out his neck to the headsman, was addressed to the bishop. That last word was “Remember!” the particular meaning of which the republican generals insisted on knowing from the bishop. “Juxon told them”—I adopt Hume’s narrative of the incident—“that the King having frequently charged him to inculcate on his son the forgiveness of his murderers, had taken this opportunity, in the last moment of his life, when his commands, he supposed, would be regarded as sacred and inviolable, to reiterate that desire; and that his mild spirit thus terminated its present course by an act of benevolence towards his greatest enemies.” It is a document in the handwriting of this

Bishop Juxon which I now produce. This prelate had been the friend and chaplain of Archbishop Laud; he is described by Hume as "a person of great integrity, mildness, and humanity, and endued with a good understanding." Charles gave great offence by preferring Juxon, an ecclesiastic, to the office of Lord High Treasurer of England, on the death of the Earl of Portland. The paper of Juxon's which I present was written in his capacity as Lord High Treasurer, and so has no relation to spiritual matters. It reads as follows: "Sir Robert Page: Pray draw an order for payment of the Captain and Garrison of Plymouth the half year due on our Lady-day last; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Your loving friend, GUIL. LONDON. London House, the 23rd of April, 1640." The paper is endorsed, "23rd April, 1640. Sir Jacob Astley, for a half year's pay for the Garrison at Plymouth." It was in this very year, 1640, that Juxon solicited and obtained leave to resign the Treasurership, which he had himself never desired to hold; and probably this order for the payment of the troops at Plymouth was among his last official acts. In the following year Strafford was put to death; and in the year after that Charles raised his Royal Standard at Worcester, and the great civil war began in earnest. The Sir Jacob Astley above-named, fought, I observe, on the side of the King. The signature GUIL. LONDON, attached to the document just given, has still adhering to it many bright scales of pulverized gold leaf, remains of the sanding which the writing received while yet wet, according to a practice prevalent before the invention of blotting paper. The hand which scattered these glistening particles which we here see, assisted, as we have learned, in summing up the revenues of all England. That hand also had often returned the pressure of Laud's hand, of Strafford's hand; and doubtless, too, of Charles' hand, repeatedly, before the tragical parting on the scaffold in front of the palace of Whitehall.

I produce now a manuscript document bearing the signature of a Prince of Orange. It is dated at Breda, but unhappily in the year 1737, so that it is not the autograph of our William III., who died in 1702, but of an immediate successor in Holland. It is written in German, and is a decree authorizing the appointment of a Professor Ran to an academic position. The name is subscribed in French, PRINCE D'ORANGE. For thus failing to produce the autograph of William III., I make what amends I can by showing a rare folio

from my shelves, published during the life-time of that King, at Amsterdam, crowded full of very curious copperplate representations of medals, inscriptions, triumphal arches and other monuments, all in his honour, collected and dedicated to the King by Nicolas Chevalier. As specimens of the innumerable medals figured in this book, I point out one of the year 1690, commemorative of William's expedition to Ireland. On the obverse is William's head to the right, laureated, with the legend *Guilielm. III. D. G. Brit. Rex. Araus. Pr. Bely. Gub.* [Arausionensium Princeps, Belgii Gubernator.] On the reverse is seen a large fleet approaching the shore of Ireland; in the sky above is an eagle flying, bearing in its beak an olive-branch, and a branch of the orange-tree, with fruit; in one of the talons is a sceptre. The legend is *Alis non Armis* [for protection, not for attack]. In the exergue is *Trajectus in Hibern.*—*Lond. 14 Jun. 1690.* Another medal shows William's head to the right, laureated as before, with the legend *Guil. III. M. Brit. R. De Jac. et Lud. triumph.* [Jacobus et Ludovico triumphat—victorious over James and Louis XIV.] On the reverse William is seen on horseback crossing the river Boyne at the head of an army. The legend is *Et vulnæra et invia spernit* [He sets at nought wounds and impossibilities]. In the exergue is *Ejicit Jacobum : restituit Hiberniam, MDCXC.* Another medal shows William on horseback, an armed host in flight before him: over one fugitive is inscribed *Jacob.*; over another, *Lansun.* Over a figure among the pursuers is written *Walker*; and over a figure extended on the ground is written *Schomberg.* The legend is *Apparuit et dissipavit.* On the reverse, William is seen standing as a Roman general; before him Ireland kneels, resting on her shield, which bears the harp; over her head William holds a cap of liberty. In the distance is a routed host. The legend is *Focos servavit et Aras.* In the exergue, *Expuls. Gal. et Rebel. Dublin. triumphans intravit.*

My next relic is a book which was once the property of a great scholar in the reigns of George the First, George the Second, and George the Third—Jacob Bryant. But little is heard of Jacob Bryant at the present time. In this respect he shares the fate of the Scaligers and Casaubons, and other literary giants of a preceding age. Jacob Bryant had been private secretary to the second Duke of Marlborough, grandson of the great Duke, and was retained as librarian at Blenheim. He wrote many learned works on mythological and other subjects. He startled Homeric students by main-

taining the purely fabulous character of Troy and its siege. My copy of Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" was once owned by Jacob Bryant. It was presented by him at Eton, in 1802, to G. H. Noehden, who has recorded the fact on a fly-leaf. Mr. Noehden was the author of a German Grammar, which was keeping its ground in a ninth edition in 1843, seventeen years after the death of its author; also of an English and German Dictionary, papers in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, and other works. Mr. Noehden was chief superintendent of the department of Numismatics in the British Museum; as also, after him, was Edward Hawkins, who likewise once possessed Bryant's volume, and made a note of the circumstance in 1827.—Verstegan's book would be one quite after the heart of Jacob Bryant, especially as seen in the type and small quarto form of 1628. The title-page reads thus: "A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation. By the studie and travell of R. V. Dedicated unto the King's Most Excellent Majestie, 1628." (This would be James I., a kindred spirit.) Inserted in the title-page is a curious copperplate engraving of the Tower of Babel, with numerous groups of people starting off from it in divers directions. Below this is printed *Nationum Origo*. Another temporary possessor, bearing the name of "Francis Drake," has inscribed his name in black-letter, half on one side of these words and half on the other. The date, 1628, forbids the notion that this is an autograph of the famous Sir Francis Drake. Sir Francis died in 1596.—Let the brief records of successive owners to be seen often on the fly-leaves and title-pages of old volumes be regarded with tenderness. Let them not be indiscriminately erased. We may occasionally here meet angels unawares. We may stumble unexpectedly on memorials of great and good men. The moral effect, too, of these casual records is to be considered. They produce in us something of the feeling expressed by the poor monk in presence of Leonardi da Vinci's fresco. We are the shadows; we are the fleeting entities; not the perishable leaflets before us.

I now come to a volume which recalls the memory of Horace Walpole, the dilettante lord of Strawberry Hill, and youngest son of the Sir Robert Walpole, the statesman who held that every man had his price. The copy of the *Hesperides* of Ferrarius which I possess is from the library of Strawberry Hill. This is a folio work, printed at Rome, in 1646, by Hermann Scheus. The following is its title:

"J. Bapt. Ferrarii Hesperides, sive de Malorum Aureorum culturâ et usû Libri IV." In this age of decadence in classical knowledge it may be necessary to say that the Hesperides were certain mythic nymphs, daughters of Hesperus or the West, placed in charge of gardens or islands productive of delicious fruits, but whose site was kept secret. We have first, in Ferrarius' book, the story of the visit of Hercules to the garden of the Hesperides in quest of the precious fruits (Aurea Mala); then comes an account of the introduction of these fruits, which are stated to be citrons, lemons, and oranges of various sorts, into Italy, with mythological legends relating to that introduction; and finally we have a discussion of the several varieties of the fruits just named, their properties and their proper treatment. Interspersed are splendidly executed copperplates of Hercules, from the antique; engravings of coins on which Hercules figures; also, emblematic groups representing the introduction of the *Aurea Mala* into Italy; and then spirited representations of the different fruits themselves, some in each species assuming very curious and even grotesque forms. The sketches or designs of the emblematic groups were contributed by artists of great eminence: one is by Andreas Sacchi; another by Pietro Beretini di Cortona; another by Francis Albani; another by Philippus Galiardus; another by Guido Reni; and another by Nicholas Poussin. The Hercules Farnese is by Perier. The engraver in the majority of cases is Bloemhart. It appears that Guido Reni had just died. A eulogy on his skill and genius is given. In Guido's plate, a Syren or Nereid is seen performing on the violin. In the mind of an Italian there is nothing of the ludicrous about the idea of a violin. Angels in heaven are often represented in sacred Art as playing on that instrument.

Ferrarius dedicates his work to the city of Siena, his native place. Hercules, he says, presented to King Eurysthenes only three of the apples of the Hesperides. He, Ferrarius, offers to the acceptance of his fellow-Sienese an orchard full of them. The language throughout his great folio is remarkably easy and good; nevertheless, at the end he rhetorically professes to have lowly thoughts of his literary powers, indulging at the same time in a play on his own name. These are his closing words: *Hæc habui quæ de malis aureis conscriberem, nec elegantius potui ferreo stylo, FERRARIUS.*"

Often must Horace Walpole have lifted down this curious volume from its place; often must his hands and those of his friends have

turned over the splendid engravings therein. Strawberry Hill was generally full of visitors. In 1760 the Duke of York unceremoniously appeared at the door. "I showed him all my castle," Horace Walpole says to G. Montague, "and he would have the sanctum sanctorum of the library opened." Facing the title and occupying much of the page is a huge shield of arms of some former possessor, apparently a Netherlandish Count. The crest is a black duck minus its bill and feet. On the first and fourth quartering the same object is seen. The motto seems to allude to this creature—*Enatent aut evolent*. Below, in small letters, is engraved—"R. Collin, Chalcogr. Reg. fecit. Bruxellæ, 1680." Some friend of Horace Walpole's has, as I presume, interpreted for him the spirit of the sentence, *Enatent aut evolent*, and has written down for him over the great shield, in a fair hand, the following passage, it may be, of Cicero or Seneca: "Hujusmodi comparandæ sunt opes quæ simul cum naufrago ENATENT"—suggesting that the aspiration of the motto is after mental riches. Such be mine, or none! it says. The handwriting is not Walpole's, neither is it Gray's; but Gray may have furnished the illustration, which is ingenious and apt. On the same page with the great foreign shield appears Horace Walpole's own bookplate, the evidence of his former ownership. It shows the Walpole arms with the proper heraldic mark of cadency—a star—Horace being the third son of the first Earl of Orford, who was the famous Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister temp. George I. and George II. The motto, *Fari quæ sentiat*, is on a riband over the crest, and underneath the shield is engraved, in italic script, *Mr. Horatio Walpole*. The *Fari quæ sentiat* is an excerpt from Horace's Epistle to Alb. Tibullus and his companions (Ep. Lib. i. Ep. 4)—a piece which, from the character of its contents, may have been a favourite with Sir Robert—and his son likewise. Its spirit certainly was in harmony with their tastes. I give a few lines. It will be seen that the *Fari quæ sentiat* has reference to ease of expression and eloquence, and not to what we call freedom of speech:

Di tibi formam,

Di tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno
 Qui sapere et *fari* possit *quæ sentiat*, et cui
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè
 Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ?

To thee the gods a form complete,
 To thee the gods a fair estate,
 With bounty gave, with art to know
 How to enjoy what they bestow.
 Can a fond nurse one blessing more

E'er for her favourite boy implore,
 With sense and *clear expression* blest,
 Of friendship, honour, wealth possess,
 A table elegantly plain,
 And a poetic, easy vein?

The fulfilment of the *non deficiente crumena* part of the prayer was secured to Horace Walpole by his father. He held for life, we are told, through the favour of Sir Robert, the following sinecure offices: the Ushership of the Receipt of the Exchequer, the Comptrollership of the Great Roll, and the Keepership of the Foreign Receipts. A third shield of arms appears in my Ferrarius. It has been fastened to the printed title-page of the volume. The possessor who did this seems to have been offended at the sight of a staring wood-cut in the middle of the title-page: a coarse rendering of the common badge of the Jesuit Society, displaying huge iron nails, &c., very much out of place on the title-page of such a work as this. He accordingly inserted, with neatness, his own shield of arms in such a way as to conceal from view the obnoxious ornament. The motto on this plate is *Lucent et ornant*—the allusion being to the stars on the shield, and to the name, possibly, of the family represented.

It may be added that Brunet, the great bibliographer, in his notice of the *Hesperides* of Ferrarius, speaks of a copy of the work which in 1861, at the sale of the Marquis of Pins-Montbrun, at Toulouse, fetched two hundred francs—but this was perhaps in some degree on account of the binding. The binding, he says, was lemon-coloured morocco divided into compartments, showing the branches of an orange tree in gold of several colours, with the family arms of the Marquis of Pins-Montbrun. Some of the plates were also coloured.

I show a second relic of Horace Walpole in a copy of his "Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose," printed at his own press at Strawberry Hill, in 1758, bound up with his "Castle of Otranto," from the same press. The Fugitive Pieces have, on the title-page, the motto, *Pervent et imputantur*, words aptly seen sometimes on the face of ancient dials. Below is a copperplate etching of Strawberry Hill; in the foreground a laurel tree supporting on one of its branches the Walpole shield; on a riband underneath is the "*Fari quæ sentiat*" already intepreted.

Again I produce as a literary relic a volume from the library of a man of letters eminent in the last and present century. It may have been observed that Isaac Disraeli dedicates his *Curiosities* of

Literature to Francis Douce. "To Francis Douce, Esq.," the inscription reads, "these volumes of some Literary Researches are inscribed as a slight memorial of Friendship, and a grateful acknowledgment to a Lover of Literature." In the preface to the collected works of Isaac Disraeli, issued by his son, the present Benjamin Disraeli, we are informed that at the close of the last century the number of readers in the Library of the British Museum seldom ever exceeded six at a time, and that one of these was very constantly Francis Douce. He became the author of a highly-prized series of Illustrations of Shakespeare and Ancient Manners, and other cognate productions; he gathered likewise a private library—of which Dibdin, in his Bibliomania, says: "The library of Prospero (*i.e.* Douce) is acknowledged to be without a rival in its way. How pleasant it is," he exclaims, "only to contemplate such a goodly prospect of elegantly-bound volumes of old English and French literature! and to think of the matchless stores which they contain, relating to our ancient popular tales and romantic legends!" The volume from Douce's library which I possess is Francis Grose's "Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of Local Proverbs and Popular Superstitions." It has Douce's bookplate and a MS. note in his handwriting. Grose, in his preface, tells us of his having gathered his accounts of popular superstitions from the mouths of village historians as they were related to a closing circle of attentive hearers, assembled on a winter's evening round the capacious chimney of an old hall or manor-house; "for formerly," he goes on to say, rather amusingly to us in these later days of steam and electricity,—"formerly, in countries remote from the metropolis, or which had no immediate intercourse with it, before newspapers and stagecoaches had imported skepticism and made every ploughman and thresher a politician and freethinker, ghosts, fairies and witches, with bloody murders committed by tinkers, formed a principal part of rural conversation in all large assemblies, and particularly those in Christmas holidays, during the burning of the yule-block." Then speaking of the habiliments in which ghosts were reported to have appeared, Grose happens to say: "One instance of an English ghost dressed in black is found in the celebrated ballad of William and Margaret, in the following lines: 'And clay-cold was her lily hand, That held her sable shroud.'" It is upon this point that Douce makes his manuscript remark in the margin. He desires us to note that "Mr. Bourne, the elegant translator of this song, thought this licence.

even in poetry, inadmissible. In his translation of this passage it is most judiciously avoided: 'Quâque sepulchralem pedibus collegit amictum, Frigidior nivibus, candidiorque manus.'—The Mr. Bourne here named is of course the well-known Vincent, or Vinny, Bourne.

By a relic of Douce's we are brought, as we have seen, in relation with Isaac Disraeli; and Isaac Disraeli puts us in relation with Dr. Samuel Johnson, slightly, in this way: When Isaac Disraeli was yet a very youthful and quite nameless writer, as his son Benjamin informs us, he ventured one day tremblingly to present at Dr. Johnson's house an original manuscript, to be examined and pronounced upon by him. It happened to be the period of Dr. Johnson's last illness; and the reply returned by the Doctor's black servant, Richard, at the door, was, that his master was not well, and could not attend to anything of the kind. The timid young author, not aware of the seriousness of the Doctor's condition, took this to be a mere put-off. But in a few days Johnson's death was announced. We shall presently be again brought near to Dr. Johnson.—Douce's library, it may be of interest to know, has been added to the stores of the Bodleian at Oxford. The motto on his bookplate, in my copy of Grose, is *Celer et vigilans*—an allusion to the three fleet greyhounds which are seen racing across his escutcheon.

I cherish with care a pamphlet containing a few words in the handwriting of the author of the *Curiosities of Literature*—Isaac Disraeli himself. This relic has a further value with me, because it was once the property of another distinguished literary man, Samuel Rogers, the poet and banker. The pamphlet in question is an answer, by Isaac Disraeli, to some strictures of Lord Nugent on his "*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First*;" and this particular copy was the one presented by its author to Rogers, as is shown by the autograph inscription on its outer title-page. The following are the few words on account of which I treasure this tract: SAMUEL ROGERS, WITH THE AUTHOR'S REGARDS. The matter of the little book is also full of interest, treating of the characters of Sir John Eliot, Hampden and Pym, in the same strain of minute research which characterizes the *Curiosities of Literature* and other works of the elder Disraeli.

Another of the class on whom Dibdin has fastened the designation of *Bibliomaniacs* must now engage our attention. We have all, doubtless, heard of the insatiable book collector, Richard Heber,

brother of Reginald Heber, bishop of Calcutta. Possessed of wealth, he set no bounds to a passion, awakened in him in early youth, for curious and rare volumes and books in general. His aim was to amass a perfect library; and he thought nothing of starting at a moment's notice on a journey of hundreds of miles, to attend a sale where there was a chance of securing a book which he did not already possess. At Hodnet, the family home in Shropshire, usually associated with the memory of Reginald Heber, he had a collection for which he built a special receptacle. A house where he resided in Pimlico was filled from top to bottom with books. In York Street, Westminster, he had another house similarly furnished. In rooms on the High Street, Oxford, he had a library. In like manner, even in cities abroad—in Paris, at Antwerp, at Brussels, at Ghent—he possessed large collections. The titles of his books, when sold after his death in his 59th year, in 1834, filled five thick octavo volumes. In his English libraries there were 85,000 volumes; in his foreign, 42,000. They have been calculated to have cost him £100,000. In Dibdin's *Decameron*, or *Ten Days' Pleasant Discourse on Books*, the interlocutor named Atticus is understood to be Mr. Richard Heber. Atticus's apology for desiring three copies of the same book is as follows—it reveals a willingness to oblige friends: "Why, you see, sir," he says, "no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book. One he must have for a show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends." Heber was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott and other distinguished literary contemporaries. In 1821 he was returned a member of Parliament for the University of Oxford. My first relic of Heber is a volume from one of his libraries. It is stamped inside, as were all his books, with the words *Bibliotheca Heberiana*. I value the work for this, of course; but also for its contents. It is a folio, printed at Utrecht (*Trajecti ad Rhenum*) by Gilbertus à Zyll, in 1671, and is entitled, *Monumenta Illustrium Virorum et Elogia*. It is stated on the engraved title-page to be *Editio nova, aucta Antiquis Monumentis in Agro Trajectini repertis*. The original work, we are informed in the preface, was by Sigifridus Rybischius, for which the plates were engraved by Tobias Fendtius. It contains numerous epitaphs of the classic and

mediæval periods, with etchings of the ancient monuments, tombs and tablets on which they are carved. These are from Rome and other cities of Italy. In this book of Richard Heber's I can lay my hand on some inscriptions which on occasion one might search for in vain in many quarters: for example, the epitaphs of Angelus Politianus, Marcilius Ficinus, Leonardus Aretinus, Laurentius Valla, Musurus, Heron. Alexander, Bessarion, Sadoletus, Joh. Picus Mirandula, Paulus Jovius, Raphael Maffæus, Joh. Jovianus Pontanus, Poggius Brandolinus, Bartholomæus de Saliceto, Gratianus Clusinus, Accursius, to say nothing of those of Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch.

A second relic of Richard Heber which I possess is a bound Catalogue of the library of James West, President of the Royal Society, who died July 2, 1772. This book bears the usual stamp, *Bibliotheca Heberiana*; but besides, its value is very greatly enhanced by two or three sentences, very characteristic of a connoisseur of books, written on a fly-leaf by the hand of Mr. Heber himself. A quondam owner of the Catalogue, Mr. F. C. West, probably a relative of the late president's, just below his own signature, writes, "Vide MS. note in Mr. Heber's handwriting, on the opposite leaf." On this leaf accordingly we have the following remarks on the Catalogue of books before us: "This is the original auction Catalogue," Mr. Heber records, "by which it was intended to sell the 'large and noble library' of James West, Esq., President of the Royal Society. The friends of the deceased, however," Mr. Heber goes on to inform us, "judging it, very properly, deplorably insufficient, directed it to be cancelled; and employed Samuel Paterson at a short notice to compose the whole afresh. It is curious to compare the two Catalogues," Mr. Heber says, "if it were only to show how little can be known of the value of the most curious library when ignorantly and unskillfully described." He then subjoins, "Paterson used to quote exultingly the testimony of Topham Beauclerc, who declared to him with an oath, that on looking over his Catalogue he could not believe it to be the same collection."—This mention of Topham Beauclerk again brings us near Dr. Johnson. He was a youthful club-associate of the Doctor's, and when he died, Dr. Johnson said that "Topham Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any whom he had known." He was a son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk's, and a grandson of the Duke of St. Albans.—My copy of *Hornius de Originibus Americanis, Haga*

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Comitis, 1652, bears on a fly-leaf the autograph, "R. Heber," which is held to be that of Reginald, and not Richard, Heber; as it appears not to have been the habit of the latter to inscribe his name in his books. This volume is additionally of interest for having likewise the autograph of "H. Grove," who was one of the *collaborateurs* of Addison in the production of *The Spectator*. He was the writer of Numbers 588, 601, 626 and 635, in that series of papers. From some contemporary verses on the death of Mr. Grove, who was a Presbyterian minister, I quote the following:

"If every grace that e'er the good adorn'd,
If every science that the wisest learn'd,
Could merit thy regard and ask thy love,
Behold them join'd, and weep them lost, in Grove."

I now produce some autographic manuscript which brings us nearer still to Dr. Samuel Johnson than we were brought above. Though not penned by the Doctor, it was written by a hand that had grasped his, viz., by the hand of Dr. Samuel Parr. We know that intellectual encounters took place between Parr and Johnson. Thus Boswell records, in the year 1780, that "having spent an evening at Mr. Langton's with the Rev. Dr. Parr, he (Dr. Johnson) was much pleased with the conversation of that learned gentleman; and after he was gone, said to Mr. Langton: "Sir, I am obliged to you for having asked me this evening. Parr is a fair man. I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy. It is remarkable how much of a man's life may pass without meeting with any instance of this kind of open discussion." During a discussion between these two formidable personages, one of them, Dr. Johnson, stamped his foot. Immediately, the other, Dr. Parr, stamped *his* foot. "Why do you stamp your foot, Dr. Parr?" "Because, Dr. Johnson," replied the other, "I would not have you think that you have the advantage of me by even a single stamp of the foot." Society was in a curious state when such phenomena as Drs. Johnson and Parr were possible. The general range of thought and experience was narrow; and culture was one-sided. Men of unusual capacity and vigour and keenness of view were thus tempted to be dogmatical; and the deference of inferiors readily transformed them into despots. English communities cannot evolve such characters now, nor would they endure them. There are in these days scores of persons scattered about quite the equal of Johnson and Parr in strong sense, and power and decision

of mind ; but they are drilled into good manners by their surroundings ; they are made to know and keep their place by the respectable talents and culture of a multitude of other people. Parr's learning, and Johnson's too, so far as it was formal and scholastic, was of a type which in the present age has ceased to be honoured, consisting of a familiarity with the letter of two dead languages, acquired unphilosophically, and used of necessity in a petty, contracted way. These two men, with a large group of contemporaries whom they conspicuously represented, were for the most part outside the noble sphere in which scholars of the present day find their pastime. Comparative philology, universal history, science in the modern sense, theoretical and applied, were to them sealed mysteries.—Parr, by some chance, was led to adopt the principles of the Whigs ; hence he is patronized by Macaulay, who goes out of his way to introduce his name in his narrative of the trial of Warren Hastings, and to style him at the same time the greatest scholar of the age. "There," he says, *i.e.* in Westminster Hall, while Burke was arraigning the great proconsul of India, "there were to be seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid." On the other hand, Sydney Smith, also a Whig, ventures to say of Parr that he was rude and violent, as most Greek scholars are, unless they happen to be bishops (a little *o.k.* this, at the expense of Bishop Blomfield). "He has left nothing behind him," Sydney Smith goes on to say, "worth leaving ; he was rather fitted for the Law than the Church, and would have been a more considerable man, if he had been more knocked about among his equals. He lived with country gentlemen and clergymen, who flattered and feared him." The diocese of Gloucester had a narrow escape. It came within an ace of having Parr as its bishop.

The tobacco pipe was an inseparable adjunct of Parr, and contributed not a little to the coarseness of his character. In a small Hogarthian sketch of him given in the National Illustrated Library edition of Boswell's Johnson, he is represented with it in his hand.

When appointed to preach before the University of Cambridge, he was puffing his pipe in the vestry-room of the church up to the moment of his entering the pulpit. An early pupil of his recalls, rather graphically, a domestic scene in which again the pipe figures: "I was frequently sent by him," he says, "to obtain the *Courier* newspaper, and, upon my return, he made me read to him the Parliamentary debates, which were at that period full of interest. I sometimes took a malicious pleasure in giving the utmost possible effect to the brilliant passages in Pitt's speeches, upon which the Doctor would exclaim, 'Why, you needle, do you dwell with such energy upon Pitt's empty declamation?' At other moments he would say, 'That is powerful, but Fox will answer it.' When I pronounced the words 'Mr. Fox rose,' Parr would roar out 'Stop!' and after shaking the ashes out of his pipe, and filling it afresh, he would add, with a marked emphasis, 'Now, you dog, do your best!' In the course of the speech in question, he would often interrupt me in a tone of triumphant exultation with exclamations such as the following: 'To be sure!—' 'Capital!'—'Answer that if you can, Master Pitt!'—and at the conclusion: 'That is the speech of the orator and statesman: Pitt is a mere rhetorician;' adding, after a pause, 'a very able one, I admit.' Sometimes after hearing the first three or four sentences of a speech of Mr. Pitt, he would say, 'Now the dog is thinking what he will say: Fox rushes into the subject at once.' Here let me remark," adds the reporter of this scene, "that when Parr called any of his pupils *needle* or *dog*, or even, in some instances, *blockhead*, it was a proof that they were in high favour, and on these occasions his good-natured smile showed that he spoke in perfect good humour; but the word *dunce* he always used contemptuously." Parr was unfortunate in his wife, who delighted in worrying him. Porson used to say "Parr would have been a great man but for three things—his trade, his wife, and his politics."

Edward Henry Barker, of Thetford, in Norfolk, published two volumes of "*Pariana, or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D., collected from various sources, printed and manuscript.*" Mr. Barker had lived for several years in Parr's house at Halton, revelling in the curious, out-of-the-way contents of his library. The *Quarterly Review* uses this irreverent language of the death of Dr. Parr: "The demise," it says, "of the awful Chimæra of Halton, which had so long buzzed in vacuo, was something of an event in 1825."

Parr was famous for his Latin epitaphs and sepulchral inscriptions. Those inscribed on the monuments of Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, Fox and Sir John Moore are by him. At table once, Dr. Parr, in ecstasies at the conversational powers of Lord Erskine, called out to him (though his junior): "My Lord, I mean to write your epitaph!" "Dr. Parr," replied the clever Chancellor, "it is a temptation to commit suicide."

The relic which I preserve of Dr. Parr is a thin volume consisting of three tracts on classical subjects, bound together. The Doctor has written their respective titles on the first fly-leaf. "*Spohn de Agro Trojano*. Lipsiæ, 1814. *Curie Criticæ in Comicorum Fragment ab Athenæo servata*. Auctore Meneke. Berol. 1814. Gottlieb. Ernesti *Epistola ad Schleusnerum de Suidæ Lexicographi usu ad Crisin et Interpretationem Librorum Sacrorum*. Lipsiæ, 1875." To show, as I suppose, that he had minutely looked through these tracts, the Doctor adds the characteristic observation: "Spohn's Latinity is perplexed. In the note page 35, line 10th, I think Automedon et Alcimus should be in the accusative, as followed by dilectos." Parr's handwriting is very bad: it is slovenly and indefinite. "You always wrote hieroglyphically," says Charles Lamb to George Dyer, "yet not to come up to the mystical notations and conjuring characters of Dr. Parr." (Quoted in Forster's Life of W. S. Landor, page 93.)

We have seen the friendly relations subsisting between Dr. Parr and Dr. Johnson. I suppose they were not brought much together. When negatives and positives, so decided, approached each other, there must always have been considerable risk of explosion. Disparity of age may have helped to keep the peace. Dr. Parr maintained also a life-long friendship with Walter Savage Landor, a character with whom it required tact to keep on terms. Here again difference of age was probably advantageous. Landor was Parr's junior by many years. "I think," writes Landor's brother, in Forster's Life, "they were kept from quarrels by mutual respect, by something like awe of each other's temper, and a knowledge that, if war began at all, it must be to the knife."

I have nothing to show of Landor's, but I give a sentence from a note of the late Col. Walter O'Hara's, of Toronto, who at one time was intimately associated with Landor, and is named in Forster's Life at pp. 136, 199. Col. O'Hara says: "With respect to the

eminent person whose biography has occasioned your kind reference to me, I beg to say that my acquaintance with him commenced 1808, and that I have always regarded him as one of my most valued friends. We visited Spain together in that year; and I retain always the strongest admiration of his noble qualities."

I should be proud if I could exhibit a letter in Johnson's handwriting. Such documents are occasionally to be met with in London, but considerable sums must be paid for them. I have some fragments, however, in Mrs. Thrale's handwriting, the lady to whom Dr. Johnson was for sixteen years and more indebted for much care and kindness, and for whom he entertained a high esteem. We are told that he said of her, that if not the wisest of women in the world, she was undoubtedly one of the wisest. Mrs. Thrale's maiden name was Salusbury; Mr. Thrale, her first husband, was owner of the great Brewery in Southwark, since known as that of Barclay and Perkins. The marriage seems to have been one of convenience rather than deep affection. Thrale sat for Southwark in Parliament, and was very wealthy. At his town house in Southwark and his country villa at Streatham, a room was set apart for the especial accommodation of Dr. Johnson. When Mr. Thrale died, his widow, as we all know, married an Italian musical composer and vocalist, named Piozzi. She afterwards published a volume of anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, and other works. It was her habit to make on the margin of books that she read, numerous manuscript notes; and after annotating one copy, she would sometimes take up another of the same work and enter the same observations. Mr. Bohn, the eminent bookseller of London, had a copy of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," annotated by Mrs. Piozzi, in which the remarks were identical with those in Dr. Wellesley's copy of the same book. In a letter written by her at Bath, in 1818, to Sir James Fellowes, of Adbury House, Hants, she speaks of one Dr. Hales, who "on last Sunday fortnight said confidently in the pulpit that the world would end that day sixty-two years." She then adds: "You will find innumerable reflections on that event in King's "Morsels of Criticism," which I have loaded, if not deformed, by numberless notes—manuscript, but legible enough, for I looked them over since Hales' sermon, as I thought they would amuse you. 'Tis almost a pity," she then observes, "you should suffer them to be sold after my death." She had bequeathed to him all her annotated books. The handwriting in her marginal

notes is often minute, but always very neat and clear, with a careful punctuation. She was, I should suppose, an admirer of a fine hand. Her appreciation of this accomplishment suggested to her a lesson in regard to self-management, in a letter to the Sir J. Fellowes already named. "Our longest life," she says, "is but a little parenthesis in the broad page of time, which is itself a mere preface or prologue to Eternity. Let us, however," she exhorts, "write the brief period neatly, and leave our visiting ticket to the world such as may not disgrace us." Sir J. Fellowes' library has been dispersed under the hammer, and Mrs. Piozzi's annotated volumes have got abroad. Occasionally, on a book-stall, one of them may be picked up. The one which has chanced to come into my possession is a volume consisting of two works bound up together: Galloway's "Brief Commentaries on the Book of Revelation," and Witherby's "Observations on the Restoration of the Jews." From the margins of each of these I select a characteristic note or two.—Galloway in a certain place shows that LUDOVICUS, the name in Latin of sixteen of the French kings, could be made to represent the mystic number 666; and this, he says, he had shown seven years before, in another work. Galloway then refers to a writer who "within the last three years has asserted the same thing, without assigning any reason for his opinion. If he has unfairly ploughed with either of my heifers," Galloway then remarks, "all that I have to say to him is, what Virgil said on a similar occasion—'Hoc ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores,'" &c. On this Mrs. Piozzi notes in the margin: "No need to plough with *his* heifer, surely. Comenius, author of our Babies' "Orbis Pictus," made this very calculation, and showed it to Louis Quatorze, who thence imbibed his notion of founding a Universal Monarchy." In another place Galloway says of a certain interpretation which he advances, that it is "a demonstration irresistible, because as evident to human perception as that of there being a sun in the firmament or an earth in which we live." Mrs. Piozzi is inclined to be more cautious, and writes: "I am not so confident; but the conjecture is a good one, and very likely indeed to be true." Again: at the beginning of Witherby's "Observations"—where that writer solemnly counsels the Jews of England not to be influenced by a late pamphlet addressed to them by one Bicheno—Mrs. Piozzi remarks: "This writer is a *little* wilder and foolisher than the man he censures, writing to the Jews to beg of them not to set out for the Holy Land at the call of *Mr.*

Bicheno! Very comical! As if Mr. Bicheno's call was to suffice. No! no!" she then adds, with an outburst of orthodoxy worthy of Dr. Johnson himself: "when the Jews march, it will be at God's immediate and apparent command; and their Leader will not be a Dissenting Teacher, I trow. What nonsense!"—And again: when the observation is made by Witherby that "the Christian and Jewish religions are more united and combined than is in general imagined, and when the gracious promises are fulfilled to the Jews, it will be a great blessing to the Gentile Churches also—it will be to both as a restoration to life, and the Gentile Churches will then assume a much more Jewish appearance than they ever have done in times past—Mrs. Piozzi remarks: "This man is the first to lay hold upon the skirts of a *Jew*, unless Mr. Cumberland has been beforehand with him." (Richard Cumberland, author of a play entitled "The Jew," and other comedies, is meant. Goldsmith called him the Terence of England: he died in 1811.)—The Comenius above spoken of was Joh. Amos Comenius, of Amsterdam. An English translation of his "Orbis Pictus," by Ch. Hoole, appeared in 1659. It was evidently a nursery-book in Mrs. Piozzi's childhood.—The emphatic "No! no!" which we had in the margin above, I observe in a letter addressed by Mrs. Piozzi to her young friend, Wm. Aug. Conway, consoling him under a severe disappointment received at the hands of a lady: "Do not, however," she says, "fancy that she will ever be punished in the way you mention. No! no! she'll wither on the thorny stem," &c. The reverse exclamation appears in a letter to Sir J. Fellowes: "Yes! yes!" she says, "when people will talk of what they know nothing about, see what nonsense follows!"

In connection with Dr. Parr it was stated that memoirs of him, in two volumes, had been compiled by E. H. Barker, of Thetford. The memory of this Mr. Barker deserves to be perpetuated as that of one who was among the first to favour a reform in the mediæval system of mastering Latin and Greek which prevailed in English schools at the beginning of the present century. He began to translate grammars and lexicons from the Latin into the English tongue, and to deviate from the general custom of annotating school books in a language "not understood of the people." He published for the use of English students portions of the classics with copious English notes, replete with illustrative matter of great interest. He edited, in English, Stephens' Thesaurus of the Greek Language, a ponderous work consisting of 11,752 double-column folio pages, and an English

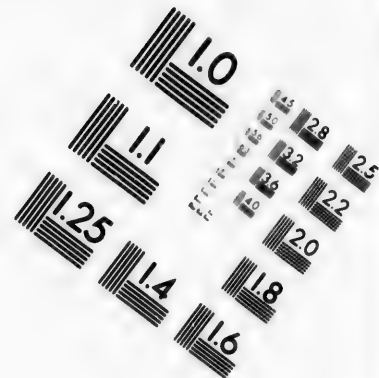
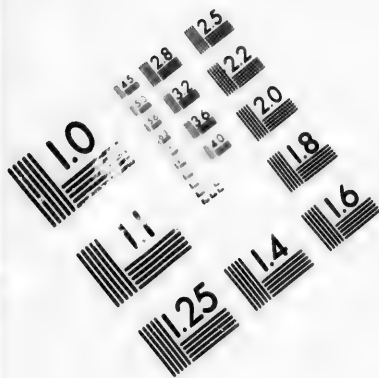
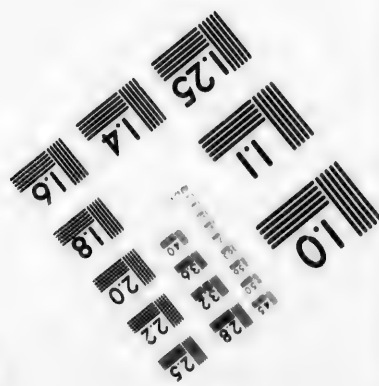
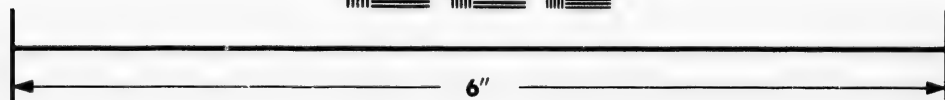
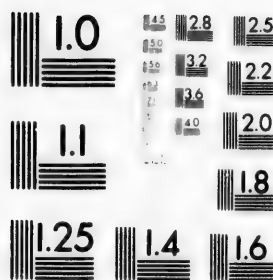


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translation of Bultmann's Greek Grammar. Conjointly with Prof. Dunbar, of Edinburgh, he published what was nominally a translation of the time-honoured Schrevelius, but virtually a new and greatly improved work. I revert with all the more pleasure to the name of E. H. Barker, as it chanced to be a part of my early experience to derive a good deal of light and help from his editions of portions of Cicero and Tacitus that fell accidentally, as it were, into my hands. In the absence, in those days, of useful books of reference, the varied and curious information with which his annotations abounded was, as I remember, keenly relished. In like manner his additions to the English reprint of Professor Anthon's Lempriere, and the miscellaneous matter, especially the botanical articles, embodied in the English Schrevelius, furnished delightful reading. By the worshippers of the old routine in schools, Barker was anathematized as one who betrayed the arcana of a craft, and vulgarized one of the learned professions. He was to be frowned down as a dangerous innovator. If he facilitated the studies of the young, who ought to be made to surmount difficulties, it was impossible that he could be himself a scholar. C. J. Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, came down very heavily on Barker in an article in the *Quarterly Review*. Barker replied in a pamphlet entitled *Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*. Unhappily the old style of learned controversy, fashionable in the days of Bentley, had not yet died out. There were two classical periodicals of the hour: one, the *Classical Journal*, with which Barker was connected as editor, I think; the other, the *Museum Criticum*, in which Blomfield wrote. Barker, in his pamphlet, attributed to Blomfield's pen everything hostile to himself in the *Museum Criticum*: but mistakenly, as it appeared afterwards. And the *Museum* took occasion to say of Barker's philippic, that "it carried personal invective to such a frightful extent as never before disgraced literature." That the *Museum* itself could be very satirical, we have evidence in the same paper. Barker whimsically attached to his name sometimes, the letters O. T. N., which he intended to be understood as signifying of Thetford, Norfolk. The *Museum* affects not to understand these letters. "What is the import," it says, "of the *tenebrosæ literæ* O. T. N., which Mr Barker affixes to his name, we cannot undertake to decide. We are not aware that they denote any academical distinction. We conclude therefore that they imply some personal attribute, like the S. S. (sinner saved) of another renowned character." [Huntington.] Again, referring to the con-

ductors of the *Classical Journal* above named, the *Museum Criticum* says: "When we speak of their incessant attacks upon us, it is right to mention, that for the last few years we have had but small acquaintance with the *Classical Journal*, having found that the information to be derived from its pages by no means compensated for the disgust excited by the vanity, dullness, and execrable taste of the leading writers, and still more by their unwearied spirit of detraction." And once more: here is a specimen of haughty style and rampant prejudice, from the same learned periodical. In "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the literature of Edinburgh, had chanced to say: "Mr. Dunbar, the Professor of Greek, has published several little things in the *Cambridge Classical Researches*, and is certainly very much above the run of Scholars." "*The Cambridge Classical Researches*," being the second title or heading of the *Museum Criticum*, that sensitive journal deemed it necessary thus to take notice of Scott's remarks: "What the common run of scholars at Edinburgh may be, we know not; but what Mr. Dunbar is, the world has had some opportunity of learning from a work which he calls a continuation of Dalziel's *Collectanea Græca*. Our only wish is to contradict most positively the assertion that he has ever been a contributor, small or great, to this publication. How such a strange misstatement originated, we cannot form the least conjecture." The date of these amenities of literature is A.D. 1832.

Barker's attempt to popularize classical studies was strongly supported by Prof. Anthon, of New York, whose editions of classical writings were always at once reprinted in England and largely used, showing that there was a want in this direction unsupplied. Barker and Anthon were both well abused, but imitated. Major translated Porson's Euripides: and later, Dr. Arnold issued a Thucydides with English elucidations; and now all English Scholars annotate copiously in English. Prof. Anthon, in 1845, in the preface of his own Classical Dictionary, recalls the surprise which was excited in 1825, when, on having been employed to prepare a new edition of Lempriere in 1825, he hinted the propriety of making some alterations in the text. The answer received by him from one quarter was, that one might as well think of making alterations in the Scriptures as in the pages of Dr. Lempriere!

Here is E. H. Barker's autograph. It is contained in a volume printed at Padua in 1729, and bound in Italian vellum. It contains

twelve Academic Orations, in splendid Latin, by Facciolati, the author of the celebrated *Totius Latinitatis Lexicon*. Over a book-plate, bearing the arms of Joseph Smith, appears the following memorandum in manuscript. "Dec. 6, 1815. Priestley. Collated and Perfect. Large Paper. EDMUND HENRY BARKER, Thetford, Norfolk." The handwriting is particularly good and clear; a great contrast to Parr's slovenly script. It is implied, I suppose, that Priestley, a learned bibliophile of the day, had described as above, the volume before us. The spirit of Facciolati's Orations is precisely that which actuated Barker and his school. He condemns, for one thing, the too long detention of the young amidst the preliminaries of mere Grammar, which appears to have been a custom in Italy as well as in England; and he prays the young student carefully to consider that "*Non Latinum sermonem ex Grammaticâ, sed Grammaticam ex Latino sermone natam esse*;"—a leading principle in the so-called Ollendorf system of teaching.—The Joseph Smith whose book-plate is noticed above, was British Consul at Venice in 1755. While resident there, he indulged largely in book-collecting; and there most likely our Facciolati was picked up.

Dr. Blomfield, in breaking a lance with whom we have seen Barker somewhat injudiciously engaged, was a gigantic Latin and Greek scholar. Everything about such an Hercules of learning, we should expect perhaps to be of proportionate magnitude. Even the tractates constituting his light reading, we might imagine to be somewhat ponderous. I have a volume, once the property of Dr. Blomfield, quite in keeping with such an idea. It is a collection of conjectural readings in a number of Greek and Latin authors by a Netherlandish or Hanoverian scholar. It is a thinnish quarto. A hundred years ago, when an author wished his work to make a very respectable show, he issued it as a quarto. Ephemeral controversial pamphlets were often of this shape. The work which I have bears this title, printed in red ink: "*Io. Schraderi Liber Emendationum. Leovardiæ, 1776*."—In the middle of the title-page is a vignette group from a copper-plate: Minerva standing on a number of modern-looking volumes; to her right and left are the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy. Leovardia is Leenwarden, the capital of Friesland. The work contains a large number of emendations proposed by Schrader in Catullus, Propertius, Martial, Virgil, Ovid &c., with some proposed by others in Homer and Hesiod. To make the quarto more important still, it is strongly

and heavily bound in durable calf, and properly gilt. The covers are lined inside with marbled paper, and in the usual situation is Dr. Blomfield's book-plate, showing his own arms, impaled with those of the see of London. Below is engraved, in plain round hand, *Charles James Blomfield, D.D.* We can readily picture to ourselves, the learned bishop turning the pages of this little brochure of Schrader with a dignified indifference, and yawning in a moment of ennui over its miscellaneous contents.

Dr. Samuel Butler, who lived 1774-1840, is another sample of the heavily-weighted *homo eruditus* of sixty years ago. I have a quarto relic of him likewise, but not quite so bulky a one as that which represented Bishop Blomfield. Dr. Samuel Butler was a celebrated head master of Shrewsbury school. His name is associated especially with a Classical Atlas, and works on Ancient Geography. He published also an edition of "*Æschylus*," in four volumes quarto, and another in six volumes octavo. (Observe that of this dramatist only seven plays are extant.) Being, unlike Parr, a producible man, and not given to much humour like Sydney Smith, he was raised in 1836 to the Episcopal Bench as Bishop of Lichfield.—This thin quarto, bound in good vellum, has within its cover the following autographic inscription: *S. Butler: ex dono socer. sui: Viri Reverendi E. Apthorp, S.T.P., 1799.* The volume itself consists of a very curious astrological poem in Greek by the Egyptian priest Manetho, Gronovius' *editio princeps* of that piece. The whole title is as follows: *Μανέθωνος Ἀποτελεσματικῶν Βιβλία* &c. *Manethonis Apotelesmaticorum Libri sex: Nunc primum ex Bibliothecâ Mediceâ editi: curâ Jacobi Gronovii, qui etiam Latine vertit ac notis adjecit. Lugduni Batavorum, apud Fredericum Haaring. 1698.*—On the title-page is the publisher's impresa or device. A sturdy husbandman is seen industriously delving; a landscape with mountains, a city and a village in the background; on the sky is the legend, *Fac et Spera.* The volume is inscribed by Gronovius to Magliabecchi, the celebrated librarian of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; also to Conrad Ruysch, chief magistrate of Leyden. The former had given Gronovius, when in Florence, willing access to the only copy of the *Apotelesmatica* known to exist, and had allowed him to take a copy of it with his own hand. The latter had travelled in Italy; and whenever he and Gronovius met, their talk always turned on happy hours spent there. Gronovius styles Magliabecchi, *Vir clarissimus et præcipuus Eruditorum hujus temporis.*—The E. Apthorp above named by Dr. Butler as his father-in-law was a

theological writer of considerable note.—In the *Præfatio* of Gronovius I caught sight of an unexpected and rather odd reference to an Otehi-way word, familiar enough to ourselves. Manetho, or Manethos, he says, was a name common in Egypt, whence it may have passed over to America, where, travellers inform us, “Manetoe” means an evil spirit. (*Patet id nomen crebrum illic fuisse, unde promanarit ‘Manetoe’ dici malum genium docent itineraria.*) I have seen elsewhere grave speculations on a connection between Manitou and Menes, Menu, Minos, Mannus, Manes, &c.

A contemporary of these learned divines just named—and himself a learned divine—was Dr. Chalmers, who lived from 1780 to 1847. I introduce here a sentence or two from a letter of his now lying before me, addressed to the late Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Strachan. He says: “We were all much pleased with your son; he seems cast in the very mould of his profession, having all the chivalry and gallant spirit of a thorough soldier. * * But what pleased me most was the evident affection and feeling wherewith he spoke of yourself, and of his purpose to visit St. Andrews and Professor Duncan, because of your connection with them.” Dr. Chalmers’ handwriting is execrable. I possess also a brief note of Edward Irving, addressed to Dr. Strachan.

I produce a volume which was once the property of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta. It was presented by him to the Rev. C. Winstanley, who was for some years a resident of Toronto. It shows the following Latin inscription in the Bishop’s handwriting: “Carolo Winstanley, in amicitie gratique animi pignus, D.D. Danielus Wilson, 1812.” The work itself is Luther’s Commentary on the Second Psalm, in Latin, edited by Johannes Jacobus Rambachius, and printed at Halle in 1728. I observe that Rambach, in his Preface, contends for the scholarship of Luther: “Teste Philippo Melanethone,” he says, “Ciceronem, Virgilium, Livium aliosque latinitatis antistites, legendo sibi familiarissimos reddiderat. Quod verò historicos insuper Græcos et Latinos, quod Platonem, Aristotelem, aliosque prisci ævi philosophos exploratos habuerit; id verò frequentiores sententiæ, quas ex illis decerpitas scriptis suis passim inspergit, abundè testantur.” Luther especially liked the ancient poets, Rambach says, and Virgil was selected to be his one companion when he retired into the monastery of Erfordt. “Imprimis poëtas, stili politioris magistros, in deliciis habuit, interque eos maximè Virgilium, quem, quum relictis libris omnibus in monasterium Erfordiæ se abderet, solum secum retinuit, ac postea sæpius non laudavit solum aliisque commendavit,

sed ipse etiam in operibus suis passim allegavit."—Mr. Winstanley, to whom Bishop Wilson presented this book, used humorously to speak of himself as one of the *spare* clergy of Toronto, alluding to his own great corpulency. He was a good, acceptable preacher. Prior to engaging to deliver a sermon anywhere, he used to ascertain the capacity of the pulpit and the width of its door, for which purpose he had a notch marked on his cane. I remember him, after preaching a charity-sermon, handing to the churchwarden what he called "a note to his discourse;" it was a bank-bill; and this, I think, was a customary pleasantry with him.

I have now to show a brief note from the hand of the famous Sydney Smith, canon of St. Paul's. Its contents are quite of a grave character, relating to matters of business connected with his parish of Combe Florey, in Somersetshire. I have quoted already from Sydney Smith's article in the *Edinburgh*, on Dr. Parr—a memorable paper, which, while rendering all honour and justice to the profoundly learned scholar of Hatton, contrived to make of his wig a joke, if not a joy, for ever, to the English public. "With a boundless rotundity of frizz, like Dr. Parr's wig," has become one of the established phrases of the language. The note in my possession is addressed to Mr. Jacobs, at Taunton, the post-town of Combe Florey, who appears to have been Sydney Smith's business agent. "Sir," the Canon says, "I have before written to you on the subject of Tithes. I have only to add that you will be so good as to ask them individually for the money, and to give a *gentle hint*, if necessary, that after so much indulgence, those not paying will be immediately proceeded against. I will not have any Tithe Dinner or Luncheon. Yours truly, SYDNEY SMITH.—56 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, March 20, 1835." The value of Combe Florey is set down in the books as £263 per annum. But the nominal value of livings in England is greatly above their real value to the incumbents. Numerous expenses which with us are borne, naturally enough, by the congregation, are in England expected to be met by the clergyman. Sydney Smith's £263 was, as we can see from the note, likely by no means to come up to the mark, by reason of the appeals *ad miserecordiam*; then, after that, the agent must be paid for collecting; the curate must be paid, and the parish schoolmaster, and a number of other claimants. Thus the net income from Combe Florey would not be large.—The seal on Sydney Smith's note shows a dog watching; above is the sun; but a cloud floats between it and the faithful creature below; inscribed is the motto,

"Present or absent."—Some remarks of Lord Houghton, in one of his recently published "Monographs, Personal and Social," will help to an understanding of Sydney Smith, and remove some prejudices in relation to him. At the beginning of the present century, a man of humorous temperament in the pulpit or desk, was by no means held to be out of place. "It needs no argument," Lord Houghton says, "to prove that susceptibilities on the score of irreverence increase in proportion to the prevalence of doubt and scepticism. When essential facts cease to be incontrovertible, they are no longer safe from the humour of contrasts and analogies. It is thus that the secular use of Scripture allusion was more frequent in the days of simple belief in inspiration, than in our times of linguistic and historical criticism. Phrases and figures were then taken as freely out of sacred as out of classical literature; and even characters as gross and ludicrous as some of Fielding's clergy were not looked upon as satire against the Church." The question may fairly be asked, Lord Houghton thinks, "Why should Sydney Smith not have made quite as good a bishop as he was a parish priest and canon of St. Paul's. The temperament which, in his own words, made him always live in the Present and the Future, and look at the Past as so much dirty linen, was eminently favourable to his fit understanding and full accomplishment of whatever work he had to do. There has been no word of adverse criticism," Lord Houghton says, "on his parochial administration, and he has left the best recollections of the diligence and scrupulous care with which he fulfilled the duties in connection with the Cathedral of St. Paul's."

I have myself a personal recollection of Sydney Smith, associated with St. Paul's. I there once heard him deliver a most touching and useful discourse on the Fifth Commandment, and I was pleased some years afterwards, to find it printed in a volume of his published sermons. I am thus able to give some of the words of great truth and soberness which it fell to my lot to hear Sydney Smith utter. "There are little sacrifices" he said, "of daily occurrence, which in a series of years, contribute as materially to the happiness of a parent, and which, because they are obscure, and have no swelling sentiments to support them, are more difficult for a continuation than more splendid actions. Every man has little infirmities of temper and disposition which require forgiveness; peculiarities which should be managed; prejudices which should be avoided; innocent habits which should be indulged; fixed opinions which should be treated with respect;

particular feelings and delicacies which should be consulted : all this may be done without the slightest violation of truth, or the most trifling infringement of religion; these are the sacrifices which repay a man in the decline of life, for all that he has sacrificed in the commencement of yours; this makes a parent delight in his children, and repose on them, when his mind and his body are perishing away, and he is hastening on to the end of all things." "Consider," he continued, "that he has been used to govern you; that (however you may have forgotten it) the remembrance is fresh to him, of that hour when you stood before him as a child, and he was to you as a God. Bear with him in his old age; pain and sickness have made him what you see; he has been galled by the injustice perhaps, and stung by the ingratitude of men; let him not see that old age is coming upon him, that his temper is impaired, or that his wisdom is diminished; but, as the infirmities of life double upon him, double you your kindness; make him respectable to himself, soothe him, comfort him, honour your father and your mother, that your days may be long, that you may be justified by your own heart, and honoured by the children which God giveth to you." Again, afterwards, he said: "It should be a great incitement to the performance of this duty, that when the time comes for repenting that we have neglected it, when the little personal feuds and jealousies which blind our understanding, are at an end, and it becomes plain to the judge within the breast, that we have often neglected the authors of our being, often given them unnecessary pain;—when these feelings rush upon us, it too often happens that all reparation is impossible: they are gone; the grave hides them; and all that remains of father and mother are the dust and ashes of their tombs. In all other injuries, the chances of repairing them may endure as long as life itself, but it is the ordinary course of nature, that the parent should perish before the child; and it is the ordinary course of nature also, that repentance should be most bitter when it is the most ineffectual."

A visit to St. Paul's Cathedral in London, was rendered additionally interesting down to so late a period as 1868, by yielding an opportunity of seeing, and perhaps hearing the voice of, the distinguished Henry Hart Milman, the variously accomplished dean of that Cathedral, author of the *History of Latin Christianity*, a narrative almost as absorbing and as well sustained as Gibbon's. Dean Milman was always ready to be courteously obliging to Canadians and Americans generally, in their visits to London and St. Paul's. My MS. relic of

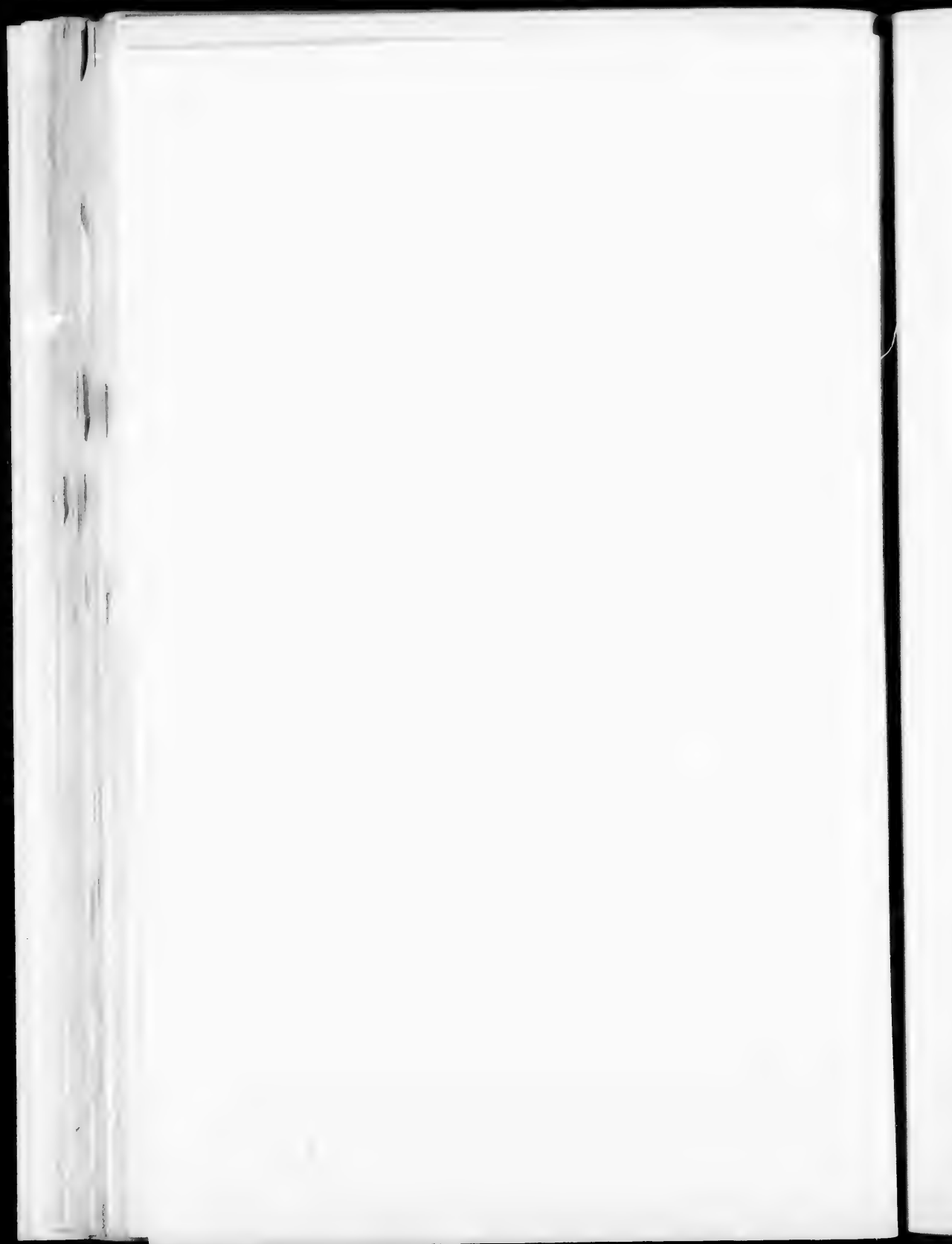
this excellent man, whom life extended from 1791 to 1838 is a brief note, in keeping with his clerical character, but unimportant except as an autograph. It is as follows: "Cloisters, Saturday. Dear Lady Williams.—The Confirmation is at half-past eleven; the Candidates are to be in the Church by eleven. Ever truly yours, H. H. MILMAN. Did you see the note in my last enclosure?" I add here a sentence or two from the hand of another dean, the late Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh, author of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." "Illness and being in my own room must be my apology," he says, "for delay in the reply to your favor of Jan. 23. 1. Garscadden was the name of the laird who sate a "corpse twa hours" at the festive board. (see. Rem. p. 66. ed. 13.) I had the story from the late Prof. Aytoun, who was very correct in all such matters. I found afterwards it was referred to in Dr. Strong's history of Glasgow Clubs. 2. There is another place (in Fife, I believe,) Garnstadden Colquhoun. Garscadden is six miles from Glasgow, at New or East Kilpatrick. The old drinking laird's probably passed away. 3. All places beginning with 'Gar,' are, I believe, from the Celtic 'caer,' which means fortress. The addition represents some quality of the fortress: for example, Gargunnoch, *i.e.* Celtic Caer-guineach, a pointed fortress. But I am not a Celtic nor Antiquarian scholar. I hope you will excuse this imperfect answer, and accept the consideration of yours sincerely, E. B. RAMSAY."

I value very highly the autograph manuscript which I produce now. It is a note in the handwriting of the first Duke of Wellington. Very often the notes of the great Duke which collectors show, are somewhat grotesque in character: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington is one of the few persons in this country who don't meddle with things with which they have no concern." "F. M. the Duke of Wellington can give no opinion upon that of which he knows nothing." "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, and would advise him to ask the local papers themselves on what authority they make such a statement as that to which Mr. — alludes." "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. H. He has also received Mr. H.'s letter, and begs leave to inform him he is not the historian of the wars of the French Republic in Syria." The query was put to him in the letter referred to—"Did Napoleon poison the prisoners at Jaffa?" "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —. His letter of the 28th instant has been received by the duke, but not the petition

therein referred to. If it should ever reach the duke he will return it to Mr. ——. The duke has no relation with Bridgewater; he has no knowledge upon the subject to which he understands the petition relates, either as affecting the local interests of Bridgewater or the interests of the public in general. He begs leave to decline to constitute himself, or to be made by others, the presenter-general to the House of Lords of all petitions which no other lord will present." The request had been to present a petition from Bridgewater.

The note which I possess is not in the strain of either of these. It is addressed in a frank and cordial tone to Sir Robert Peel, and it relates to public business: it is dated too from Walmer Castle, the place which became invested, some twenty years later, with increased interest as being the scene of the duke's death. "Walmer Castle, August 20th, 1829. My Dear Peel,—Upon Lord Ellenborough's suggestion, I obtained the King's consent at Windsor, on Monday last, to Lt. Colonel John MacDonald, of the East India Company's Service, of the establishment of Fort St. George, Envoy Extraordinary from the Supreme Government of India to his Majesty the Shah of Persia, to be Knight of the Bath; to Commander John Hayes, of the E. I. Company's Marine; to Lt. Colonel Commandant Robert Henry Cunliffe, of the E. I. Company's Service, of the establishment of Fort William, in Bengal; to Lt. Colonel Jeremiah Bryant, of the E. I. Company's Service, of the establishment of Fort William, in Bengal, to be created Knights by Patent. Ever, my dear Peel, yours most sincerely. WELLINGTON. The Cross of the Bath intended is the small Cross." Here was a concise yet full and minute memorandum for Sir Robert Peel's information. In what momentous affairs was the hand once engaged which traced the lines we have transcribed. With what a variety of sensations was that hand grasped, and by what a multitude of personages—in India, in Spain, in Portugal, in France, in England, in Ireland! Well has Tennyson spoken of the Duke of Wellington as one—

"Whose life was work, whose language, rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze in one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our English Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English duke;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."



LEAVES THEY HAVE TOUCHED; BEING A REVIEW OF SOME HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPHS.

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D.

(Continued from page 347.)

II.—BRITISH AND EUROPEAN GENERALLY.—*Continued.*

Curiously, it was on the point of truthfulness that Wellington dwelt when he pronounced his eulogy on Peel in the House of Lords, just after the fatal accident. "Your Lordships must all feel," he said, "the high and honourable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the Councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with him I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had greater confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." Of course, Peel's hand, too, as well as Wellington's, has rested on the little sheet whose contents I transcribed above.

I add next a note, copied from the original of Lord Brougham's, written when yet Mr. Brougham. It will explain itself: "Hill Street, Tuesday. Mr. Brougham presents his best compliments to Sir W. Congreve, and returns him many thanks for the very interesting tract which he has just received, and from which he expects to derive much instruction. He will lose no time in perusing it, as well as the other upon a different matter. He hopes Sir W. C.'s health is improving." This Sir W. Congreve was the inventor of the "Congreve rocket," and author of many scientific treatises, one of them, "A Short Account of a New Principle of a Rotative Steam

Engine," probably the tract presented to Brougham. Congreve lived from 1772 to 1828, Brougham from 1778 to 1868. It will seem curious to Canadians to see Brougham's name associated in any way with the first Governor of Upper Canada; but in his Autobiography Brougham tells us that in 1806 he was sent by the Government of the day to Lisbon, in company with Lieut.-General Simcoe and others, to support the Court of Lisbon against the machinations of Napoleon. Brougham gives us the following note: "Downing Street, August 12th, 1806. Sir, I am directed by Mr. Secretary Fox to inform you that His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Earl of Rosslyn, the Earl of St. Vincent, and Lieut.-Gen. Simcoe, to proceed on a special mission to the Court of Lisbon, you have been selected to accompany them as Secretary to the said mission, etc.—BEN. TUCKER." Brougham then says, "Gen. Simcoe was taken ill on his passage out, and grew so much worse after his arrival in Lisbon that he was compelled to return to England, and shortly after died." And afterwards, "The three Commanders were as well selected as possible for this difficult and delicate service. The Admiral's name, renowned all over the world, was peculiarly an object of veneration in these countries which had witnessed his great exploits; of the Generals, Lord Rosslyn had served in the country, and was distinguished by his great knowledge and talent for business, and the third was Gen. Simcoe, son of the officer who had been sent to Lisbon at the time of the Great Earthquake, with the liberal grant of money given to relieve the distresses which it had occasioned."

I now offer relics of four modern historians,—Hallam, Grote, Macaulay and Buckle. Few remarks will be needed in respect to them. Hallam's happens to be a response to a lady's application for his autograph, couched in terms worthy of the ingenious politesse of an old French courtier. "69 Wimpole Street, Jan. 8th, 1834. Dear Lady Juliana,—Like a true collector, I perceive you disdain not to fly at small game. How many times a day I write my unimportant name without thinking about it! But honoured as I now am by your request, it is with pride that I subscribe myself, Your very faithful and obliged HENRY HALLAM."—Grote's has reference to some point of literary or historical research. "12 Savile Row, London, Dec. 26, 1857. Dear Sir: I am favoured this morning with your letter of the 24th, and I have to thank you for the Pamphlet which you have been good enough to send me. I will certainly read it at

an early opportunity, and if it should produce any change in my views respecting the subject which Lord Monteagle laid before me, I shall have much pleasure in communicating the circumstance to you. I perfectly recollect having written to Lord Monteagle in reference to your MS. I remain, dear Sir, yours truly, GEO. GROTE." Macaulay's is a mere fragment; but it contains a sentiment tersely expressed: "I have so seldom found that predictions either of great good or of great evil have been verified by events, that I have become philosophically indifferent. Kindest love to Selina. Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY." My memorial of Buckle, author of *The History of Civilization*, is a copy of *Allwoerden's Life of Servetus*, with his book-plate, showing his shield of arms with the motto *Nil temere tenta, nil timide*, and his name, HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. I have also his copy of *Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century*.

Seven English poets come before us now, in authentic manuscript relics.—I possess a volume which was once the property of Wordsworth, and having his autograph, W. WORDSWORTH, on its first title-page. It consists of a number of pamphlets bound together; one of them is an original copy of the sermon preached by Dr. Sacheverell at Oxford in 1702; and which created such a commotion in England. Among the Ecclesiastical Sketches of Wordsworth there is one headed "Sacheverell." We can suppose it suggested by the identical pamphlet preserved in this volume. I also show a manuscript note of Wordsworth's, acknowledging a memorandum sent to him, pointing out an identity of idea between his—

"And 'tis my creed that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes,"

and a passage in Ausonius:—"Dear Sir: I was not acquainted with the passage of Ausonius to which you allude, nor with any part of his writings at the time, nearly 50 years since, when composing the lines which you quote. I perfectly remember the very moment when the poem in which they occur fell from my lips, I do not say, my pen, for I had none with me. The passage in Ausonius does not put the case so strongly as mine, as the mere word *gaudere* is not perhaps more than a strong expression for 'thrive.' The interest you take in this little matter is gratifying to me as a proof of sympathy between us, and emboldens me to subscribe myself, sincerely, your much obliged W. M. WORDSWORTH. Rydal Mount, Dec. 29, 1836."

I now produce a volume which is, in a two-fold way, a special memorial of the kind which we are reviewing. It is *The Parochial History of Bremhill, in the County of Wilts*, by W. L. Bowles, Prebendary of Sarum, and endowed Vicar of the said Parish. Within it the author has written with his own hand, "To Robert Southey, in testimony of the highest respect. W. L. B." And at the foot of the title-page Robert Southey has written in his usual minute and beautiful style: "ROBERT SOUTHEY, London, 26 May, 1828, from the Author." The work itself contains a capital account of the Celtic, Roman and Monastic remains in the Parish of Bremhill. Byron satirised Bowles in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. A dictum of Bowles had at a later period again offended Byron, viz., that "all images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature, are more beautiful and sublime than any images drawn from art, and that they are therefore more poetical. This idea Byron pretended to controvert. After sixty years of a more propitious period than that which immediately preceded their publication, the sonnets of Bowles "still preserve for their author a highly respectable position amongst our poets." So Hallam has said in an Address to the Royal Society of Literature. Of Southey's place in our literature we need not be told. The following brief sentence of criticism however, in relation to him, from an *Edinburgh Review* of 1839, is doubtless just: "The true character of Southey is not to be sought in his greater poems, nor in the set tasks of his laureate workmanship. These are elaborate studies—exercises of literary skill. The spirit of the poet is to be found in his minor pieces, the more vigorous and less-trained offspring of his genius. First and foremost amongst these are his ballads. In them he is really an original and creative writer.' But irrespective of Southey as the author, Southey as the man will be long a delightful study for English readers. His *Life and Correspondence* by Warton, like the parallel book on Sir Walter Scott by Lockhart, will afford to future generations wholesome and noble subjects of thought.

I have something that represents favourably and well the remaining one of the so-called Lake Poets—Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is a brief note, undated, addressed apparently to an editor, probably the editor of the *Courier*, in which paper Coleridge wrote in 1814 and earlier. It relates to a lecture—one of the lectures possibly which Coleridge delivered at Bristol in 1814. He refers also to some benevolent movement in favour of "poor Cotton Factory children."—

"My dear Sir," he writes, "I almost fear this may be too late—but I have made it so short, that I hope you may be able to find a corner for it. I want sadly to have a little political chit-chat with you. I hope I shall see you on Thursday, for I feel confident that you will be more than usually pleased with the Lecture. Your obliged, S. T. COLERIDGE. P. S.—O, pray do what you *can* and *may*, in behalf of the poor Cotton Factory children. I have just written a little article, and am preparing a brief popular statement." As a pendant to the Coleridge relic, I note a small volume which I have, once the property of a friend of his—Basil Montagu, showing his autograph, BASIL MONTAGU, with the addition in another hand of "from whom to W. R." Coleridge was domiciled with Basil Montagu for some time in London, and possibly has handled the little book, which was rather in his way, being Ludovicus Vives' *Introductio ad Veram Sapientiam*.

In shewing a MS. memorial of Henry Taylor, author of *Philip Van Artevelde, a Dramatic Romance*, I do not wholly leave the circle of the poets last named. Taylor dedicated the first edition of *Philip Van Artevelde* to Southey, in the following sonnet, which gives us a happy picture of Southey and his life, wholly devoted to letters, at Greta Hall.

"This Book, though it should travel far and wide,
As ever unripe Author's quick conceit
Could feign his page dispersed, should nowhere meet
A friendlier censor than by Greta's side,
A warmer welcome than at Skiddaw's feet.
Unhappily, infrequent in the land
Is now the sage seclusion, the retreat
Sacred to letters: but let this command
Fitting acknowledgment—that time and tide
Saw never yet, embellished with more grace
Outward and inward, with more charms allied,
With honours more attended, man or place,
Than where, by Greta's silver current sweet,
Learning still keeps *one* calm, sequestered seat."

My autograph relic of the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, who is still living, and is now Sir Henry Taylor, consists of the following words: "The Roost, Bournemouth, 23 July, 1873. Dear —: When you say the men at Trinity, Oxford, were second-class, do you refer to social position or to the honours they aim at? Many thanks for your letter: very useful. Yours affectionately, HENRY TAYLOR." It

is Taylor that we quote when we say, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

The late Lord Lytton I here rank as a poet. He was, besides, as we all know, one of the greatest of modern writers of prose fiction. He prided himself on his poem entitled "King Arthur." "Whatever worth I have put into this work of mine," he says in relation to this poem, "comprising, in condensed form, so many of the influences which a life divided between literature and action, the study of books and the commerce of mankind, brings to bear upon the two elements of song—Imagination and Thought—that degree of worth must ultimately be found in it, and its merits and its faults be gauged by different standards of criticism from those which experience teaches me to anticipate now. I shall indeed be beyond the reach of pleasure and of pain in a judgment thus tardily pronounced. But he who appeals to Time must not be impatient of the test which he invites." In my copy of *King Arthur*, Lord Lytton has written with his own hand the first line of that poem, with his name and the date, thus :

"Our land's first legends, love and knightly deeds."—LYTTON. 1871.

The last of the seven poets represented by autographs in my collection is the present laureate—Alfred Tennyson. I transcribe the following words from a note in his handwriting: "It is very gratifying to me to receive your volume, not only for its own sake, but as a proof that I have not altogether spoken in vain. Yours faithfully, A. TENNYSON."—The allusion in the closing expression is to his address to the Queen at the close of a new edition (1874) of his *Works*—in which he averred that the enthusiasm of England on the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales from a dangerous sickness was evidence of the attachment of the empire to the crown; and for further evidence of the same thing he appealed to

"The silent cry,

The prayer of many a race, and creed, and clime—
Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm."

And especially he cited the feeling shown by British America on the same occasion—

"That True North, whereof," he says, "we lately heard
A strain to shame us. Keep you to yourselves :
So loyal is too costly ! Friends, your love
Is but a burden : loose the bond and go !"

The reference being to a thoughtless editorial in the *Times* newspaper, which recommended Canada, as speedily as might be, to take up her freedom and depart—a sentiment to which Tennyson rejoins:

“Is this the tone of Empire? This the faith
That made us rulers? This indeed, her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hongoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
What shock has fool'd her since, that she should speak
So feebly? * * *

The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our Ocean Empire with her boundless homes.”

In a letter to Mr. Wm. Kirby, of Niagara, Tennyson used the following language: “For myself, I hope I may live to see England and her Colonies absolutely one, with as complete a reciprocity of the free gifts of God as there is between one county and another in the Mother Country. I would not wish anything better for my sons—nor would they for themselves—than that they should devote their lives towards helping to effect this ‘seamless union.’”

One poetess—Mrs. Hemans—is represented in my collection. I show her copy of the *Araucana* of Don Alonso de Ercillo, a celebrated Spanish poem named in Don Quixote. On a fly-leaf she has transcribed in Spanish with her own hand, the passage in which Cervantes says of this poem, that it is one of the best in heroic verse which the Castilians possessed, and that it might be compared with the most famous productions of Italy. Thus it reads:

“Señor compadre, que me place, respondió el Barbero, y aquí vienen tres todos juntos: *La Araucana de Don Alonso de Ercillo*, la *Austriada de Juan Rufo Jurado de Cordova*, y el *Monferrato de Christobal de Virtuès, Poeta Valenciano*.” “Todos esos tres libros, disco el Cura, son los mejores que en verso heroyco, en lengua Castellana estan escritos, y pueden competir con los mas famosos de Italia.” “Guardense como las mas ricas prendas de Poesia quo tiene España.” *Vide D. Quixote*, cap. vi, tom i. On the back of the fly-leaf is the signature “Charles Hemans;” and a mem. made by the late Rev. Dr. John Leifchild in these terms: “Mrs. Hemans’ copy: with her writing on fly-leaf, and autograph of her son, Charles Hemans, who gave me this book,—JOHN LEIFCHILD.” Throughout the poem numerous pencillings are to be seen, evidently made while Mrs. Hemans was prosecuting her studies in Spanish. The many

translations in her works show that her linguistic acquirements were extensive.

Charles Hemans himself, as the author of *Historic and Monumental Rome, Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy*, and other works, has become a man of note in the world of letters.

Of Charles Dickens, England's modern literary Hogarth, so to speak, I have a manuscript fragment. In it he chances to speak of his own "Uncommercial Traveller"—a series of papers more pleasing than most of his productions, being less exaggerated, and approaching in quiet humour Geoffrey Crayon's sketches of certain grades of English character. "No. 20 Wellington Strand, London, Wednesday, second December, 1868. Dear Mr. —. Is my Uncommercial revise ready? I shall be glad to speak with you for one moment, if you can come round. C. D." I have also his name on the cover of a note addressed to "W. Empson, Esquire," written at length, as we familiarly speak of him—CHARLES DICKENS. The customary conventional suffixes and affixes sound strange when attached to names that have become known world-wide. I remember, on walking through the General Post Office in London, I felt slightly surprised when I was shown letters bearing the superscription "Charles Dickens, Esq."

As a companion to the Dickens' autograph I show a very splendid one of an artist who has helped readers, now for a long period, to realize with distinctness the innumerable creations of Dickens and other modern writers. It is a curious and somewhat grotesque signature, with which doubtless we are already familiar, having seen it so often etched at the foot of copper-plate illustrations. With the seven words which precede it, I give it thus: "Benj. Lumley, Esq., with the regards of GEO. CRUIKSHANK."

As introductory to my Shakspeare signature—or what has been deemed such—I produce four autographs of eminent Shakspeare scholars. First: a fragment from a note of Mrs. Jameson: "My time being cut up into hours and half-hours, I write in much haste. Pray excuse me: and believe me, truly yours, ANNA JAMESON." I could add another, signed ANNA MURPHY—Mrs. Jameson's maiden name, a postscript to which tells her correspondent that 'she would have written more, had there not been an impertinent fellow looking over her shoulder.' Next, a sentence from a note of Mrs. Cowden Clarke, compiler of the Shakspeare Concordance: "I cannot refrain from sending a few lines of thanks, written on plan-paper which will

serve to show you the precise spot our delightful house and garden occupy in relation to the steep-streeted city of which you retain so lively a remembrance." (The allusion is to Genoa.) Then a note from J. O. Halliwell, whose folio Shakspeare in 16 volumes, fetches when it comes into the market more than 100 guineas. "Pray accept my best thanks for your exceedingly clever little volume; it was truly kind of you sending it to me, and I am your truly and obliged J. O. HALLIWELL." And finally four lines of verse subscribed by the hand of Gerald Massey, who more satisfactorily than any other has interpreted Shakspeare's sonnets, and made them, independently of their poetry, as absorbing in interest as a grand historic drama. (They are dated "Toronto, Dec. 5, 1873.")

"TRUST.—When bent almost to breaking, Lord, I know
Thy hand doth grasp the middle of the bow;
And when it cracks at last, the strength will be
Ungathered in Thy hand and safe with Thee."—GERALD MASSEY.

I now proceed to a volume in my collection which shall be, at all events, a Shakspeare memento, if it does not prove a Shakspeare relic. But first I must evoke the shade of an old bookseller and bibliographer, departed from the scene since 1869—Mr. Edwin Jeans. Mr. Jeans' sphere of business was first Exeter in Devonshire, and then Norwich. He made old English black-letter literature a specialty, and in this department he acquired by experience an extra degree of knowledge. The large booksellers of London and other considerable places, are accustomed, as we know, to issue periodically very full catalogues of the works that accumulate upon their shelves. Minute descriptions are given in these publications of rare and curious books—the salient and attractive points of each volume are cleverly set forth. Such productions often contain much entertaining and instructive reading. In the composition of an elaborate catalogue, booksellers require the services of such men as Mr. Jeans; and accordingly in the capacity of a bibliographical expert we find him employed in the later years of his life by the house of Willis and Sotheran in London. Previously he had assisted in this and other ways the Messrs. Deighton of Cambridge. In London I fell in with an old black-letter small quarto which had once belonged to Mr. Jeans, and which he had set some store by, having discovered in it, as he believed, an autograph of Shakspeare. I suppose the great Shakspearean authorities had finally disagreed in

opinion with Mr. Jeans on this point, and so the book was not secured for the British Museum, the Bodleian, the University Library at Cambridge, or some one or other of the remaining national collections. I possessed myself of the volume and brought it away with me. Whether the inscription which it contains were really penned by the hand of Shakspeare, as Jeans contended, or not, the book I thought would serve as a kind of vehicle to the other side of the water of the Shakspeare autograph traditions, and be a visible suggester, when far away from Stratford, of pleasant talk on that topic. Mr. Jeans may not, after all, have been wrong in his persuasion. He was just the man to divine shrewdly on such a point. The relic, then, which I have now to speak of is a copy, somewhat mutilated, of Gervaise Babington's *Comfortable Notes on the Book of Genesis*. The title-page is wanting, but the close of the Dedication is to be seen, bearing the date of Feb. 1st, 1596. The book was thus, we see, certainly in existence twenty years before the decease of Shakspeare. Now the evidence that led Mr. Jeans to the belief that the volume had once been the property of Shakspeare is the following: Lengthways, on the margin of the seventh page of the Table of Contents, is written in an old style, rather carelessly however, the name of a former owner, which looks like "William Shakspeare," but abbreviated. (From other signatures which are held to be genuine, it is known that the poet was accustomed to write his name short.) To this signature is added in the same old hand—"his booke, given him by Mr. Warner." It would seem as if the book had been bereft of its title-page at the time of the gift, and that the recipient had hurriedly written the memorandum on the margin of a page of the contents, as a means of reclaiming the volume should it be lent or mislaid. Mr. Warner, author of "Albion's England," and known to be a friend of Shakspeare's, died May 9th, 1609. In the wear and tear of thirteen years the book, which was well adapted to popular family reading, probably lost its title-page. Mr. Jeans has made a number of memoranda on blank pages in the book, and on separate slips placed between its leaves. He copies from the preface to Staunton's Shakspeare the following: "What is strange, too, of a writer so remarkable, and of compositions so admired, not a poem, a play, or fragment of either, in his manuscript, has come down to us. What is still more surprising, with the exception of five or six signatures, not a word in his handwriting is known to exist." To the first part of this Mr.

Jeans appends the following "answer," in the form, however, of a query: "Did not William Prynne write *Histrionastix*, the Players' scourge? If Prynne ever met with anything of Shakspeare's, would he not have been likely to have destroyed it?" And on the closing remark, "not a word in his handwriting is known to exist," he makes the note: "So much the better for me," alluding to the "his booke, given him by Mr. Warner." He jots down figures which show that "Shakspeare was 32 years of age when this book was printed;" and adds: "So that this may have been written any time between 1596 and his death in 1616. I take it by the style," he then says, "to have been rather of the time of James I., than that of Elizabeth, when the Italian style was more generally adopted." He gives a tracing, made by himself, of "the autograph in Florio's Montaigne's Essays, 1603, Brit. Mus.," and one or two other fac-similes of signatures for comparison. On the name "Warner," which is slightly smeared, he remarks: "A gentleman at the British Museum told me he could clearly read the obliteration for 'Warner,' who, it is added, was 'Author of Albion's England.'" Mr. Jeans makes likewise the note: "See page 175, also 203." On turning to these places, we behold certain vague marks of a pen on the margin, as though made by one thrown into a reverie by the thoughts expressed in the adjoining text.

Now all this, as I have said, must go for what it is worth. I choose to allow my copy of Gervaise Babington's *Comfortable Notes on Genesis* to enjoy every advantage which Mr. Jeans' surmises can impart to it. Were it required to establish a probability that Shakspeare had read Gervaise Babington's Notes, one or two remarkable coincidences of language might be dwelt on. For example, take the expression, "To have a man on the hip." Gervaise Babington uses it in connection with the story of Laban. "See a churle, *i.e.* a real churl, if ever you will see a kindly one, *i.e.* one connected by some natural relationship with the person sought to be oppressed. Jacob is his flesh and blood by birth, and his sonne-in-law by marriage; he hath both his daughters, and their children are many, bone of his bone, yet is he glad to have Jacob on the hip for a bad bargain as he hoped." Now it happens that Shakspeare employs the same expression twice in a play where the story of Laban is made use of. "If I can catch him once upon the hip," Shylock says of Antonio, "I will feed fat the grudge I bear him," *i.e.* the grudge for having,

among other things, brought down the rate of interest in Venice by lending out money gratis. But the expression is echoed by Gratiano, further on in the play, when the tables are turned against Shylock. "Now," Gratiano says, "now, infidel, I have thee on the hip." Again, notice some odious traits mentioned by Babington as marking Laban. "Then said Laban, What shall I give thee?" On this Babington observes: "Worldly minds love certainties, for feare anie liberalitie shoulde be expected at their hands. When a man knoweth his price, think they, he knoweth his paine, and if I pay that, he can challenge no more. I performe my promise; but if I leave it uncertaine, and let him stand to my curtesie, happily my credite may be cost-to, for I must content him, &c. Thus earthly and base minds have usually earthly and base conceits. Stil is their hand upon their halfe-penny." Have we not here the provident anxiety which Shylock evinces to have everything written down "in the bond?" Again, read Babington's language when commenting on the means by which Jacob obtained an extra number of piebald lambs. "By all which you see it appeareth plainlie, that together with the working power of God, which in this was chiefe and ever is—yet even in nature and reason, this laying of partie-coloured rods to affect the imagination of the females at the time of their heate before their eyes, was effectual to bringing to pass a like colored young one to Jacobs gaine, whose bargaine was to have all such, and onely such." And then look at Shylock's account of the same matter. "Mark what Jacob did," Shylock says, "When Laban and himself were compromised that all the eanlings which were streaked and pied should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes being rank, in end of autumnne turned to the rams * * the skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands * * and stuck them up before the fulsome ewes, who, then conceiving, did in eaning time fall party-colored lambs, and those were Jacob's. This was the way to thrive." Shylock applaudingly exclaims, "And he was blest; and thrift is blessing, if men steal it not." Pausing only to interpose Antonio's just observation: "Mark you this, Bassanio, the devil can cite scripture for his purpose: an evil soul producing holy witness, is like a villain with a smiling cheek, a goodly apple rotten at the heart: O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"—let us note the expression, "party-colored," occurring in both places. Now this expression does not occur in the original narrative on which Babington is commenting. It is not

impossible, therefore, that the dramatist may have caught up the word from the language of Babington, when consulting him during the creation of his *Merchant of Venice*, in the little quarto of his *Comfortable Notes* which he possessed. Should it be suggested that the coincidence arose in a reverse way—that Babington may have been reading the *Merchant of Venice*; then let us imagine Warner, when visited as an invalid by Shakspeare, pointing out to his friend the complimentary fact, and at the same time asking Shakspeare to accept of the book, albeit somewhat the worse for wear.

In regard to the general question of Shakspeare autographs, it will be of interest to note here that there are six signatures extant, which are held to be undoubtedly genuine. Three are attached to the poet's Will; one appears on a Mortgage of a piece of property purchased by Shakspeare of Henry Walker, of Blackfriars; another is on the counterpart of the deed of bargain and sale of the same property; the sixth is in a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne, now in the British Museum. (This Montaigne was from the library of the Rev. Edward Patteson, of Smethwick, near Birmingham. Previous to 1780, Mr. Patteson used to show the volume to his friends as a curiosity on account of the autograph.) Two later discoveries have been made of signatures which seem to be authentic. One is in an Aldine copy of the *Metamorphoses*, now preserved in the Bodleian; the other is in a translation of a portion of Ovid, which contains also the autograph of Dryden. In signatures of Shakspeare held to be genuine, a tendency to abbreviate is observable. Thus—W. SH's, in the Bodleian book. In the Jeans autograph, so to designate the obscure characters in Gervaise Babington's *Comfortable Notes*, the contraction appears to consist in the leaving out of several letters of the first syllable of the name, with a kind of circumflex placed above to mark the omission.

Ah! if some of those loose sheets had survived on which the early sonnets to Southampton were written! or the paper book in which the later sonnets composed at the suggestion of the same nobleman were transcribed! Ah! if William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the subsequent possessor of that volume, had only demanded it back from Thomas Thorpe the printer, after its contents had been committed to type, and then deposited it in some safe place for the gratification of Shakspeare scholars in after times!—As one who findeth great spoils, would not the man rejoice who should light upon the original

draft of the Dedication of the Rape of Lucrece!—"To the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield. The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end, whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness. Your lordship's in all duty, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."—But unavailing regrets now are all these! In the Heber Library was a copy of Warner's *Albion's England*, with a Shakspeare autograph supposed genuine. (This is the Warner who was possibly once the owner of my Gervaise Babington.) Sir Joseph Banks also had books distinguished in like manner. Mr. Thomas Fisher of the East India House likewise had a Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, enriched in the same way. But with each of these, now mentioned, the author of the Ireland forgeries is suspected to have had something to do. Some manuscript verses, subscribed "W. SH.," discovered at Bridgewater House, are considered by Mr. Collier as a genuine autograph. But even the forged productions, attributed to Shakspeare by the Irelands, father and son, in 1796, and fully confessed to be forgeries, have acquired a value as curiosities. One part of these Papers fetched some time since at a sale in London, £46 5s.

As a curiosity I show a specimen of a manufactured Shakspeare autograph, with an annotation thereupon in the handwriting of Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, the distinguished authority on Shakspeare subjects. It is contained in my copy of Annibal Caro's *Comento di Ser Agresto, sopra la prima Ficata del Padre Sicceo*, printed at "Bengodi" in 1584. Inside of its limp cover, under a fold of the old vellum, in which the book was originally bound, was to be seen the name of the great dramatist distinctly written. On the opposite side Mr. Halliwell had written: "See Shakspeare's autograph under the front edge of cover. I believe this forgery was once puffed, and sold for a considerable sum. J. O. H." When I had the little volume put in order, I converted that portion of the old vellum cover which bore the name, into a fly-leaf, as now seen. A value now attaches to the book on account of the autograph of Mr. Halliwell, of which I have already transcribed an example.

For Shakspeare's sake, so to speak, I look with unfailing interest on a little volume which I have, once possessed, and doubtless used, by David Garrick. It is a copy of Dr. Charles Patin's *Relations Historiques et Curieuses de Voyages en Allemagne, Angleterre, Hollande, Boheme, Suisse, etc.*, printed at Amsterdam in 1695. It has inside, Garrick's book-plate—a tasteful design engraved on copper, showing the name DAVID GARRICK enclosed in an irregular framework of arabesques, surrounded by emblems of poetry, the drama and music, and surmounted by a spirited head of Shakspeare. Below, Garrick has caused to be engraved a salutary piece of advice to the borrowers of books: “La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plutôt.” The authority for the passage is added—“Menagiana, vol. iv.” Underneath all this has been inserted the following memorandum: “This book, which formed part of the library of David Garrick, Esq., was, among others, bequeathed by Mrs. Eva Maria Garrick, his relict, to George Frederick Beltz, Lancaster Herald, one of the executors of her will.”

Garrick's quotation from *Ménage* recalls the amiable legend stamped on the exterior of Grolier's books—GROLIERI ET AMICORUM. Possessors of libraries generally find it unsafe in the long run to imitate Grolier. It was experience, doubtless, that induced Dr. Singer, formerly Fellow of Dublin University, to warn off borrowers by a Scripture text appended to his book-plate—“Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.” Mat. xxv, 9.

I possess another memento of Garrick in the form of a silver medal or badge, worn by one of the officials at the memorable Garrick Jubilee held at Stratford-on-Avon in 1769. It bears on the obverse the head of Shakspeare, resembling that on the book-plate; surrounded by the words, “We shall not look upon his like again.” On the reverse is the inscription: “Jubilee at Stratford in Honour and to the Memory of Shakspeare, Sep. 1769. D. G., Steward.” D. G. are the initials of David Garrick. The badge still retains the little moveable silver loop through which the ribbon passed, by which in 1769 it was suspended on the breast of the wearer.

With my Garrick relics I associate a volume which was once the property of John Philip Kemble, the greatest interpreter of his day of Shakspeare on the stage. It is a copy of a Spanish New Testament, printed by Ricardo del Campo in 1506. The volume is finely

bound in calf with gilt edges, and it has stamped on its sides in gold the escutcheon of the Kembles, surrounded, in the style of mediæval seals, by a Gothic border and an outer rim bearing the legend JOHANNES PHILIPPUS KEMBLE.

I next produce a volume which there is some reason to think contains a few words in the handwriting of Milton. Genuine autograph scraps of John Milton are not uncommon. It is known that he was in the habit of annotating with his pen the books which he used. In the first volume of the *Museum Criticum* several papers are occupied with emendations made, the editor says, "singulari judicio et exquisitâ eruditione," found in the margin of his copy of Euripides, ed. Paul Stephanus. And in 1871, I observe a Pindar was about to be sold by Sotheby in London "filled with annotations in the poet's handwriting." In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, the visitor is shown the original manuscript draught of Comus and Lycidas. It is a copy of Florio's *World of Words* that contains the briefly written sentences which I am about to transcribe. The handwriting strongly resembles Milton's, as shewn in the *fac-similes* lately given by Prof. Masson in his *Life and Times of Milton*, and the *fac-simile* inserted at the beginning of Prof. Morley's little book, entitled *The King and the Commons*, to show the genuineness of an epitaph lately discovered in MS. with the initials "J. M." subscribed, which certainly seems to be the composition of Milton. Recalling the poet's early interest in Italy, it is likely that he would possess himself of a copy of Florio's *World of Words*, which is in reality an Italian Dictionary: then, three complimentary sonnets at the opening of the volume, each of them having at the foot the Italian signature IL CANDIDO, which would arrest the attention of the author of the IL Penseroso. Into the mystery of this IL Candido he would naturally look, especially as the sonnets are not bad. He finds, on inquiry, that it is an English or rather a Welch name Italianized, and he makes a note of the discovery opposite to the signature at the end of the first sonnet. In doing so he employs the following words, which we can easily conceive to be Milton's, from their scholarly tone of gratified curiosity, as they seem also to be, as I have said, from the handwriting: "Gwin his name was," the commentator writes, "which in Wellsh signifieth white, and therefore calleth himselfe IL Candido, which is white in Italian." Again, the first sonnet is addressed "To the Right Honourable Roger Earle of Rutland, &c.;" to this the same

annotator has added "whose name was Manors." This remark seemed necessary, because at the end of the poem there is a play upon the family name—

"By ancient manners stood the Roman State;
From th' ancient stock yong Manors England graceth."

The fly-leaves, which usually bear the names of former possessors, have been wholly removed from my Florio; otherwise the book is in good condition, retaining the appearance which it wore in 1598, having its original binding of stout brown calf, rudely stamped and tooled. The title-page shows a beautifully designed wood-cut frame, consisting of two pillars sustaining a circular-headed arch, covered all over with ornament, fantastic and grotesque, but graceful. Within the frame is the following title: "A Worlde of Wordes, or Most Copious and Exacte Dictionarie in Italian and English, collected by John Florio. Printed at London by Arnold Hatfield, for Edward Blount. 1598." Below is the printer's or publisher's device: a dragon lying on its back; an otter or other animal biting its throat; in the background a landscape and city; above, a riband with the motto, *Non vi sed virtute*." It was to this very work that Shakspeare alluded when he said of Holofernes, "the high fantastical," in "Love's Labour's Lost," that he seemed like a man "who had been at a great feast of languages and had stolen the scraps;" for in the character of Holofernes it is supposed that Shakspeare had a little fling at Florio. The name Holofernes itself has been conjectured to be an intentionally bad anagram of Joh-nes Floreo. The *Worlde of Wordes* is dedicated to Henry, Earl of Southampton, Shakspeare's friend, conjointly with Roger, Earl of Rutland, and Lucie, Countess of Bedford. With these, it is probable, as well as with Shakspeare and others, Florio, from a certain pomposity of phrase and manner, would occasionally be the occasion of good-humoured merriment. In his Address to the Reader, prefixed to the *Worlde of Wordes*, Florio likens himself to Socrates brought on the stage by Aristophanes. "Let Aristophanes and his Comedians make plaies," he says, "and scowre their mouths on Socrates: those very mouthes they make to vilifie shall be the means to amplify his vertue." He gives H. S. as the initials of a special offender in this respect. This may have been H. Sawell, a friend of Thomas Lodge, an actor and dramatist of the day. At the beginning of the same Address, he tells us that the same H. S., "lighting upon a good sonnet of a gentleman, a friend of mine,

that loved better to be a Poet than to be counted so, called the author a rhymer, notwithstanding he had more skill in good Poetry than any sly gentleman had seemed to have in good manners or humanity." Il Candido, perhaps, was the friend.

In a Florio's Montaigne which I have, Il Candido appears again. The name on this occasion is appended to a sonnet wholly in Italian, addressed in very adulatory terms to Anne, Queen of James I. The whole book is dedicated to the Queen by Florio, quite in the Holophernes' vein: "To the Most Royal and Renowned Majestie of the High-borne Princesse Anna, of Denmarke, by the Grace of God Queene of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, etc., Imperiall and Imcomparable Majestie. Seeing with me, all of me is in your Royall possession, and whatsoever peeces of mine have heeretofore, under other Starres passed the publike view, come now of right to be under the predomination of a Power, that both contains all their perfections, and hath influences of a more sublime nature, I could not but also take in this part (whereof time had worn-out the edition) which the world hath long since had of mine, and lay it at your Sacred feet, as a memoriall of my devoted duty, and to shew that where I am, I must be all I am, and cannot stand dispersed in my observance, being wholly (and therein happy) your Sacred Majestie's most humble and loyall servant, Iohn Florio." The date of the edition before us is 1632. The first edition appeared in 1603, and it is in a copy of this edition in the British Museum, that the autograph of Shakspeare appears. But interest attaches to all the folio editions of Florio's translation, for in them we see "the very form and pressure" of the tome which Shakspeare handled when he consulted the *Essays of Montaigne*.

An eminent Milton scholar was Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, who, in 1835, published an annotated edition of *Paradise Lost*, "dedicated appropriately to William Wordsworth and Robert Southey." He considered himself the direct heir of the first Baron Chandos; and although the House of Lords decided against his claim, Sir Samuel occasionally subscribed himself "Chandos of Studely;" and it is in this form that I have his autograph in a volume of poems presented to him by Chandos Leigh, who writes thus on a fly-leaf: "To Sir Egerton Brydges, from *Chandos Leigh*, the author, who is proud of bearing the same family name." It was this inscription that doubtless induced Sir Egerton to write on the opposite page, in explanation, "Chandos of Studeley, given him by Chandos Leigh, 6th June, 1835."

I here close my account of historical autographs and other literary remains, which I have classed as British, reserving for review by themselves those connected with the two ancient universities of England. The specimens which I have to show of such objects, to be styled European or Continental, as distinguished from British, are few, and I shall be brief in my notices of them.

My first is a sign-manual of Napoleon Bonaparte, as First Consul. Although the document which contains it shows no words beyond the signature in the handwriting of Napoleon, it is an instrument characteristic of the period denoted by its date. It is a military Brevet on parchment, promoting the Citizen Mazula from the grade of Lieutenant in the 8th regiment of Hussars, to the rank of Adjutant-Major-Lieutenant. Mazula's previous positions in the army are enumerated with date of each step; also his campaigns: in La Vendée in 1793, on the Rhine in the year 5, in "Helvetie" in the years 6 and 7, in "Batavie" in the year 8, again on the Rhine in the year 9. It bears a large seal showing Liberty holding in the right hand the Phrygian cap on a spear, while with the left she strongly grasps the fasces and axe: the legend round the seal is *Au nom du Peuple Français. Bonaparte. 1er Consul.* At the top of the parchment is an engraved figure of France, grandly designed, seated, wearing a helmet, on which stands the Gallic Cock with the wings raised, evidently in the act of crowing; in the right hand of the seated figure is a heavy naked sword, its point inclined downwards; in the left hand are garlands: the left arm rests on a plain solid block, on which the words *Au nom du peuple Français* are engraved. Along the outer edge or thickness of the plain rectangular slab on which France is seated, the following inscription appears: *Bonaparte 1er Consul de la République.* The date of the document is given thus: "Donné à Paris le trente fructidor de l'an Onze de la République." To the right of the seal above described appears the autograph signature, BONAPARTE. Difficult to decipher, looking as it does like two words, did we not already know the name, but legible enough, when we know. The first Consul chose to dash off his chirograph slantingly upwards, disregarding the parallelism observed in the other lines of the document. Below are the autographs of MARET, Secretary of State; and BERTHIER, Minister of War. Here, then—whatever may be the value of the fact—here, without doubt, on this parchment which we see, once rested for a moment the right hand, now turning to dust under the dome of the Invalides.

I have three other Napoleonic relics in the form of volumes from the libraries of members of the Bonaparte family. 1. A quarto from the library of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, husband of Josephine's daughter, Hortense, and father of Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French. On its title-page there is stamped in two places a shield, showing, as a cognizance, a crowned Lion rising out of the sea, with the popular Dutch motto below, "Doe wel in zie niet om." "Do right and look not round." The whole enclosed in an imperial mantle, powdered with the Napoleonic bees, and surmounted by a royal crown. Round the shield is the collar of an Order, sustaining the badge. The connecting links of this collar are also bees. The book itself in which the stamps appear is in the Italian language, and treats of the Ancient Baths, and other antiquities of Civita Vecchia and its neighbourhood; also of its climate. It is by Gaetano Torraca, and was printed at Rome in 1796 by Niccolo and Marco Pagliorini. It is dedicated in very abject language to "the most eminent and most reverend prince, the Lord Cardinal Gio. Francesco Albani, Bishop of Sabina, and Protector of the Kingdom of Poland."

2. Another volume from the same library, and showing the same stamps. This, like the other, was printed at Rome. It treats of the virtues of mineral waters near that city—the Acqua Santa, anciently the brook Almo, and the famous fountain of Egeria. The book is in Italian, but it contains many quotations in Latin. One from Abbot Tommaso della Valle, who sums up the qualities of the Acqua Santa thus: "Jecur refrigerat, humectat viscera; obstructaque aperit: abstergit arenam, viscum, calculos, et hypostases cunctas: roborat stomachum, lætificat cor: de etc. lubricat: operatur tum urina, secessu, vomitu, balneo; humores omnes peccantes et pravos expellit: in nihilo gravat, si vino bibendo miscetur, salutemque totam humano corpori reddit." There are two treatises on the Acqua Santa in the volume, both are by Franciscan monks. The first by Padre Maestro Luigi Lami, the other by Padre Maestro Gio. Battista Monetti; the latter is a "Dottore in Medicina." The orthography of the compound term "medico-fisico" on the title-page of this volume, is an instance of the strange aspect of illiterateness which the Italian language in some points wears to the eye of the educated Englishman. How can a scholar, we involuntarily ask, bring himself to spell physico with an *f*? Another instance of this occurs in Gaetano Torraca's book. On its title-page, Torraca is entitled "Dottore di Filosofia e Medicina." Philosophia spelt with an *f*! This phonetic

rendering of grand old classic words is one of the footprints left by the Barbarians of the north. (I have a volume in Italian, entitled "Le opere di Senofonte tradotte dal Greco," printed at Venice in 1588." In Senofonte we scarcely recognize the Greek general and author, Xenophon. A similar difficulty throughout the book occurs in "Ciro" for Cyrus.) 3. A volume which has been presented by its author to Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, husband of Miss Patterson, of Philadelphia, subsequently (1807-1813) King of Westphalia; and after the fall of the Emperor, styled Prince de Montfort. It is to him, under this last designation, that the volume referred to was inscribed in the following words, appearing on a fly-leaf in the handwriting of the author: "Alla Reale Maesta di Girolamo Napoleone, Principe di Montforte: omaggio di profondo rispetto, e di viva gratitudine umilmente offerto dall' Autore." The book itself is a work, on the Empire of Morocco by a Swede Jacopo Graberg di Hemso. It is in Italian, and was printed at Genoa in 1834. It is dedicated, in the usual style, to Leopold the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, Prince Imperial and Arch-Duke of Austria, Prince Royal of Hungary and Bohemia. It contains an admirable map of the Empire of Morocco (properly Mogrib-al-Acsa), and a number of engraved views; also a valuable index, helping one to understand numerous Arabic names and expressions.

Further Napoleonic interest attaches to this book. On its title-page is a stamp, showing that it once belonged to the library of Jerome's son, the Prince Napoleon, who still survives, the husband of a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The legend on this stamp is particularly curious. It reads thus: "*Bibliothèque du Citoyen, Napoleon Bonaparte.*" The political liberalism of Prince Napoleon is well-known. He was the *enfant terrible* of the family during the second Empire, and here he has caused himself to be designated after the affected manner of the République by the simple title of Citoyen. This was perhaps just before the advent to power of his cousin, Louis Napoleon. The following sentences from his pen in May, 1875 will, at least, show his political consistency: "Hereditary succession is really and truly dead in France, *de facto* as well as *de jure*. Since Louis XIV. not a king's son has succeeded his father, Napoleon I., who made the mistake of falsifying the true Napoleonic traditions by causing himself to be consecrated Emperor and King by the Pope in 1804, expired on a desert rock 2,000 leagues from the coast of France. Napoleon III., after having dreamed of destroying

the Mexican Republic, and of restoring the temporal power of the Pope at Mentana, fell miserably at Sedan, to go and die in a short time in a humble cottage at Chiselhurst. A third empire, which might aim at the restoration of Prince Napoleon or his nephew, would probably end in the St. Martin Canal. It would be the end of the country."

In the same year with the Great Napoleon (1769) another conqueror was born—Frederic Henry Alexander Humboldt; whose prowess, however, throughout a long life was displayed in peaceful fields. With Humboldt's name is associated the idea of almost universal knowledge. His *Cosmos; or Physical Description of the Universe*, is not the work of a closet philosopher; but the record of actual personal observation made during prolonged, studious excursions to the wide-spread and diversely-situated regions treated of. He was the inventor of the science of Comparative Geography, and the reviver of the study of the Natural Sciences. I have Humboldt's autograph in a copy of a work translated by Abel Rémusat from the Chinese, containing an account of the travels of Chy-fa-hian in Tartary, Afghanistan, and India, in the 4th century; splendidly printed at Paris in 1836, at the Imprimerie Royal. At the end of Chy-fa-hian's book are four finely-engraved maps, one of them a fac-simile Chinese map of India: also copies of Chinese pictures showing the incarnation and birth of Buddha. Low down on a fly-leaf at the beginning of the volume appears the autograph on account of which I specially prize the book—in this wise—A. V. HUMBOLDT. This work was mastered by Humboldt, it may be, when preparing for his journey to the Eastern Provinces of Russia and frontier of China; and the composition of his *Central Asia: Researches on its Mountain Chains, and Climatology*. The personal appearance of Alexander Von Humboldt is familiar to most persons from the fine busts of him that are frequently to be seen.

Is a volume from the library of another modern German of great note—the Chevalier Bunsen. It is a folio: two volumes in one, consisting of a collection of ancient Etruscan, Roman, and Greek inscriptions found at Perugia, and published at Perugia in 1833 by Gio. Battista Vermigliani. It is labelled on the back "Inscrizione Perugine." Within is to be seen Bunsen's book-plate and arms, with the motto, *In spe et silentio*, and beneath, *Ex libris Christiani Caroli Bunsen*. Inserted is a half sheet of note-paper with some characteristic memoranda in the Chevalier's handwriting, partly in German,

partly in Latin, and partly in Greek ; among other references there is one to *Leo Allatius de Melodis Græcorum*, and a list of terms in Greek, written in a flowing, easy hand. Bunsen lived for many years in Rome ; first as Secretary to the Prussian Embassy at the Court of Rome, and then as Ambassador. While there he engaged, along with Niebuhr, enthusiastically in the study of Roman topography and antiquities. The Perugian Inscriptions were probably acquired by him while living in Rome. Besides the ancient Etruscan, Latin and Greek inscriptions, there are some added which are seen to be Christian by the phraseology or the adjoined symbols *XP*, *AΩ*, and the palm-branch. I subjoin one of this class for the sake of its brevity : *Secundus et Fortunata vivamus, i.e.,* Secundus and Fortunata, probably man and wife, say as they disappear within the tomb, Let us begone to life ! *i.e.,* the true Life, the Life eternal. If we find anywhere in the letters of Bunsen a reference to Vermiglioni's Inscriptions, this is the identical copy of the work which he had in mind. Bunsen married an English lady, and resided long in England. A London *Spectator* of 1850 gives an account of a ludicrous scene in the House of Lords, occasioned by Bunsen's casual presence with some ladies in a gallery which was appropriated to peeresses. For some reason or other the spirit of Lord Brougham was especially stirred at the sight. "A breach of privilege !" he excitedly exclaimed, "there is a gentleman yonder who has no right to be there ; if he does not instantly come down I shall address the House on the subject." This threat he reiterated amidst "roars of laughter both in the House and among the peeresses." The *Times* of the next day had an editorial on the subject, in which the manner of Lord Brougham, "the sole originator of the unseemly exhibition," is more minutely described. "Imagine Wright at the Adelphi, or Keeley uttering a tissue of coarse drolleries, and giving effect to every point by contortions of face and figure, and still the image will fall short of the reality. The quaint figure of the noble and learned Lord, as with his strong Border 'burr' he delivered his points, must be brought before the imagination." In the same article, the *Times* took occasion to say : "It is now many years that the Chevalier Bunsen has dwelt among us, and comported himself in a manner in every way worthy of a gentleman and a scholar. Setting aside for a moment his official character, and the respect due to him as the representative of a cultivated and powerful nation in amity with England, one should have supposed that great consideration would

have been paid to this distinguished man on personal grounds. Charitable, kind-hearted, hospitable, ever ready to advance with his counsel and his means the interests of literary men, and the broken fortunes of all, the most hot-headed political partisan might have hesitated to aim an affront at such a man. But had the personal character of the Prussian envoy stood as low as that of the most ill-conditioned diplomatist that ever lived, still, from his official position, he was entitled to every outward mark of respect."

My last historical European autograph is that of Cardinal Mezzofanti, one of the lions of Rome down to 1849. His great distinction was a facility in the acquisition of languages, to the minutest differences of dialect and shades of *patois*. At the college of the Propaganda, where all living languages are currently spoken, by missionaries or students from all parts of the world, Mezzofanti could converse with each in his own tongue and idiom. If, it is said, he was addressed for the first time in a language or a dialect new to him, he listened with a wonderful power of attention, decomposed the sounds in his mind, searched for the analogies, sought out the roots. In a short time all was clear to him: he was master of the lexicon and the grammar of the hitherto unknown tongue. My autograph of Mezzofanti is one which was presented by him to the distinguished English botanist, Dawson Turner. It reads thus, first in English: "To the famous author of *Historia Filicum*." Then the same words are repeated in German: then follows a sentence clearly written in Hebrew, without points, with a translation in English: "Great are all the works of God; and you, investigating the smallest herbs and giving them a name, obtained a great name to yourself." The whole is addressed to "Mr. Dawson Turner." Lord Dudley, in a letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, 1841, thus speaks of Mezzofanti: "I had a letter to Professor Mezzofanti, who is famous all over Italy for his wondrous knowledge of languages. He is said to know thirty-six in all, of which he can speak twenty-two. You may suppose how much of this I was obliged to take upon trust. However, he certainly speaks English in a way that quite surprised me; particularly in an Italian, and one that had never stirred out of Italy. He is a man of pleasing, simple manners, but his conversation does not give one any notion of his being possessed of any remarkable talent. Indeed, a person of great ability would hardly have sought distinction from so useless a pursuit. He must have an immense memory, and that is probably all."

LEAVES THEY HAVE TOUCHED.

BY HENRY SCADDING, D. D.

(Continued from page 160.)

FURTHER SUPPLEMENT.

As a further supplement to the collection of brief inedited autograph documents laid by me from time to time before the Canadian Institute, I desire to add the following, which will close the series.

I. In the Canadian subdivision I insert (1) a royal warrant bearing the sign-manual of George III., authorizing the payment of a sum of money for the purchase of hemp-seed to be sent to the Province of Quebec, in 1789.

"GEORGE R.—Our will and pleasure is that by virtue of our general letters of Privy Seal, bearing date the 5th day of November, 1760, you do issue and pay, or cause to be issued and paid, out of our Treasury, or any Revenue in the receipt of the Exchequer applicable to the uses of our Civil Government, unto Alexander Davison, Esq., or his assigns, the sum of one hundred and fifty-two pounds, eighteen shillings and tenpence, without account, for the purposes following, that is to say : To reimburse him the charges attending the purchasing of 200 bushels of hemp-seed to be sent to Quebec to be distributed among the inhabitants of the different parts of that Province, £137 8s. 10d.: To pay the fees and charges attending the receipt thereof, £15 10s. : (together) £152 18s. 10d. And for so doing this shall be your Warrant. Given at our Court of St. James's, this 30th day of July, 1789, in the Twenty-ninth year of our Reign. To the Commissioner of our Treasury. By His Majesty's command : W. PITT. GRAHAM. ED. J. ELIOT." (A document bearing the signature of the younger Pitt has been given before.) (2). A letter written by Captain Bateman, commander of a sloop-of-war stationed at Halifax during the winter of 1760, in which the cold of the season is referred to, and the probable sufferings of brother-officers up the river, at Quebec. It is addressed to Richard Kee, Esq., in Savage

Garden, Tower Hill. "I have no news at present," the writer says, "or you might depend on having it; only I am heaving down, with expectation to go with the squadron early in the spring to Quebec. It is extream cold here: my pen and ink is ice. How poor Mackerly finds it at Quebec I shall hear in about May. Our squadron is in good health at present. Not the least sign of having Post. I shall be glad to have all the news you can furnish me with by the first ships, and to know if you can receive my pay: or the *Neptune*, if you'll mention it to Captain Hentwell: anything that's in his power, he will be so kind as to do it, I know. By this same opportunity I have writ to Captain Jervis and my friend Denham. I am in great hopes if they should come here, they will bring what beer and wine with bottles they can for—Dear Sir, your most sincere friend and humble servant to command, NATH'L BATEMAN." (3) A document written and signed by Gen. Carleton at Quebec in 1774, addressed to Benjamin Rumsey, Esq., Ordnance Store-keeper. "Quebec, 24th Sept. 1774. Sir: You are hereby ordered and directed to issue out from his Majesty's Ordnance-Stores in this Garrison, to Mr. Wilkinson, Quarter Master to the 52nd Regiment of foot, the undermentioned, they being for the service of the said regiment; and for so doing, this shall be your sufficient justification: Flints, musquet: 1000: Flints, carbine: 200: Musquet ball-cartridges made up :9144. —GUY CARLETON." (4) A receipt signed by Geo. Pownall, Secretary and Registrar of the Province of Quebec, in 1786. "Quebec, 2nd May, 1786. Received from Henry Caldwell, Esq., Acting Receiver General for the Province of Quebec, the sum of thirty-nine pounds, fifteen shillings, sterling, being the amount of my account for disbursements and contingencies as Secretary and Register of the Province from 11th October to 10th April, 1786, pursuant to His Honor Lieut.-Governor Hope's warrant, dated the 1st May, 1786, for which I have signed three receipts all of this tenor and date.—GEO. POWNALL." (5) Captain Jean Baptiste Bouchette's "Account of Expenses incurred in getting Intelligence," &c., in 1778, with his receipt attached, dated Quebec, 2nd April, 1779. "1778, Nov. 25. To paid Post hire to Ustette and back to get information of a large ship reported to have been seen from thence, by order of Lieut.-Governor Cramahé, £2. 1779. March 1. To ditto to Kamouraska and back, to deliver the Commissions of the Captains of Militia, &c., £3. To paid ditto with ditto, for the villages and back settlements,

£1. March 10. To paid ditto on a second journey to get intelligence of seditious letters that had been distributed in the lower parts of the Province, £3 10s. March 10. To paid to two persons who assisted in getting him said letters, by order of Lieut.-Governor Cramahé, £3 10s. March 10. To paid sundry expenses during the above journeys, £3. Total, £16.—Quebec, 2nd April, 1779. Received from Thomas Dunn, Esq., Paymaster-General of the Marine Department, sixteen pounds, currency, in full of the above account.—J. B. BOUCHETTE." (6) A receipt in the handwriting of Mr. Dunn, for a gratuity to Firmain d'Aigre, a French Canadian volunteer, made prisoner on the occasion of Burgoyne's surrender. "J'ai reçu de Mons. Thomas Dunn, Ecuyer, par les mains de Mons. le lieutenant Gouverneur Cramahé la somme de quarante piastres d'Espagne pour mes frais et depense d'Halifax à Quebec, et recompense pour moi captivité, ayant été fait prisonnier avec l'armée du Général Burgoyne, étant purlors volontaire.—FIRMAIN D'AIGRE. à Quebeck, 29^e Mars, 1779. Branard, témoin." (7) Col. F. Smith's order for ammunition to be used in firing a salute on the departure of General Carleton from Quebec. It is addressed to the respective Officers of His Majesty's Ordnance, Quebec. "Gentlemen: You are hereby ordered and directed to issue from out of His Majesty's Ordnance stores in this Garrison, to Capt.-Lieut. Agar Weetman, the undermentioned particulars, the same being to salute His Excellency Brigadier-General Guy Carleton, at his departure from hence, and for so doing this shall be your justification: Corned powder: lbs: Twenty-two and a half. Flannel cartridges, 6-pounders, fifteen. Tin tubes, 6-pounders, nineteen. Port-fires, two. Slow-match, lb: one.—F. SMITH, Lt.-Col." (8) A letter written by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, when Secretary at War, in 1794. It relates indeed in no way to Canadian affairs; but I insert it here as an authentic relic of one whose name has been recorded again and again on the map of Canada. It was in honour of this Henry Dundas, that the flourishing Town of Dundas, the County of Dundas, and the original "grand trunk" highway, cut out through the forest from Detroit to the confluence of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, denominated on the early maps throughout its whole length, DUNDAS STREET, received their respective names. The letter referred to is addressed to the Governor of the Island of Jersey, Gen. Hall, during the troublous times of the Revolution in France. It appears that the island had been made a convenience of by persons

engaged in the manufacture and circulation of forged assignats. The Secretary-at-War thus addresses the Governor, from the Horse Guards, 26th October, 1794. "Sir: Some unpleasant occurrences which have lately happened on that part of the coast of Brittany on which persons sent from Jersey have been landed, with a view of establishing a communication with the Royalists in the interior of France, render it absolutely necessary that you should not permit or authorize any person whatever to embark from Jersey with a design of proceeding to France, and particularly to that part of the coast which I have described, unless you shall hereafter receive from me directions contrary to those of this dispatch, to which in the present state of affairs I must request you will pay immediate and particular attention. One reason in particular which induces me to urge this precaution is, that I have reason to believe an intercourse has lately been established between Jersey and the coast for the sale and distribution of forged Assignats. The parties concerned in this speculation will of course make every exertion to prevent its failure, and it will therefore be necessary that any person supposed to have taken a share in it should be carefully watched. * * * I am, etc. :—HENRY DUNDAS." This signature is all the more interesting, as a few years later it became merged and lost in that of MELVILLE, Mr. Dundas having been in 1802 created Viscount Melville. (For a transcript from a document wholly in the handwriting of Sir George Yonge, after whom the other great highway of Ontario, Yonge Street, was named, *vide supra*.)

To the literary relics connected with the United States, I add (1) a volume from the press of Dr. Franklin, the sheets of which may have been worked off by his own hand. It is a small German treatise, entitled "Einige zu dieser Zeit nicht unnütze Fragen," &c., dated at Philadelphia, 21st April, 1741. The imprint at the foot of the title-page reads as follows: "Gedruckt und zu haben bey B. FRANKLIN." (2) A book once the property of Washington Irving. It is a Spanish work—the *Leon Prodigioso* of Cosmo Gomez Texada de los Reyes, printed at Madrid in 1670, by Bernardino de Villadiego. On the first fly-leaf are the interesting words, in the handwriting of the former owner: W. IRVING, *Seville, May 16th, 1828*.

II. In the British division I insert now, (1) in the Court group, a letter which I copy from one written by William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. It is rather mysteriously worded,

and has reference to some royal gift of jewellery about to be presented to his niece, on the occasion of her marriage. Thus it reads: "Sir: I forgot to mention to you yesterday that I have been commissioned, very privately, to find out if the jewels that are to be seen at the jeweller's you employed to set the H. P.'s picture, are bespoke; which, though not believed or certainly expected, as a future present; yet the Family would avoid giving duplicates, if that was the case. All the letters from Windsor to-day speak highly in praises of the H. P.; and it is only wished he may be as well pleased. Yours, W. H." The note is dated April 18, 1797. "H. P." denotes "Hereditary Prince," *i. e.* of Wirtemberg, Stutgardt. He was married with great pomp May 17, 1797, at the Chapel Royal, St. James', to Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of Great Britain, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York both officiating. The Duke of Gloucester, the writer of the preceding note, was present. (See Annual Register 1797; Chronicle, p. 29.) Among the letters from which I selected the above note, was one written nineteen years later by the princess then married. She was now Queen of Wirtemberg, but a widow; and she speaks of her great affliction and of the unpleasant state of her monetary affairs; she owes, she says, the King's heirs four thousand pounds, which sum she is anxious that her brother, the Prince Regent of England, should assist her to pay. One more addendum to this group of "Leaves They Have Touched," is Queen Charlotte's copy of "Advice from a Lady of Quality to her Children"—the presentation copy from the translator. This book is further interesting as coming from the press of Robert Raikes, Gloucester, the memorable philanthropist. The date is 1778. (2) I add to the general literary and scientific relics, a volume once the property of Narcissus Luttrell, and containing his autograph. It is entitled, "The Magazine of Honour, or a Treatise on the Several Degrees of Nobility of this Kingdom, with their Rights and Privileges:" collected by Master Bird; but enlarged by Sir John Doderidge. London, 1642. Lord Macaulay has many references to Luttrell's "Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs from September, 1678, to April 1714:" in six octavo volumes. Narcissus Luttrell's collection of fugitive pieces, poetical satires, squibs, &c., on national occurrences and events in high and low life, from 1640 to 1688, bound up in eight folio volumes, fetched at auction in London, in 1820, the sum of £781. (3) A letter written by the seventh Earl of Elgin, father of our Canadian Lord

Elgin, and the famous collector of the Elgin Marbles. It was written at Milan in 1791, where he was at the time in an official capacity, and it is addressed to Lord Auckland, Ambassador at Paris, apprising him of current events and rumours. We find ourselves at once breathing the diplomatic atmosphere. Several distinguished European personages are named. I transcribe from the original autograph: "My dear Lord: I was really mortified to learn from my servant, who left London on the 24th May, that your Lordship was not then in England, as that persuasion had prevented me sending you, as I otherwise most certainly should have done, some direct notion of the progress of my present negotiations. It were totally superfluous in me to trouble your Lordship with any details of what has now been so long in London; and I am very sorry to say that, as yet, nothing positive has been further done. The minute of a Treaty formed at Sistovo, and containing eighteen articles, threatens an unfortunate delay and many unpleasant discussions. The Emperor has it in his power to prevent them. I don't think myself far wrong in my belief, that He wishes to do so. But we well know, that is not all that's requisite for its being done. At this moment He is in possession of answers from England and Berlin, on my communications from Florence. I delivered them to Him on Sunday. But unfortunately His decision is suspended, or rather his reply is suspended, till the arrival of a messenger, who is announced from Vienna. I am not sanguine in my expectations from the dispatches he may bring. The more so, as he has been detained by some proposals, or intelligence brought to Vienna, by Ct. Buhler, a confidential man with Potemkin. I have no other but general grounds, for auguring ill. But you'll allow, they are not favorable. When I adverted to the ratification of your Convention, I received for answer, *Cela s'arrangera*, and that the Archduchess was on her way with D. d'Albert to the Netherlands, where they were to receive the oath of allegiance. You may depend on my obeying the further instructions I have received on that head. But from what I can learn here, your neighbourhood is becoming a very interesting scene in other views. We are told here that the Ct. d'Artois is drawing nearer to Brusselles. All the French are following Him from Italy. The Prince Lambescq arrived here on Sunday, and proceeds towards the Rhine to-morrow. I have to acquaint you, on the authority of a French person of distinction, that we mean to take all the West India Islands; that fifty sail of

line were never intended for the Baltick ; and that, beyond a doubt, no first-rate can pass the Sound. This intelligence I got last night. However absurd, there are persons still more absurd by giving credit to such reports ; and what's more astonishing, the effect of that belief is sensibly felt. I did not require fresh instances to convince me of your friendship. But I should be sorry to delay expressing my best thanks to your Lordship for the very kind manner in which, I understand, you have mentioned me in some letters lately written to England. Believe me to be, my dear Lord, most grateful for the obligations you confer on me ; and with the utmost regard and esteem, your very faithful servant, ELGIN. I am just told that P. Lambescq has entered the Austrian service with the rank he held in the French army." The person spoken of in the postscript is a Charles Eugène de Loraine, Prince de Lambescq, a relative of Marie Antoinette, and Commander of the Royal German Regiment, with which force he charged the mob assembled at the Tuileries in 1789. The Count d'Artois was afterwards Louis XVIII. (4) A letter of William Hone's, transcribed from the original. Most people have consulted Hone's "Every Day Book," Hone's "Year Book," Hone's "Table Book," each of them filled with descriptions of old customs, old buildings, and the rural phenomena of England. Of the "Every Day Book," Charles Lamb took occasion thus to address its compiler :—

" Dan Phœbus loves your book : trust me, friend Hone ;
The title only errs, he bids me say ;
For while such art, wit, reading, there are shewn,
He swears 'tis not a *book of every day*."

My relic of this writer reads thus : " My Dear Sir,—From the time I came here until after the rain yesterday I was no better. I can make no effort with my pen, and very little orally, without pain. Yet your kind pencilling demanded more than apparent indifference. Can you stage yourself hither? Yours ever, W. HONE." It is addressed to Frederic Malcolm, Esq., from "Hampstead, at Mr. Hook's, Mount Vernon, Holly Bush Hill, 12th June, 1838." Hone died in 1842, æt. sixty-three. He was in his younger days a bold political pamphleteer, and was once tried for seditious libel, but acquitted. From being an erratic, unpractical revolutionist, he subsided at length into the literary antiquarian, and quiet law-abiding citizen.

(5) A volume, once the property of Leigh Hunt, another writer remarkable for a chequered literary and political career. He and his brother, during the Regency, established the *Examiner* newspaper; and three times they were prosecuted for their strictures on the government. On the third occasion, they were imprisoned for two years, and fined £500 each. This sentence caused Leigh Hunt to become very popular. In 1847 he received a pension of £200 per annum, which he enjoyed until 1859, when he died at the age of seventy-five. But it was not chiefly as a journalist that he was distinguished, but rather as an elegant English essayist, poet, dramatist, novelist, and translator from the Italian. He was the personal friend of Coleridge, Lamb, Keats, Shelley, Proctor, Moore and Byron. It was probably during his sojourn with the last-named in Italy, in 1823, that Leigh Hunt provided himself with the volume which is in my collection, which, besides having his autograph signature on the title page, is full of MS. annotations and reference-memoranda written by himself. It is a beautiful copy of Dante's "*Amorì è Rime*," printed at Mantua in 1823; *co' tipi Virgiliani di L. Caranenti*. Brief fragments, that need not be transcribed, from the hands of (6) Sir Charles Lyell, (7) Sir Roderick Murchison, (8) Thackeray, and (9) Miss C. M. Yonge, (10) Miss Mary Russell Mitford's copy of Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," and (11) Mark Anthony Lower's copy of Bowditch's "*Suffolk Surnames*," with the fine signature of the former owner, and an autograph letter of the author himself, inserted. As associated with the name of Sir Walter Scott, I place here (12) a copy of Smith's Translation of "*Longinus on the Sublime*," printed in London in 1756. It has fairly written on the title-page, in a hand of the last century, "*E Libris. James Sanson.*" The Rev. Mr. James Sanson, of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, the former owner of the book, was a zealous bibliomaniac, well-known to Sir Walter; and it is held by Mr. Sanson's immediate family connexions in Scotland and here, that the novelist had him chiefly in his eye when he drew the world-famous "*Dominie Sampson*," venturing in the surname rather near that of his original.

Thackeray's relic, above referred to, is the following note, in which a too forward literary neophyte receives a rather stern rebuff. "My dear Sir: I cannot do what you have set your mind upon. Though I am always inclined to oblige, I at the same time am unable to do that which is utterly out of my power. You must not, young Sir.

take advantage of my shaking hands with you at the Garrick Club a few weeks ago, nor must you trouble me with any more letters on the subject upon which you have 'set your mind.' Besides, you should have stated your views to the publishers—decidedly not to me.—Yours truly, W. M. THACKERAY."

To the Shakspearean group, I add volumes once the property of several distinguished Shakspearean commentators or editors, as shewing inscriptions from the hands of each of their former owners: (1) Joseph Ritson's copy of "*Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese*," collected by Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore. In his "*Observations on the Ancient English Minstrels*," Ritson coarsely criticised Percy's "*Reliques*;" but Ritson coarsely criticised everybody. Sir Walter Scott says of Ritson that he was "a man of acute observation, profound research, and great labour. These valuable attributes were unhappily combined with an eager irritability of temper which induced him to treat antiquarian trifles with the same seriousness which men of the world reserve for matters of importance." (Ritson died mad.) (2) Isaac Reed's copy of "*Ozell's Translation of the Lutrín of Boileau*." Reed edited Shakspeare twice: first in ten, and secondly in twenty-one volumes. At his death, in 1807, the sale of his library occupied thirty-nine days. (3) Alexander Dyce's copy of his own "*Translation of Quintus Smyrnaeus's continuation of the Iliad*"—a presentation copy from himself "to his friend J. J. Eyton." Besides Shakspeare, Mr. Dyce edited the plays of the early English dramatists Peele, Greene and Webster. (4) Robert Chambers' copy of J. Payne Collier's edition of the "*Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakspeare's Plays, from early manuscript corrections in a copy of the folio, 1632*." Besides the autograph of R. CHAMBERS, in this volume, there is at the end a MS. note from the same hand on the word "flote," in scene 2, act 1, of the *Tempest*, corrected to "float" in the "Emendations," with the change of the preceding "all" into "are," making the passage read thus:

"They all have met again,
And all upon the Mediterranean float."

The editor of the "*Emendations*" remarks on this: "'Float' in fact is a verb, used by everybody, and not a substantive, used by no other English writer." To this R. Chambers in his MS. note rejoins: "'Flote' is used as a noun for 'fleet' in a letter of King James VI.,

October, 1589. See Documents relative to reception of the King, &c. Edinburgh, 1822." Robert Chambers' enlightened regard for the great dramatist is shewn by the room given him in the "Book of Days," the *Journal* (especially in the Tercentenary year), and the "Cyclopædia of English Literature;" and by an edition of the plays adapted to family reading. The stir made a few years since by Robert Chambers' "Vestiges of Creation" was a mild prelude to the widespread commotion raised, at a later time, by the same theories more explicitly unfolded. To the Shakspearean group of relics I finally add a note transcribed from the autograph of Mr. J. Payne Collier himself, on the subject of the received form of Shakspeare's name. It is known that some persons from time to time suffer from a craze for a change—an improvement—in the usual orthography of the poet's name. As was to be expected, Mr. Collier practically pronounces against them. "As to the spelling of the name of Shakespeare," he says in the MS. from which I copy, "I have never considered it a matter of any importance; but I have never put it on paper, either in print or in manuscript, but in this form—SHAKE-SPEARE. He seems to have spelt it in various ways, and nobody in his lifetime cared much how any name was spelt, as long as it sounded much in the same way. I have seen it, of old, as Shaksper, Shaxper, Shackspere, Shaxespere, Shaxspeare and Shackspeere, and in other fanciful modes, for there was then no uniformity or rule. I am so busy just now with my edition of his Plays, of which twenty-four are in type (only 50 copies 4to to subscribers), that I really have not time to enter more at large into the subject. I care much more about the accuracy of a single word of his text, however small, than about the mere orthography of his name." In 1842-44, Mr. Collier published an edition of Shakspeare in eight volumes 8vo; and in 1848, a work entitled "Shakspeare's Library," being a collection of the ancient romances, novels, legends, poems, and histories used by Shakspeare as the foundation of his dramas, printed in full. His "History of English Dramatic Poetry," in three volumes 8vo, published in 1831, is another standard work.

I augment the general European or Continental group (1) by a volume from the library of Ferdinand Philip, Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, King of the French. It is an English work, entitled "A Dissertation on Parties, in several letters addressed to Caleb D'Anvers, Esq., and dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole; the

seventh edition. London, R. Francklin, 1749." Caleb D'Anvers is a fictitious personage. The frontispiece is a curious composition; it shews Liberty prostrate, and weeping; an exasperated hydra between two opposing groups of men armed in various ways (some of them with *pens* only), and clamorous; above all in the air, Sir Robert Walpole, *à la Jove*, supported by Plutus, blind Fortune, and Subtlety. while a winged Messenger descends towards the crowd below, extending in one hand a purse and reserving in the other a large mitre. The volume is stamped within thus: "Bibliothèque de S. A. R. Mgr. le Duc d' Orleans." Within the oval border bearing this inscription are the initials "F. P. O.," surmounted by a French ducal coronet. It thus appears that the Duke of Orleans indicated is the son of Louis Philippe, so entitled, accidentally killed in Paris in 1842, the father of the present Count of Paris. By virtue of his evident sympathy with European civilization, I place here (2) an autograph letter of the King of Siam, reigning in 1850. It is in English, and is addressed to John Jarvis, Esq. He writes for a gold pen, to replace one that had been broken and rendered useless in the carriage; and he asks to have a mathematical instrument sent to him from Singapore. "Dear Sir," he says, "I have tried to use your golden pen in writing, and observed that its platinical point on one side has longly broken off; there is still remaining the point of platinum, but on the other side, which is longer than the other, so that the pen is of no use. I trust you will procure other, and send one from Chingapore. Allow me to ask for something of my purpose; can one of the small Ismouth compass (which is small as to be convenient to be carried by pocket, and which has the staying line and the arch or whole circle divided into 90 degrees on a square quarter, or into 360 degrees around whole circle, and has a hole for looking on observation of parallax of many thing at the way of road or bank of river, &c.) be procurable at Singapore or other place from your attention? Of which wanted article or instrument I shall be glad to pay for value which you would say of. Believe me your friend." [I regret that I do not accurately decipher the signature, nor the place of writing.] The following is added: "P. S.—Your pen was accompanied in the envelope."

III. I supplement the two groups representing the two ancient Universities of England, by adding (1) to the Oxford one, unimportant autograph fragments, which need not be transcribed, of (a) Dr.

Temple, the present Bishop of Exeter and late Master of Rugby : (b) Dr. Longley, Bishop of Ripon, afterwards, successively, Archbishop of York and Canterbury : (c) Sir George Cornwall Lewis, formerly of Christ Church, author of many classical, political and philological works : (d) John Henry Newman. I add (e) a relic of a distinguished Christ-Churchman of the last generation, Robert Nares : a small volume consisting of several classical pieces bound together. On the back of the first title is stamped the cipher of the former owner ; and a list of the contents of the book follows in his handwriting. The first item is "Poemata, Auctore Oxon.nuper Alumno, 1769," to which is appended this query, "At quo?" Mr. Nares was the author of the well-known "Glossary" of Elizabethan English. After these relics I place (f) an autograph letter of John Wesley, some time Fellow of Lincoln. It is addressed to Mr. W. Churchey, Brecon, and is dated August 8, 1789. It announces that he has collected for Mr. Churchey one hundred guineas from subscribers to a publication which that gentleman was about to put forth. Thus it reads : "My dear Brother : I came round by London from Leeds to settle my affairs here, and to set out for Bristol this evening by the Mail Coach. On Tuesday morning I purpose, God willing, to set out thence for the West. What remains of the month of August I hope to spend there. September is dedicated to Bristol. I suppose you will stray over thither. As to Henry Floyd's writings, from what I can find, they are vanished away. I never had them, and I cannot find who had. The 'Essay on Man' is wonderfully improved since I saw it many years ago. It is your masterpiece, and therefore fit to close the volume. But this will take more time than I imagined. I have procured One Hundred Guineas for you, and hope to procure Fifty more. —Your affectionate Brother, J. WESLEY." I find in Tyerman's "Life and Times of John Wesley" (iii. 579), that "Walter Churchey was an enthusiastic Welshman ; a lawyer with a large family, and a slender purse ; a good, earnest, conceited old Methodist, who, unfortunately for his wife and children, had more delight in writing poetry than he had employment in preparing briefs. * * * In 1786 Churchey wished," Mr. Tyerman informs us, "to enrich the world with his poetical productions ; and, among others, consulted Wesley and the poet Cowper. The latter, in reply, remarked : 'I find your versification smooth, your language correct and forcible, especially in your translation of the *Art of Printing*. But you ask me would I advise

you to publish? I would advise every man to publish whose subjects are well chosen, whose sentiments are just, and who can afford to be a loser, if that should happen, by his publication.’”

I extract the following equally shrewd passage from a letter of Wesley's to the same Churchey, given in Tyerman, also having reference to the canvass for the sale of the proposed poems. “As you are not a stripling,” Wesley says, “I wonder you have not yet learnt the difference between promise and performance. I allow, at least, five-and-twenty per cent. ; and from this conviction, I say to each of my subscribers, what indeed *you* cannot say so decently to *yours*—‘Down with your money.’”

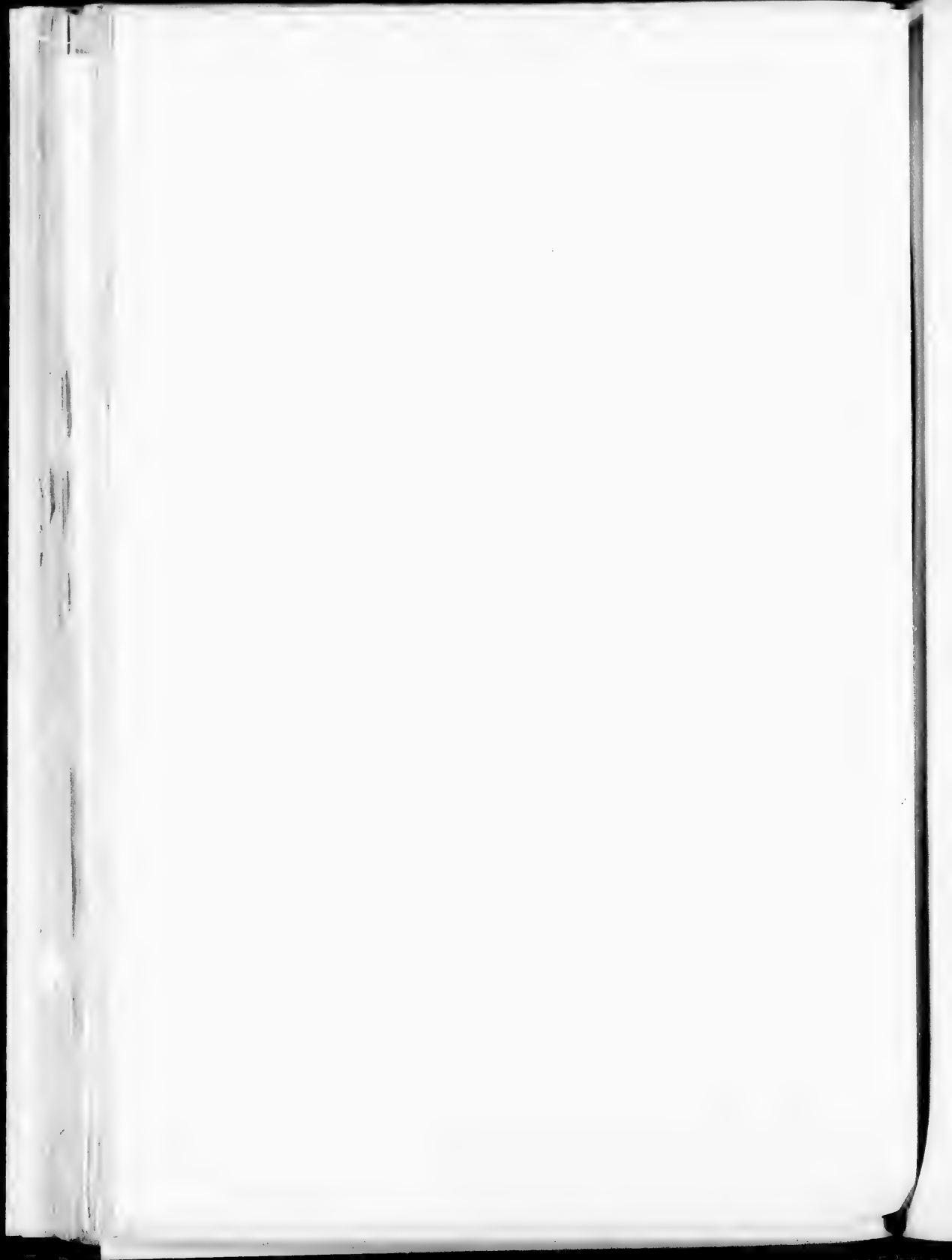
(g) A letter of Canning's will not here be out of place, for he too was an Oxfordman. It has reference to the affairs of a pensioner, who has had some difficulty in receiving his allowance. I transcribe from the original, wholly in Canning's hand. It is dated at South Hill, near Bracknell, Berks, October 22, 1805, and is addressed to J. Smith, Esq., Chelsea Hospital. It reads as follows: “Sir: A poor out-pensioner of Kilmainham Hospital, who resides in my neighbourhood, has been accustomed to apply to me to pay him his half-year's pension as it became due, giving me his receipt for the same; and till this year I have found no difficulty in recovering the amount by application through my agent, at the Hospital near Dublin. This year the enclosed receipt for two payments advanced to Simon Hobson (that is the man's name) has been returned to me, with notice that I am to apply to you for repayment, for that by a new regulation all English pensioners belonging to Kilmainham are to be paid at Chelsea. I shall be obliged to you if you will remit to me the amount of the enclosed receipts, and if you will have the goodness at the same time to let me know, for the information of the poor man, whether Hobson is in future to address his half-yearly affidavit to Chelsea and to what officer there, instead of, as heretofore, to the Registrar of Kilmainham. I have the honour to be, &c., GEO. CANNING.”

(2) To the Cambridge group I add (a) a third autograph relic, of the Rev. Charles Simeon, a note addressed by him apparently to his publisher. “I have sent all the remainder of the books,” he says, “of which I desire your acceptance. I have enclosed 50 of *The Evang. and Phar. Righ. compared*, and 50 of *The Fresh Cautions: 2nd edition*. Pray put by the remainder of the first edition; and if without incon-

venience you can exchange those which Mr. Hatchard has, I will be much obliged to you. I am, &c., C. SIMEON, K. C. [King's College], Sept. 26, 1810." (b) A note from the hand of Professor Samuel Lee, a man of great note in the University in 1833, highly skilled, and in the first instance self-taught, in the Oriental languages; Professor, first, of Arabic, and then, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University, author of a Hebrew, Chaldaic and English Lexicon, and many other learned productions. The note in question has reference apparently to an engraved illustration of a Biblical work: "I return the proof of the Plan of the Temple herewith," he says. "I like it much; it is a great improvement upon the drawing. As to the steps of which the Engraver inquires, they must be no more than seven in number. They will therefore occupy much less space than they do now. * * * In the Candlestick there should be seven branches; i.e. six, with the stem or trunk of it. No measure indeed is given, but a true representation of it is to be found on the Arch of Titus at Rome. Yours very truly, SAM'L LEE." (c) A brief and unimportant fragment in the handwriting of Connop Thirlwall, the associate of Julius Hare in the translation of Neibuhr's "Rome;" both formerly Fellows of Trinity College in Cambridge. It bears his signature, however, in the disguised form of C. ST. DAVIDS. After his appointment as Bishop of St. David's he perfectly mastered the Welsh language. Of his "History of Greece," Grote says: "Having studied, of course, the same evidence as Dr. Thirlwall, I am better enabled than others to bear testimony to the learning, the sagacity, and the candour which pervades his excellent work." On Thirlwall's monument in Westminster Abbey the words "SCHOLAR, HISTORIAN, THEOLOGIAN," inscribed after his name, sum up his claims to the regards of his fellow countrymen. (d) I subjoin here a note from the hand of the missionary Wolff, who though not a Cambridge man, was, in his day, a well-known figure and character there. The little document is curious as mentioning "Lady Georgiana," his wife; the rest of it relates to the sale of his "Journals." It is addressed to Mr. Collins, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, November 16, 1846. "My dear Mr. Collins!" it begins, "Lady Georgiana wrote to me that you were kind enough to send some money. Pray do not forget to send the two books of the names of the subscribers, and also any copies of the *Journal* remaining. I have no fear of not disposing of every one of them in England. I make you responsible for my subscription book.

Pray send me also my *Bokhara Journal*. I shall be happy to be enabled to be of use to you ; for you have had a great deal of trouble with them. Yours affectionately, JOSEPH WOLFF." The maiden name of Lady Georgiana, was Walpole. She was a daughter of the second Earl of Orford. Somewhat eccentric herself, she became enamoured of the Rabbi's son, Joseph Wolff, whose exterior was not beautiful, nor by any means usually kept in trim order. The union proved happy. She accompanied her husband in his missionary excursions among the Jews and Mahommedans. In 1843 he was sent by the British Government to Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. This is one of the works referred to in the note. His missionary travels, he himself proclaimed in one of his books, surpassed those of St. Paul. "I, Joseph Wolff," he says, "also am an Israelite of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Levi, and I have preached the Gospel not only from Jerusalem round about Illyricum, but also from the Thames to the Oxus and the Ganges, and the New World." He was admitted to deacon's orders in the "New World," by Bishop Doane, of New Jersey. He in after years had the living of Isle-Brewers in Somersetshire, where he died in 1862.





LEAVES THEY HAVE TOUCHED;
BEING A REVIEW OF SOME HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPHS.

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D.

(Continued from page 502.)

III. AUTOGRAPHS AND OTHER LITERARY RELICS OF DISTINGUISHED OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MEN.

I used in my younger days to think the worn condition of many of the old stone stairways at Cambridge a touching sight. In the short flights of steps leading to the entrance doors of the porters' lodges and dining halls, and in the corkscrew staircases of the turrets, conducting up to the rooms of students, the middle part of each step was to be seen scooped out by the attrition of feet, often to such an extent that the whole series of stairs was transformed almost into a steep inclined plane, without any distinction of steps remaining—a condition of things somewhat confusing to the foot in the ascent, and more so still in the descent. Who were they who had contributed to the wear and tear shown by these curious depressions? The possessors of what distinguished names in the literature, science, and general history of England? Under the influence of what busy thoughts, what hopes, what fears, had they not in their youth hurried up and down here! And in their maturer years, with what memories and cares, and perhaps honours laden, had they not re-paced the same ways! Here were veritable footprints left by preceding travellers not on the sands, but the sandstones, the limestones, and other rocky concretions of time. This was a thought obvious enough, that would occur every day, adding to the magic spell that clings to so many spots and buildings in the University and town of Cambridge. Similar reflections would of course arise with equal, if not greater, force, in the mind of a sympathetic sojourner in venerable Oxford.

Having by me some autograph and other literary relics of men of note in their day in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, I have reserved them for review by themselves, and I desire that they may in some sort take the place of these indented stones, and in the

inevitable absence amongst us of other sensible footprints left by the eminent persons of whom I shall speak, I hope the trifling objects I shall produce may serve as lively mementos of their former existence, and of the manner of men they were. Over those worn stairways the footsteps of many of England's worthies have unquestionably passed. So on these leaves, these pages, the hands of several of them have undoubtedly been pressed. If there is any pleasant glamour in the one thought, there must be a certain degree of it in the other. My collection also, such as it is, will incidentally furnish forth illustrations of that part of the complex English life which has for its sphere the two ancient universities of the kingdom.

My relics, as before, consist (1) of books, once owned or handled by eminent men; or (2) of notes and other MS. fragments in the handwriting of eminent men. I begin with my Oxford relics; and first I show a volume once belonging to the Library of Christ Church. It is a folio entitled *Italia Illustrata*, published in 1602 at Frankfort, by Andreas Cambierius, and dedicated to Andreas Schottus, who, Cambierius tells us, collected the several treatises of which the volume consists at a great expense, acting at the same time as editor and reviser, and removing many blemishes from the whole. It is a cyclopædia of Italian geography and antiquities; a kind of Murray for stay-at-home travellers. Twenty-eight pieces are presented to the reader, each giving an account of the history and archæology of a particular locality. The whole is in excellent Latin. The following are the names of some of the writers: M. Antonius Sabellicus, J. Chrysostom Zanchius, Torellus Sarayna, Gaudentius, Merula, Bonaventura Castillionæus, Paulus Jovius, Bernardus Saccus, Jacobus Bracelius, Andreas Magnotius, Caesar Orlandius, Antonius Massa, Petrus Cursius, Antonius-Sanfelicius, Ubertus Folietæ, Scipio Mazella, Joan. Franciscus Lombardus, Ambrosius Leo, Gabriel Barrius, Johannes Juvenis, Clar. Marius Aretius, Antonius Philotheus, Jo. Quinctinus Hednus. By these, most of whom, except Paulus Jovius, have become obscure to us, if not to Italians, we have pleasantly-written, elaborate accounts of Venice, Aquileia, Verona, Genoa, Naples, Nola, Tarentum, Sicily, Malta, &c. For a minute account of Rome itself, the reader is referred to other works. Torellus Sarayna gives his account of Verona in the form of a dialogue, after the manner of Cicero, between himself and Jacobus Villafranca. He also gives a large collection of ancient Latin inscriptions found

at Verona, and in its vicinity. Scipio Mazella gives the inscriptions at Puteoli and Cumæ. Franciscus Lombardus describes at great length the Baths at Puteoli and Baiæ, and those of *Ænaria*, naming the medicinal properties of each. It appears from this treatise that there was a great rivalry among the Baths. One at Puteoli was named *Balneum Olei Petrolii*, because it yielded petroleum—rock oil, as we are accustomed to speak. The virtues of this bath are thus enumerated:—

Hoc vitium lepræ, genus hoc serpiginis omne
Tollit, et è stomacho phlegmata salsa fugat.
Extinguit bilim, grossos subtiliat artus, &c. &c.
Vescicam curat quoties urina negatur;
Nulla potest melior renibus esse salus,
Si lapides ullos, seu si patiantur arenam,
Quelibet à morbo membra gravata juvat, &c.

(It may be remembered that years ago—long before petroleum was used for lighting purposes—this mineral fluid was imported here from the State of New York, and sold in bottles as a medicinal liniment.

Under the name of Seneca oil, so-called, it was reported, because the Seneca Indians, across the lake, had been accustomed to apply it with great effect to themselves.)

Although there is no formal account of Rome in the folio of Cambierius, there is incidentally a curious reference made by Bernardus Saccus to the troublesomeness of the mosquitoes in that city in his day, which may recall to ourselves experiences of our own in the primitive times. In summer, Saccus says, “*prodeunt in tenebris infensæ cicindulæ, vulgo cicinsulæ dictæ, quas ego vel sucindulas, à sugendo, vel à vocis zíncino stridore cincinulas scribendas putarem. Hæc enim insectæ,*” Saccus continues, “*vix cubili allato lumine simul adsunt, ac summisso sibilo improbo osculo nobis dormientibus insident, inflictoque fronti vulnere, humano cruore saturæ sub lucem abeunt, latentque rursus nocte reversuræ. Gloriare nunc rerum tuarum magnitudine, Roma!*” exclaims Saccus, “*quando tantillum animal noctes tibi tuisque Patriciis infestas facit, bellumque sine telo ciet!*”—Almost the whole of the volume is printed in the Italic character. Let into the title-page is a large and very spirited woodcut of Cambierius's *impresa* or device: a lion and unicorn furiously contending against each other, without the intervention of a shield of arms between them. On the inside of the cover appears the book-plate of Christ Church, Oxford, bearing the arms

of the College, surmounted as usual by Cardinal Wolsey's hat; and below is the inscription, *Ædes Christi, in Academia Oxoniensi*. On the plate has been written the word "duplicate," to show that the book had passed out of the college collection honestly.—On the outside of my folio, stamped in gold very conspicuously, on both covers, are the following arms: Azure: two bars erm. on a chief argent three suas proper: Crest: out of a ducal coronet or, a lion's head erased gules, the erasure showing beneath the coronet, the motto: *Meliora spero*. These, I find, by reference to Burke, are the arms of Otho Nicholson, who is intimately connected with the history of Christ Church Library. The building used as the library of Christ Church had formerly been the chapel (dedicated to St. Lucia) of the Priory of St. Frideswide. At the beginning of King James the First's reign, its interior is described as being almost wholly bare and given up to flies and spiders. At this time, however, Otho Nicholson, Esq., a scholar of the college, and an examiner for the Court of Chancery, gave £800 for the purpose of re-erecting the library, building, buying books, and setting up cases and benches. The Earl of Dorset and Viscount Lisle added donations of twenty minæ (? pounds; properly a mina = £3 sterling) each towards the same object; John King, Bishop of London, and Dr. Edwards, Chancellor of London, gave £46 13s. 4d. William James, Bishop of Durham, gave £20; Earl Clanricard, £30. Dr. Thomas White, Canon of Christ Church, afterwards endowed the library with £6 a year, for the repair of old books and the purchase of new. In the south wall of the library of Christ Church there is to this day a tablet of black marble, bearing the following inscription:—"Hospes, quisquis es, circumfer oculos. Perantiqui et prænobilis hujus domicilii corpus intermortuum, foris, intus refinxit; unus impensis suis et novâ donavit animâ; totius quam vides exquisitæ pulchritudinis, Otho Nichol森, armiger, armarii istius literarii memorabilis instaurator. A Deo Librorum Opulentia." (In the closing motto, the following letters are cut in capitals, D, L, I, V, M, V, L, I. They give the date of the tablet; added together they make 1612.) Nicholson did not confine his benefactions to the University; he promoted the convenience of the town likewise, by bringing in, at a great expense, wholesome water to Oxford, from Hinksey Hill, by a conduit.

From the arms stamped on the covers of the volume before us, and from the date of the book, it is quite certain that this is one of

the original collection presented by Otho Nicholson to the library of Christ Church, in the renovated Chapel of St. Lucia. Very probably Otho Nicholson himself has lovingly handled it, while yet its exterior was smooth and glossy, fresh from the hands of the binder and gilder; while its leaves were yet crisp, its typography sharp, its ink brilliant. But during its sojourn within the precincts of Christ Church, who of the illustrious alumni of that body may not have pored over its pages? I think, for one, Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has done so. He was a member of Christ Church in 1599, and, bookworm as he was, he would be a frequenter of the library. The *Italia Illustrata* would be particularly attractive to him, for he was, as he tells us, ever especially delighted with the study of cosmography, although he never travelled, he says, except "in map or card, in which his unconfined thoughts freely expatiated." Eulogizing the founders of libraries, he names Otho Nicholson, and speaks of him as a founder of "ours in Christ Church." "How much," he exclaims, "are we all bound, who are scholars, to those munificent Ptolemies, bountiful Mæcenases, heroical patrons, divine spirits, that have provided for us so many well-furnished libraries as well in our public academies in most cities as in our private colleges." And in another place he actually names Schottus, the compiler of our *Italia Illustrata*, classing him with Bozius, Pomponius Lætus, Marlianus, Caveirius, Ligonius, and other writers on cosmography. Not without some reasonable ground, then, we may please ourselves with the thought that in his day Democritus junior, as Burton was pleased to call himself, turned over the pages of our copy of the *Italia Illustrata*. Another man of note who may have done so is Ben. Jonson, who was in 1619 and previously an inmate of Christ Church, and from his scholarly predilections likely to take a special interest in the subject matter of this volume in the college library.

I have now to pass *per saltum* from the days of King James to our own era, not having in my collection at present any relic of Oxford worthies of the intervening period.

I show first two volumes from the library of the late Bishop Wilberforce, who is perhaps more distinctly remembered as Bishop of Oxford than as Bishop of Winchester, the title by which he was known at the time of his death. Both books—they are a copy of Archbishop Potter's well-known *Archæological Græca, or Antiquities*

of Greece—have the book-plate of the bishop, with his family arms and motto, "*Nos non Nobis*," and "Samuel Wilberforce," engraved below. Also on the title-page of each volume is his autograph, SAMUEL WILBERFORCE. I preserve likewise a note of his bearing the signature S. OXON, written throughout in a bold, hurried hand—dashed off possibly in the first-class carriage of an express train going at full speed. The bishop had, we are told, an apparatus by means of which he, to some extent, utilized the time passed in travelling, by replying, while in swift transit from one place to another, to the innumerable letters which were constantly reaching him. "The note you have kindly sent me again," the bishop says, "was never seen by me before. I consequently had not any directions by which to communicate with you. Will you take your breakfast with me at 26 Pall Mall on Friday, the 15th? I am most truly yours, S. OXON." The instantaneous death of Bishop Wilberforce, occasioned by a fall from his horse while riding with Lord Grenville, is fresh in the recollection of every one. He was a man greatly beloved; full of power, with every faculty instantly at command; brilliant, moreover, as a conversationalist and wit. I remember, while in London in 1867, that on a review of the day at my lodgings in the evening, it took several pages of my memorandum book to record the extraordinary number of pleasant and clever things that were crowded into a few hours spent with the Bishop of Oxford and his friends, at his "table-round" in Pall Mall, to which the note above recited gave access.

I next offer an autograph note of another eminent Oxfordman—the present Dean of Westminster, Dr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, pupil and biographer of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. We have every now and then spread out before us the thoughts of the Dean, in the columns of the public prints and pages of widely-circulated magazines, showing him to be an Englishman who aims to fuse and weld together again, on a principle of nationality, the great community or society of Britain so long rent and distracted. By one of those anomalies to be met with here and there in England, Westminster Abbey, though in the diocese of London, is not under the jurisdiction of the bishop of London. Hence the Dean of Westminster is enabled to do some things which a clergyman elsewhere cannot do. Thus, not long since the Dean caused Max Müller, a layman, to read a lecture there on Missions; and lately, Dr. Caird, a presbyterian

minister from Scotland, delivered a discourse in the Abbey. Dean Stanley and his wife, lady Augusta, are known to be private friends of the Queen's, who from time to time drops in at their tea-table without ceremony, glad to have a few moments unartificial communion with non-courtiers,—just as she so evidently enjoys doing with honest Scottish folk when sojourning at Balmoral.—The note which I transcribe will give another glimpse into the busy, overstrained life of gifted and enlightened men, at the present epoch, when drawn within the vortex of public affairs. (The Dean has been pressed to say when he will deliver a certain lecture of which he had held out hopes to friends down at Bradford. We can conceive him in the midst of his multitudinous occupations up in town replying as follows:—) “My lecture at Bradford is quite uncertain, but it cannot, under any circumstances, be before the winter. Many thanks for your kind invitation, of which I shall be very glad to avail myself; but at this distance of time I am unable to promise anything. Yours faithfully, A. P. STANLEY.” I add a second note from the same hand, of interest to myself at least, as it recalls a very memorable visit under his guidance, to the famous Jerusalem Chamber (where Convocation was sitting at the time) in Westminster Abbey, and other amenities at the Deanery: “I shall be very glad to see you at 12 on Tuesday,” he says in his note, “and will take you into the Jerusalem Chamber with the utmost pleasure. No official costume is needed. Yours faithfully, A. P. STANLEY.” Not unworthy of insertion here is an autograph of Canon Liddon, one of the most eloquent of modern Oxfordmen, combining profundity of thought with facility of expression: as all will confess who have been so fortunate as to listen to him: under the dome of St. Paul's, for example, amidst assembled thousands held spell-bound by his ideas and words for an hour at a stretch. His relic is simply a request made to a friend in Christ Church, Oxford, to allow him to make use of some room in College of his, probably a lecture room, for a particular purpose. “Would you forgive me” he writes in a free, running, admirable hand, “for asking you if you would allow my guests to-morrow evening to assemble in your room at 7 o'clock. Yours very truly, W. P. LIDDON.”

Next comes an autograph memento of Max Müller, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and Tylor's Professor there, a great authority in the new science of Comparative Philology. I had the satisfaction

of hearing Max Müller lecture on the Nibelungen Lied at the Taylor Institute in Oxford. A note which I had made of his lecture having become, on revision, obscure in a certain respect, to myself, I applied to him for information, forwarding him at the same time "Canada and Merton"—a paper read by me before the Canadian Institute. The kind and frank reply received was the accompanying note: "Many thanks for your interesting paper on Merton. The sentiment which you refer to as forming the key-note of the Nibelunge Not was probably "Leid nach Freud," "Sorrow after Joy." Yours very truly, MAX MÜLLER."

I now show the handwriting of one who in these days has done more than any other person to educate the common mind in relation to Art, and the beautiful in Nature: Mr. Ruskin. "Modern Painters," his first production, bore on its title-page "by a Graduate of Oxford" simply. The book fell like a bomb-shell in the camp of the conventional critics and reviewers. "When public taste" the Graduate said "seems plunging deeper and deeper into degradation day by day, and when the press universally exerts such power as it possesses, to direct the feeling of the nation more completely to all that is theatrical, affected, and false in Art; while it vents its ribald buffooneries on the most exalted truth, and the highest ideal of landscape that this or any other age has ever witnessed (the reference is of course to Turner's paintings), it becomes the imperative duty of all who have any perception or knowledge of what is really great in Art, and any desire for its advancement in England, to come fearlessly forward, regardless of such individual interests as are likely to be injured by the knowledge of what is good and right, to declare and demonstrate wherever they exist, the essence and the authority of the Beautiful and the True." Since 1843 several volumes bearing the same title as the first production, viz.: "Modern Painters," have appeared with Ruskin's own name prefixed. Also "The Stones of Venice," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Pre-Raphaelitism," "the Political Economy of Art," and numerous other works, constituting quite a literature on the subject of Good Taste. On account of a certain engaging egotism, a habit of having recourse to his own experience for illustrations, Ruskin has of late been compared to Montaigne. This modern celebrity is represented in my collection by a short characteristic note in his neat, airy handwriting, reading as follows: "I fear I can't stay at home to-day. I want much to

have a little talk about music, and hundreds of things; but I've some friends with me whom I must really do the best I can for out of doors when the sun shines; and it looks half-promising to-day. I will stay at home myself at all events *to-morrow*, if you will promise to come.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN." The note is dated from Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire. The anxiety to do his best, out of doors, for his visitors, while the sun shines, doubtless for the sake of the effects on the landscape, is characteristic of Ruskin.

I regret that I have nothing more to show of Mr. Gladstone's late Chancellor of the Exchequer, than a plain unpretending autograph signature—ROBERT LOWE. Mr. Lowe from his youth has been regarded at Oxford as one of her eminent sons, although familiarly he is spoken of there, but among the juniors only possibly, as "Bob Lowe." Before attaining distinction as a statesman, he, like our Sir Edmund Head, had been an Oxford Fellow and tutor. He has also tasted of Colonial life, having passed about nine years in Australia, where he practised law and became a member of one of the legislatures.—To make up for the absence of a sentence from the pen of Mr. Lowe, I transcribe a few words from a note in the rather carelessly formed handwriting of his colleague Mr. Forster, whose name will be associated in history with English legislation in favour of popular education. "I am come down for my re-election, and for Christmas," he says, writing from Burley-in-Wharfedale, Leeds, Dec. 20, 1868, "but I shall be at the Council office on Tuesday or Wednesday week, and I shall be settled in London by the end of the first week in January.—Yours faithfully, W. E. FORSTER." Mr. F. however is neither an Oxonian nor a Cambridge man.

Of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, an eminent Oxford statesman I have a slight representative. He was a member of Christ Church, and like Mr. Gladstone, he won laurels in literature as well as in the public service. He wrote on the Romance Languages, on the Incredibility of the Early Roman History, on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion. My MS. relic of Sir George shows him like other public men embarrassed by his engagements: He writes to a friend in a clear but rather slovenly hand:—"I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation to Headingley for the 27th instant, on the occasion of a meeting of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute. I regret however to say that my engagements at that time render it impossible for me to avail myself of your kindness.—Yours &c., G. C. LEWIS."

The earl of Carlisle writes a similar excuse but in stronger terms, in the note of his which I happen to possess ; it falls into its place here, the earl having been a member of Christ Church, and while at Oxford he gained two University prize-poems and the highest classical honors. He too, when engaging in public life, continued the cultivation of his intellectual powers and tastes, becoming the author of a "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," Lectures on the Life and writings of Pope, and other works. In a fine, rather quaint, backward leaning hand he writes to a friend from the "Vico-regal Lodge"—he was, as we shall remember, at one time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—thus : "Your invitation makes my mouth water, but I have no hope of being able to escape from my duties here to do what I should have liked so much in every point of view.—Very sincerely yours, CARLISLE." The Earl of Carlisle travelled through Canada some years ago and I remember his appearance well. I also recollect, in St. James' Church, where I happened at the time to be officiating, and where he worshipped several times, that he always placed in the collecting-plate, when it was presented to him, a golden sovereign.

I add now an autograph note of Gilbert Scott's—Sir George Gilbert Scott, he now is—the eminent scientific ecclesiastical and civil architect : again I admit the hand of one not in our present category—but as the designer and builder of the well-known Martyrs' Memorial and other striking erections in the University, a relic of Sir Gilbert Scott may not inappropriately appear here. He writes thus in neat, unaffected scrip, from No. 20 Spring Gardens : "I thank you for the cheque which you have kindly sent me which closes my account for the Church. I shall be most happy to do what I can in the way of sketches and directions for the decoration, indeed I did some time back communicate several times on the subject with Mr. Castell the decorator, and I will see him again on the subject and communicate with you again.—I remain, &c., GEO. GILBERT SCOTT." "The whirligig of time brings its revenges." Gilbert Scott is the grandson of Thomas Scott, the commentator, a divine not noted for love of ecclesiastical architecture or Church ornamentation.

It will not be amiss perhaps if I give just one example of those little chaffing familiar missives which are frequently passing backwards and forwards in colleges between students and others, couched in language so grotesquely technical as to be unintelligible to outsiders, reminding one of the overstrained conceits of Dickens, by

which they have perhaps been in some degree suggested. Here is the acceptance of an invitation to dinner in the handwriting of a Christ Church man of eminence ; it is evident that in the invitation the proposed repast had been facetiously spoken of as a practical lecture on food, accompanied by particular experiments, to which the guests were asked to be present. The Christ Church man replies :—
 “ It is very kind of you to offer to admit senior members of the House to one of your Lectures, and though the title of the Lecture for the 8th (“On the disintegration of muscular tissue effected by molar action, with experiments in alcoholic circulation”) is alarming to an amateur, yet I hope to attend and profit by it.—Gratefully yours, C. L. DODGSON.”

I now pass over to the sister university of Cambridge, and produce what examples I have of “leaves which have been touched” by men of worth and note there. My Cambridge specimens I find are more numerous than my Oxford ones : I have gathered more I suppose, as feeling a special interest in the sons of one’s own *alma mater* ; and for the same reason I shall be excused if I venture to interweave some of the personal recollections which here and there occur in connexion with the objects shown.

Again I begin with a volume which once had a place on the library shelves of a famous College : Trinity College, Cambridge. It is Fanshaw’s translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, a folio of the date 1655. Its full title reads as follows : “The *Lusiad*, or Portugal’s Historicall Poem, written in the Portugall Language by Lvis de Camoens, and now newly put into English by Richard Fanshaw, Esq.—*Horat. Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori, Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna facit.* London : printed for Humphrey Mosley, at the Prince’s Arms in St. Paul’s Churchyard, MDCLV.” The dedication is to the Right Honorable William, Earl of Strafford, and is crowded full of conceits and pleasant discourse, containing an anecdote of Tasso, as well as some personal matter. It will appear that Fanshaw at the time was finding shelter in a country house of the Earl’s called Tankersley. Only four years previously Fanshaw had been taken prisoner at Worcester while fighting on the Royal side. A few years later he joined the King at Breda, and was knighted. “My good Lord :” thus runs the Dedication : “I cannot tell how your Lordship may take it, that in so uncourted a language as that of Portugall should be found extant a poet to rival your

beloved Tasso. How himself took it, I can ; for he was heard to say (his great 'Jerusalem' being then an embryo) *he feared no man but Camoens*. Notwithstanding which he bestowed a sonnet in his praise. But, admitting the Tuscan superior ;—yet, as *he* with some anger of Guarini, when he saw, by the unquestionable verdict of all Italy, so famous a laureate as himself, by that man's *Pastor Fido* outstripped in the dramatic way of poetry, *se non havuto visto il mio Aminta* (because indeed the younger, for a lift in this kind, was beholding to the elder) :—So, and for the same cause, might my Portingal (Portuguese) have retorted upon him with reference to his own epic way.—*If he had not seen my Lusiad, he had not excelled it*. Since then I find Horace in the days of old held himself accountable to *his* potent friend Lollio for the profits of those vacant hours which *he* passed in his proper villa, whilst Lollio lay ledger in Rome about that which was the great domestic glory of the Roman nobility of those times :

Trojani belli Scriptorum, Maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi,
Whilst thou, great Lollio, in Rome dost plead,
I, in Præneste, have all Homer read.—(Hor. l. 3. Ep. 2)

How much more obliged am *I* to bring unto your Lordship this Treasure-trove, which, as to the second life, or rather being, it hath from me in the English tongue, is so truly a native of Yorkshire, and holding of your Lordship, that from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these walls ? And if the same Horace proceed :

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore, dicit,
Who what is right, what not, what brave, what base,
Clearer and better than the Stoics, says—

Whether this poet also, however disfigured in the translating, yet still retaining the old materials, both political and moral, on a truer and more modern frame of story and geography than that of Homer . —et quamvis plebeio tectus amictu, Indocilis privata loqui,—shall not be valuable on the like account, I appeal to your Lordship, whose devoted (since he turned Englishman) he is, by the title I have already mentioned, and by as many more, as I am, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant, Richard Fanshaw. From your Lordship's Park of Tankersley, May 1, 1655." The book is printed throughout exactly in the style of the first folio Shakspeare, with heavy and worn

type like that used by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, with the same motley mixture on each page of the Roman and Italic letter; all emphatic words beginning in the German fashion with a capital; the same uncouth and not always constant orthography; the signs of elision omitted; the proper names in small capitals, the U's and double U's seeming to cause especial trouble, the former being usually given as V's, and the latter as two V's disconnected, (whence our present form of W has come); frequently in the midst of a proper name, a letter larger or smaller than the rest, showing that the supply of small caps in the office was limited.—As to the translation itself, it may be said that Fanshaw's Camoens, read from the time-darkened pages of this first edition of 1655 might readily be taken for an original poem of the period, so easy and idiomatic is the style, so bold and powerful the language. In some complimentary verses prefixed, Sir John Denham, condemning servile translators, contrasts their style with that of Fanshaw, apostrophising him thus :—

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame.
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

The book-plate of the library of Trinity College has been removed to the back of the title-page in my folio Fanshaw. It has on it the motto *Virtus vera nobilitas*, and below is a medallion of Henry VIII. Trinity College, Cambridge, adores in some sort the shade of a Henry; but it is not, as at Eton, Henry VI. Gray, we shall remember, speaks in his ode xi of—"Either Henry,

The murder'd saint and the majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome."

It is the latter that Trinity is constrained to honour, as being its founder; his statue is to be seen over the gateway, with the royal arms below. The other Henry, however, "the murder'd saint," is honoured at Cambridge as a benefactor to King's, a college closely associated with Eton, where, as many of us have seen, a statue of Henry VI stands in the quadrangle.

The leaves of the copy of Fanshaw's Camoens before us have probably been turned over by many a right hand cunning in the building up of verse that has not perhaps in some instances even yet wholly perished. Andrew Marvell was at Trinity College subsequently to 1655, and Dryden and Cowley, to say nothing of later

names. In studying the translation, some one has here and there given proof, by manuscript annotations, that he had read the poem in Portuguese also. To certain curious lines and expressions he has annexed the MS. note "Not in the original." In one place he has detected, as he thinks, the source of some phraseology used by the poet Gray in the 1st stanza of *The Fatal Sisters*, from the Norse. Fanshaw renders the 31st stanza of the fourth canto of the *Lusiad* thus :—

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet,—
Javelins, with other shott, fly whizzing round,
Vnder the fiery *Courasers'* yron Feet,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Vales resound ;
Lances are crackt, and (dropping thick as sleet)
The Horsemen armd come thundring to the ground.
Up n feirce Nunio's Few, fresh Foes are pact ;
Their Art to multiply ; *his*, to abstract.

Opposite to this, with a dash under "darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet," and "thick as sleet," the annotator has written :—

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the dark'ned air.—*Gray.*

I show another volume from the library of Trinity College. This is an Amsterdam edition of Phædrus, of the year 1667, with the copious notes of Johannes Laurentius, Jurisec cult. It contains a book-plate bearing the college arms with the inscription below :—"Collegium SS. et Individuæ Trinitatis in Academiâ Cantabrigiensi," and on the last page "Duplicate, Trin : Coll : Cam : 1859" is stamped. The book has numerous beautifully executed illustrations on copper let into the text, all of them quaint and curious. The large engraved title-page shows the Emperor Augustus, seated, presenting a cap of Liberty to Phædrus, who is in the act of writing from the dictation of Æsop, the latter dwarfed in stature and slightly deformed ; the expression of the countenance shrewd and humorous. At the end of the volume are very full indexes. The hands of innumerable great scholars have probably handled this copy of Phædrus ; but notably perhaps the hands of Richard Bentley, Master of the College, who himself edited a Phædrus at Cambridge in 1726. He would naturally consult such editions of Phædrus as were to be found in the library of his own college.

One more former occupant of a place on the shelves of Trinity College Library is my copy of Mackenzie on Solitude ; a small duo-

decimo printed in 1685. Its title is "A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Publick Employment, and all its appanages, such as Fame, Command, Riches, Pleasures, Conversation, &c., by Sir George Mackenzie, His Majesties Advocate in Scotland, and author of *Moral Gallantry* and *Jus Regium*. 2 Kings 4. 13.—Wouldst thou be spoken of to the king or to the captain of the Host? And she answered, I dwell among my own People." This was, in its day, a famous book, and was answered by John Evelyn in 1667. "Mackenzie," Isaac Disraeli says, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, ii, 50, "though he wrote in favour of Solitude, passed a very active life, first as a pleader, and afterwards as a judge. While Evelyn, who wrote in favour of public employment being preferable to solitude, passed his days in the tranquillity of his studies, and wrote against the habits which he himself most loved. By this it may appear," observes Disraeli, "that that of which we have the least experience ourselves, will ever be what appears most delightful." I cannot but think that among the number of those who have turned the pages of this copy of Mackenzie's Essay, Sir Isaac Newton must be reckoned. Himself a solitary student for many years in Trinity, the subject of the Essay would attract him. Newton's rooms in Trinity used often to be visited by me when in the occupation of Mr. Carus. They are over the principal entrance to the college, in the massive tower which constitutes the gateway. Above, in a higher storey, was his observatory, where he put to such noble use the humble reflector-telescope, constructed by himself, which is still preserved at Cambridge.

I now descend to contemporaries. I have a written relic of William Whewell, an illustrious Master of Trinity. There are many men in Universities who enjoy, and quite justly, a great repute locally, but who are little heard of outside University limits. Whewell, however, won for himself a name in the general world of British, if not European, science. He first appeared as the author of a number of elementary treatises on Mechanics, Statics, Dynamics, Geometry, and Conic Sections, which were used very generally as text-books in the lecture-rooms; but his reputation rests chiefly on two works, *The History of the Inductive Sciences*, and *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*. He wrote also one of the *Bridgewater treatises*. In the intellectual arena of Cambridge, Whewell, as Tutor, Professor, and finally, Master of his College (Trinity), was regarded with considerable awe, on account of the

extra vigour of his mind and a certain tendency to domineer. With Everett, in his lectures entitled "On the Cam," the expression is "Trinity's honoured head;" but Bristed, in his *Five Years at an English University*, speaks of "Whewell's awful presence." He was a Lancashire man, of stalwart frame and powerful physique; German, perhaps, rather than English, in the character of his countenance, which was open, fresh-hued, and round. In his younger academic days he was regarded with respect by the barges of the river and the roughs of the town, between whom and the gownsmen there used to be, some years ago, periodical passages of arms. I have myself seen serious conflicts of this kind in the streets of Cambridge; quite senseless affairs, but attended with considerable risk to skin and limbs. If on such occasions one happened to be out of his own rooms and belated somewhere with a friend, it was highly advisable, when returning home to College, to get under the lee of Whewell, or some one else of his bulk and build. I was in residence when the old-fashioned "Charley," or watch, disappeared from the pavement and the modern policeman took his place. The effect on the public peace of Cambridge was very soon apparent. Whewell has left memorials of himself in Cambridge of the old durable mediæval kind. Previous to his death, a so-called Hostel for the accommodation of Trinity students was added to the College by his munificence; also a quadrangle, known as the Master's Court. Princely endowments were afterwards bequeathed by him for the perpetual maintenance of these augmentations to Trinity. He likewise by his will established and endowed a chair of International Law, with scholarships for students in the department of science. Whewell's first wife was a sister-in-law of Lord Monteagle (Spring Rice); his second was the widow of a clerical baronet (Sir Gilbert Affleck). By the custom of England this latter lady retained her name and title after her second marriage. The invitations to the Lodge used then to run in the following curious form:—"The Master of Trinity and Lady Affleck request the honour, &c." At Cambridge it was humorously said that Whewell's name was one that ought to be whistled. This was to correct the wrong rendering of it sometimes heard Whe-well. Another little jest among undergraduates used to be that no book of Whewell's ever appeared without the assertion somewhere or another in it of Newton's Three Laws of Motion. As years rolled on, an epigrammatic saying became current

that science was Whewell's forte, and omniscience his foible; it does not appear, however, that his acquirements in any direction were superficial. A curious story used to be told of some of the Fellows of Trinity mastering the contents of several elaborate papers on Chinese Music, which they had discovered in a Review published some years previously, and then raising, as if by accident, a discussion on the subject, expecting to take Whewell by surprise and to pose him for once. But after a brief silence, the observation quietly came: "Ah, I see you have been looking into the — Review of the year —. I have had reason to alter my ideas in regard to Chinese Music considerably since then." Whewell himself was the author of the articles which had been so laboriously crammed up for the occasion.—The manuscript relics which I preserve of Whewell are, first, a note addressed from "Trin. Coll." to the Editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*, accompanying matter for that periodical. It is characteristic of Whewell's ever busy intellect. "I send you," he says, "an account of the last meeting of the Philosophical Society here, which I shall be glad if you will insert in the *Philosophical Magazine* of next month, including the abstract of Mr. Murphy's paper and Prof. Airy's communication. I send you also a notice of some remarks of Berzelius, which I shall be glad if you can find room for. Yours faithfully, W. HEWELL." And, secondly, a cordial welcome addressed by him to a friend or relative, on hearing of his intended visit to Cambridge. He happens to speak incidentally of the war raging at the time between the Northern and Southern States. "I am glad," he says, "that you are coming to the British Association: you shall have Victor's room, or some other, and will consider the Lodge your home in all other respects. . . . I am quite prepared to believe that you tell me of McClellan. He seems to me to have shown great generalship. But I am afraid the Northerners have lost their opportunity of making a magnanimous end to the war when they were successful. I do not see now," he continues, "what end is possible except an end from pure exhaustion. Certainly both parties have shown great military talents on a large scale; but that is small consolation for the break up of such a constitution as theirs; and I fear that the cause of the black man's liberty is losing rather than gaining by the conflict. We have been in Switzerland," he then adds, "for a fortnight, and are now returned to our usual occupations. I am sorry that we have not seen our own dear Lakes this summer."

This note is dated from Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, Sep. 22, 1862. The hand is minute and clear, and not indicative of the imperious character which the writer was reported to possess. Whewell's death was occasioned by a fall from his horse in 1866. I add a brief eulogy pronounced at the time by Christopher Wordsworth, then Archdeacon of Westminster. It is an old friend's grateful testimony to the many excellent gifts and traits of character conspicuous in Whewell. "Before I proceed," Wordsworth said at a meeting of the Anglo-Continental Society held at Willis' rooms in London, "to move the next resolution, I must crave leave to give vent to personal feelings. I have come this morning from the west of England to London, where I have met with that sorrowful intelligence from Cambridge which has grieved so many hearts. It was my privilege," he said, "just a fortnight ago, to be enjoying the delightful hospitality of Trinity Lodge, a place endeared to me by so many delightful recollections, private and public, together with some members of my family; and it was there our happiness to enjoy the society of him, who though he had passed his three score years and ten, retained the vigour and buoyancy, and even the joyousness of youth, overflowing from the largeness of his heart with kindly and genial tenderness. This is not the place," he continued, "for dwelling on those intellectual gifts, with which he was endued in rich abundance, almost without an equal in his own College and University; nor may I dilate here on the happy consecration of those intellectual gifts to the cause of Christianity; but I may ask permission to say, that if there ever was a noble and magnanimous spirit, disdaining all that was low or mean, petty or paltry, loving whatever was honourable, high and holy, it was that of the late Master of Trinity College. Forgive this poor tribute from one who had the honour of enjoying his friendship for about forty years. *Hic saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere.*" Wordsworth speaks of Trinity Lodge as a place endeared to him by recollections private and public. He had himself been a Fellow; and his father was for many years Master. He had also been Public Orator, an elected functionary who on all public occasions is the mouthpiece of the University; and in this capacity I have often heard him deliver himself in the Senate House in fine Ciceronian Latin. My transcript from an autograph relic of Christopher Wordsworth, who is now Bishop of Lincoln, shall be . . . having reference to a personage once well known among our-

selves. "There is no name," the note says, "more honoured by good men in England, among Anglo-American bishops, than that of Bishop Strachan of Toronto."—Dr. Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity, was a Conservative of a strict type. Many of his Fellows were known to be advanced Whigs, and to be in confidential communication with Earl Grey and other members of the Government. Peacock, Snowball, and one or two other Fellows of the Conservative College of St. John's, were also of the advanced school. The period of 1832 and onwards, was an agitated one. The air was full of Reform, which, to the minds of not a few, meant Revolution. We, youthful onlookers, too unwotting at the time, of the grave issues at stake in Church and Commonwealth, used occasionally to amuse ourselves by marking the countenances of our superiors, detecting, as we would fancy, the interchange, now and then, of unamiable glances between groups known to be politically opposed; between the Master of Trinity, for example, and *his* friends, and Whewell, or Sedgwick, or Thirlwall, and *their* friends, as they passed and repassed each other when pacing round and round, for exercise, on a rainy day, the three sides of the cloisters in Neville's Court. There, dons of the highest grade, used to be seen intermingled with the ordinary ruck of M.A.'s, B.A.'s, questionists, three-year men, and other undergraduates, down even to freshmen, all in rapid circulation, but in non-interfering streams,—the whole Court resounding with animated talk heard above the quick, energetic patter of stout-soled shoes on the stone pavement of the cloisters.—On a lesser scale, a like curious scene of collected notabilities, passing and repassing one another in groups, at a modest pace however now, was to be beheld in the ante-chapel of Trinity on Sunday afternoons, just before Divine service began, while the men and others were assembling. Here, again, we detected glances, slightly defiant, interchanged, intensified by the glare given to the eyes by the intervention of spectacles worn in many instances; the lenses in some of them being of the old-fashioned large circular kind, seen in the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Bishop Horne, requiring the countenance to be brought round, sometimes in a sudden and startling manner, for the purpose of fairly confronting the object.—From an autograph letter of Dr. Wordsworth's I now transcribe a brief passage. Again we have a glimpse into a busy English life. "*I must be in Cambridge,*" he says to his correspondent, "on Thursday at the latest, as we have much important

business with meetings of the Eight and Sixteen, both on Friday and Saturday. If my Brother is with you," he continues, "will you say that I am to be in Cambridge by the time mentioned, and that I shall be most happy to see him, and the sooner they can come after my arrival there the better, because Term will then be over, and it is very probable that business may very shortly after require my presence at Buxted and elsewhere." (Buxted was his Living. The Brother referred to was the poet.)

Another eminent man at Cambridge, well known by sight to all students of the year 1833 and downwards, was Adam Sedgwick. He was among the earliest English geologists of note, and bore the brunt of the first assaults on the new science. He was a Fellow of Trinity and the seventh occupant of the Woodwardian Professorship of geology. In 1833 he published a Discourse on the studies of the University of Cambridge, which ran through several editions and still maintains its ground. In a note to that work he thus speaks in relation to his favourite science: "We have nothing to fear from the results of our inquiries, provided they be followed in the laborious but secure road of honest induction. In this way we may rest assured we shall never arrive at conclusions opposed to any truth, either physical or moral, from whatsoever source that truth may be derived: nay, rather, as in all truth there is a common essence, that new discoveries will ever lend support and illustration to things which are already known, by giving us a larger insight into the universal harmonies of nature." He thus maintained the perfect compatibility of science with religion. In another place he asks a question as pertinent to be put to speculative philosophers in 1875 as it was in 1833. "Shall this embryo of a material world," he says, "contain within itself the germ of all the beauty and harmony, the stupendous movements and exquisite adaptations of our system, the entanglement of phenomena held together by complicated laws, but mutually adjusted so as to work together to a common end, and the relation of all these things to the functions of beings possessing countless superadded powers, bound up with life and volition? And shall we then satisfy ourselves by telling of laws of atomic action, of mechanical movements, and chemical combinations; and dare to think that in so doing we have made one step towards an explanation of the workmanship of the God of nature? So far from ridding ourselves," the Professor adds, "by our hypothesis of the necessity

of an intelligent First Cause. We give that necessity a new concentration, by making every intellectual power, manifested since the creation of matter, to have entered from God's bosom by a single act of omnipotent prescience." The first annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place in Cambridge in 1833, and Sedgwick was chosen its president for that year. In the address delivered by him on the occasion, he used language similar to the above, declaring that "man was compelled by his intellectual nature to ascend from phenomena to laws, and the moment he grasped the idea of a First Cause he was compelled, by the very constitution of his inner mind, to regard that law as the annunciation of the will of a supreme Intelligence." I preserve with care a report of this memorable meeting, especially for the sake of the autographs which it contains in pencil of the numerous savans from all quarters who were present. There Sedgwick's own name appears, the counterpart of the many signatures of his which I have. Like several other contemporaries of mine at Cambridge, as, for example, the two Roses, King, Lloyd, and Henry John, Sedgwick was from the north of England. His speech, in which he was very voluble and sometimes elegant, was very northern in accent, as was theirs; and his countenance, of a fiery, dark, and stern—was northern, perhaps Norse, in type. The relics which I possess of Professor Sedgwick are valuable as his property, containing some curious manuscript annotations of his own pen. The first book consists of two collections, bound up together of verses by self-taught men—one named Sanderson, the other Nicholson. The Professor, besides inscribing within both the name "A. Sedgwick," has recorded in characteristic language the manner in which he became possessed of the two collections, the latter of which seem to have somewhat interested him. Of Sanderson, he says: "During the summer of 1824 I visited the great quarries of Chalk near Risley, Cumberland, and purchased the following poems of the author, a common lime-burner, whose bricks and men heated by the fumes of his kiln." Of Nicholson, he writes: "I met the author on the top of a coach. He was a rough son of the Muses, who was carrying bundles of his poems from village to village, and especially to the ale-houses, where he was too well known." "In this kind of goods, I have all this side of Yorkshire to myself," he said. A second relic which I show of Professor Sedgwick is Richard Owen's discourse on

the Nature of Limbs, delivered, in 1849, before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. It has the Professor's autograph as before, and, besides, a multitude of his pencillings, evidently made in an eager and rapid perusal of the book.

A memento of Professor Farish, Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, comes next. His career, however, began earlier in the University than Whewell's or Sedgwick's, but he was still giving his lectures in 1836, and I had the satisfaction of being present at some of them. They were on the practical application of mechanism to manufactures, to mining, ship building, fortification, and other matters. You might have thought it was Polonius himself who was lecturing, as you listened to the professor's simple, but earnest and effective language, and saw him suit the action to the word at every step, by constructing the part of the apparatus required, or exhibiting in use the implement spoken of. He was then quite an aged person, and the tones of his voice were those of an old man; but he spoke with vigour, and showed an unflagging enjoyment of his subject. His happy oval countenance ever wore a smile. At the close of each demonstration, he would, in a playful way, suddenly break up the structure which he had contrived for his purpose, separating it rapidly into its constituent parts; or if it should happen to have been a mould for the casting of a cannon or a bell, or the wall of a fortified town, or an isolated fortress, that he had been expatiating on, he would run his wand ruthlessly through the moist sand which had been used, and reduce the whole in a moment to a state of chaos, like a child demolishing at a blow, the tower of cards a moment before so laboriously built up. To enable him to effect promptly his numerous demonstrations, the professor had a wonderful collection of cog-wheels, cylinders, bars, pulleys, cranks, screws, and blocks, and an ingenious method of extemporizing, as it were, then and there, a contrivance for each experiment, by means of clamps which fastened together firmly and quickly, the several parts of the required apparatus, which parts, presently taken all to pieces again, would do duty equally well immediately afterwards in some other combination. When everything was ready, the Professor would give the word of command to his attendant in these terms: "Roger, make it go!" Water was then turned on, and the desired movement instantly followed. The apparatus had been long in use, and sometimes there was a slight

break-down. Once, I remember, some rusted spots in the sheet iron reservoir suddenly gave way while the Professor was mounted on the steps in front of it; the consequence was that several fine jets of water were projected horizontally from the well-filled tank, passing between parts of the Professor's robes, and descending upon us in a most mysterious way. One feat of the Professor's, I find, has survived in my memory with some vividness. I saw him make a hat: saw him clip off before our eyes, in the lecture-room, the fur of a rabbit-skin, which was supposed to be beaver; whip it up into a misty cloud by a bowstring arrangement; convert it into felt; shape it into a sort of bag; forcibly press it, all moist, upon a block, where at length the thing assumed, in some degree, the shape of a hat, with brim curled up at the sides. At several points in the earlier stages of the process, the lecturer interposed an "aside" to his audience, "Not much like a hat yet!" The manuscript relic which I possess of Professor Farish is slight, but somewhat curious. It relates to some electioneering business at Cambridge. A certain candidate is reported to have resigned; but then the letter purporting to convey that intelligence to the Vice-Chancellor may be a hoax. "My dear sir," the Professor writes: "The Vice-Chancellor should have *official* notice of the resignation of Mr. Grant. I hear he has received a *letter*, but how does he know that it is Mr. Grant's writing? I wish you had not been out, and that you and I had been able to go. I have hardly authority, and the V.-C. might ask: How do you know? The same objection does not lie to you. I think it would be well if you would take the earliest opportunity of calling as Chairman of Mr. G's committee. Yours truly, W. FARISH. 12 o'clock, Monday. P.S.—Taylor, the school-keeper, gave me the above hint." (Taylor, the school-keeper, was a well-known subordinate official, shrewdly skilled in wise-saws and ancient instances in relation to small points of ceremony and routine. School-keeper denotes caretaker of the schools, or rooms appointed for the public exercises in the several faculties. The Senate-house also is a part of his charge.) Looking into Carus's Memoir of the Rev. Charles Simeon, I lighted on a passage which exactly interprets the note just given. In a diary, under date of Nov. 19, 1822, Mr. Simeon writes: "Old Mr. Grant, with Professor Farish, called on me and dined with me. It was a great grief to me, that I could not vote for his son on Tuesday next: but I told him that I regard my vote for a member of Parlia-

ment, not as a right, but a trust, to be used conscientiously for the good of the 'whole kingdom,' and his son's being a friend to what is called Catholic Emancipation is in my eyes an insurmountable objection to his appointment. Viewing this matter as I do, I could not vote for Mr. Robert Grant, if he were my own son. I think I shall not vote at all." Then on Nov. 26, he makes an entry which curiously refers to the very withdrawal of which Professor Farish's note speaks. "Mr. Grant having withdrawn," he says, "I feel at liberty to vote for Mr. Bankes, who is a friend both to the existing Government and the Protestant Ascendancy." A memorandum is added, that the numbers for Mr. Bankes were 419; those for the unsuccessful candidates were: Lord Hervey, 280; Mr. Scarlett, 219. It thus appears that our friend, Professor Farish, had been going about among the resident M.A's at Cambridge, on an active canvass in favour of Mr. Robert Grant, in company with "old Mr. Grant," Robert's father; and that Robert's prospect of success did not finally prove such as to induce him to persevere in the contest. This Robert Grant was afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. He was also a younger brother of Lord Glenelg, remembered in Canada as Secretary of State for the Colonies at the beginning of the present reign.

I now produce a trifling, but highly prized note in the handwriting of Professor Smyth, who from 1807 to 1849 occupied the chair of Modern History in Cambridge. His lectures on Modern History and on the French Revolution have taken a high place in English literature, and continue to be reprinted. He shows himself in them to have been a man much in advance of many of his contemporaries in respect of the philosophy of history. "When we read these lectures," a great Whig authority has said, "we are at no loss to understand why Cambridge has produced of late years so many illustrious thinkers. For two entire generations the political intellect of that University was under the training of a man who, perhaps was better fitted for an instructor on the great social questions of the modern world than any one who has filled the chair of professor in this country." (This, it is expedient to observe, was written in 1856.) When the Prince Consort came up to Cambridge in 1847, to be installed as Chancellor, he paid a visit expressly to Professor Smyth, in the rooms, the Professor being at the time in failing health and unable to go out. All residents in Cambridge became perfectly

familiar with the form of Professor Smyth. In costume and manner he followed the fashion of another century. Being a layman, he usually wore, under his academic gown, coloured clothes; a blue coat with brass buttons; buff small clothes; white stockings and buckled shoes; a hat of extra width of brim, from beneath which fell a plentiful growth of long white hair that was tossed about on the shoulders by the lively movements of the head from side to side: the face wearing a cheery, youthful look. Professor Smyth was the author of the well known lines carved underneath Kirke White's medallion, formerly in All Saints, but now removed to the new chapel of St. John's College. These sculptured lines and Professor Smyth himself used particularly to interest me, as I happened to occupy in St. John's the very rooms in which Kirke White died, and frequently I used to see moving about in the college-courts outside, old Mr. Catton, Kirke White's former tutor. The autograph relic which I transcribe, is simply a casual note making an inquiry of a friend; but in it he chanced to speak of a "Sheridan Memoir," which was a privately-printed notice by himself of Thomas, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's eldest son, to whom the Professor had been private tutor. "My dear Sir," he says, "the day after I sent you Roscoe's Lines, I sent you the Sheridan Memoir. Be so good as to let me know whether you have received it; that if not, I may enquire about it. I put it into the Post Office myself. With kind remembrance to the ladies, believe me, dear Sir, very sincerely yours WM. SMYTH." The note is written from Norwich.

The Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge in my day, was the Rev. James Scholefield. The reputation as a Greek scholar of this occupant of the chair of Porson, did not extend, perhaps, far beyond Cambridge. As a divine he was more widely known. He published an edition of the Greek Testament and a volume of Hints towards an improved translation of the same. I used to like to listen to Professor Scholefield's very solid and learned discourses in St. Michael's Church, uttered to all appearance extemporaneously; but all of them most carefully framed and deliberately worded. The Professor's manner was unimpassioned and his speech slow. With fair complexion and sandy hair, his general aspect was Scottish. A volume of the notes from which his sermons were delivered was published after his decease, and is very curious; to non-Cambridge men not very intelligible, on account of the free use of algebraical and

geometrical symbols and other abbreviations commonly employed in the solution on paper of mathematical problems. My remembrance, of Professor Scholefield is a fine copy of Hutchinson's edition of the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon, printed in bold old contracted Greek at the Theatre in Oxford, in 1727. On a fly-leaf is the autograph, J. SCHOLEFIELD.

A great notability at Cambridge, up to 1836, was the Rev. Charles Simeon, already once mentioned. Mr. Simeon had no official position in the University. He was simply a fellow of King's College, and the occupant of rooms there, holding, at the same time, the incumbency of a church in the town. It was in this way that his influence as a religious instructor was established. Considerable numbers of the young men in each successive year voluntarily attached themselves to his ministry. His rooms were open to those who had been introduced to him, every Friday evening. I occasionally dropped in with friends. All sorts of questions were put to him for solution as he sat in a rather high chair on one side of the fire-place, and answers were given in serious or jocose strain, as the case might require. I once heard him illustrate the expression "outer darkness," and administer a caution to some unknown person, at one and the same time, thus: It would appear that a week or two previous, one of his visitors had lost his academic gown at Mr. Simeon's rooms. It had been thrown down in a corner in an outer apartment, as was customary at these visits, and on the breaking up of the party, it was nowhere to be found; and that was the last of it. Mr. Simeon mentioned the case, expressing his fear that the gown had been wilfully abstracted; and he said, if this should prove to be so, and he should discover the delinquent, he would most assuredly put him into "outer darkness!" (thundering out the expression all of a sudden) that is, he would exclude him from his rooms in the future, and leave him, as it were, out in the cold. I recollect one evening, after waiting some little time at the outset for a question, and none being offered, he started those present by informing them that he had that day been present at a fox-hunt. The explanation quickly added was that while out driving in his carriage he had been uncomfortably detained somewhere along the road by the crossing of a pack of hounds over the highway in full cry after a fox. The story was wound up with an abrupt—"Now then, gentlemen, start your fox!" meaning, lose no more time in proposing something for discussion.

My relic of Simeon is a volume once his property, containing an account of the life and writings of one Gerhard Tersteegan, a German mystic, who lived 1697-1769. On the whole, this book would be greatly in harmony with Mr. Simeon's own views and temperament. But at one place Tersteegan has expressed himself in a way that has occasioned a slight outburst on the part of Mr. Simeon. Tersteegan chanced to speak with approbation of a *fourfold* division of "Justification," thus: "Justification, according to scripture and experience, is properly *fourfold*; which, being seldom sufficiently distinguished, is the cause of so much misunderstanding and so much controversy." Tersteegan here seemed to know too much on a point in regard to which Mr. Simeon held himself to be a master. He accordingly could not refrain from seizing his pen and making the following marginal note in a bold hand, to which also he appends his initials: "A very confused head had this good man, with his fourfold justification! C. S." Mr. Simeon's personal appearance is familiar from the many engravings of him which are to be seen. The profile was somewhat Jewish. Mr. Simeon always exhibited a special interest in questions relating to the modern Jews; and, I think, he believed he had Jewish blood in his veins. I was present at his funeral, and after the ceremony, descended into the vault in which the body was laid, under the nave of King's College Chapel. I shared also in a momentary panic which took place on the occasion, egress for a time being made impossible by the numbers who kept pressing in. Mr. Simeon's twenty-one octavo volumes of skeleton sermons have been, with astonishing industry, minutely indexed by Hartwell Horne. I subjoin some judicious observations once made by Professor Farish to Mr. Simeon, on the use of ridicule in controversy. Mr. Simeon had indulged in some irony in an intended reply to strictures by Dr. Pearson on himself. Farish advises him to strike the ironical expression out. He remonstrates with his old friend thus: "Aristotle somewhere says that in Oratory, *geloia* [ironical words] are most advantageously rebutted by serious arguments, and *vice versa*. And the remark is very shrewd; but it is not to be followed throughout. I don't see that you get any advantage by it in the present case, that is not counterbalanced many times over by disadvantages. Ridicule, as the test of truth, is a very powerful weapon in the hands of a disingenuous infidel; but the sentiment is false, and the weapon suits ill in the hands of a Christian. I don't see the propriety of using it in

a serious subject, against an adversary that means seriously, and aims to speak candidly, which I really think is the case at present, though I never felt less conviction from an attack, in my life, with respect to the substance of it. I think, too, your opponent is too respectable a man to be so treated, and his office too respectable also. I think you will have the prejudices at least, not to say the ingenuous proper feelings, both of your friends and enemies against you on this point. I see no good you get by following Aristotle. But only think what an advantage his rule will give to your opponent, or rather to those who will infallibly take up the cudgels for him."

Charles Hardwick, a learned Fellow of Catharine Hall, and author of a standard "History of the Christian Church from the Seventh Century to the Reformation," and other valuable works, was once the owner of my copy of Dr. Beaven's "Account of the Life and Writings of St. Irenæus;" and he has written his name therein, C. HARDWICK. While on a summer vacation tour a few years since, Mr. Hardwick was killed by a fall down a precipice in the Alps.—I value several autograph relics of Charles Merivale, the widely-known author of the "History of the Romans," now Dean of Ely, but in my own day at Cambridge, a Fellow and Classical Tutor in St. John's College. I owe to Mr. Merivale, in the last named capacity, a debt of much gratitude for early help, guidance and consideration. I transcribe the following words from a fragment in his handwriting: "You are quite right, I am sure, in exercising wariness and caution in such matters: and do not imagine that yielding upon any one point will conciliate and check people as to others. Innovation knows no bounds, and the appetite for it grows by every concession."

I have made excerpts already in a preceding division of these papers from my autograph relics of William Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Lord Lytton. I might have reserved them for this place; for Cambridge is proud to have these names on the long roll of illustrious English poets who, in their youth, trod her courts. But these are names that have now ascended to an upper, wider air. I feel tempted to note that all the economy, interior and external, of the lady-university in the Princess, "with prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans," is taken from Cambridge. This is an every-day Trinity scene—substitute only students of the ruder sex for "the sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair:"

The day then droopt: the chapel bells
 Call'd us; we left the walks: we mixt with those
 Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
 Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
 While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
 Groaning for power, and rolling through the court
 A long melodious thunder to the sound
 Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies.
 The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
 A blessing on her labours for the world.

Wordsworth was of St. John's, where a portrait of him hangs, near one of William Wilberforce, also a former member of this college. In his poem entitled the *Prelude*, Wordsworth speaks largely of St. John's, and of his own life there. He describes particularly the well-remembered "twin-clock" as he calls it, which strikes the hours and quarters twice, first in a low key and then in a high. On examination days, when time is exceedingly precious, a very limited portion of it being allowed for each paper, the hours and quarters, as reported by this clock, used to fly with frightful rapidity. Coleridge was of Jesus College, which he speaks of with affection in his writings. Bulwer was of Trinity Hall.—I now show a relic of Julius Charles Hare. It is a copy of the "Epistole Ho-Eliaæ, or Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, by James Howell;" who having been repeatedly dispatched to the Continent on commercial business, became an accomplished modern linguist. He lived 1594–1666. I have not lighted on any stray allusion to Howell in the "Guesses at Truth," but I have no doubt the little tome which I possess has often been in Hare's hands. It contains his book-plate and engraved name, and it treats here and there of matters of special interest to a connoisseur in orthography. My own interest in Julius Charles Hare was first awakened in 1833 at Cambridge. Everyone in 1833, and for several years later, was urged to study a work on the title-page of which appeared his name. This was Connop Thirlwall and Julius Charles Hare's joint translation of Niebuhr's *Rome*. It was a book, we were told, which was about to revolutionize men's ideas in regard to history in general; and we must read it; must get it up, as the phrase was: and I doubt not that with many, now well on in life, the examination of that first English translation of Niebuhr formed an epoch in their mental history. Both Thirlwall and Hare were then, or had been quite lately, Fellows of Trinity.

In Forster's Life of Landor, Hare's name as "Julius" comes before us associated with those of Wordsworth and Southey, in some lines of blank verse, written by Landor at the parsonage at Hurstmonceaux when the vicar (Hare) was suffering from severe illness. (Hare had placed in Landor's hands a short unpublished poem by Wordsworth.) Landor says :—

Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
 Star-crowned along with you, nor stand apart.
 Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes
 His friend and mine, and every man's who lives.
 Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
 Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
 Among the sages of antiquity,
 Under his hospitable roof, whose life,
 Surpasses theirs in strong serenity,
 Whose genius walks more humbly, stooping down,
 From the same height, to cheer the weak of soul
 And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
 Hail, ye departed! hail! thou later friend,
 Julius! but never by my voice invoked
 With such an invocation—hail, and live!

"Among the sages of antiquity, under the hospitable roof" of the parsonage at Hurstmonceaux, my *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaŋæ* had once its local habitation. To me, a particle of the Hurstmonceaux atmosphere clings about the volume to this day.—Julius Charles Hare adopted in the "Guesses at Truth" and in his other publications a peculiar mode of rendering a number of English words, lopping off and striking out superfluous letters. His past passive participles he generally made to end in *t*, instead of *ed*, gravely writing preacht for preached, practist for practised, cought for coughed, kist for kissed! Tree he wrote tre, simile, simily, etc., etc. Mitford, we remember, in his History of Greece, and some other writers, indulged in like crochets. From modern editions these eye sores are for the most part removed. It were to be wished that publishers would speedily take the same liberty with Hare's books. At present these peculiarities are, of course, great disfigurements, (Landor's writings want the same kind of friendly revision).—Howell, too, the author of the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaŋæ*, advocated, to some extent, a phonetic mode of spelling English. Doubtless the following address to the Intelligent Reader, at the end of the volume which I possess, was read with satisfaction by Hare at Hurstmonceaux, "Amongst other reasons," Howell says,

which make the English language of so small extent, and put strangers out of conceit to learn it, one is. That we do not pronounce as we write, which proceeds," he thinks "from divers superfluous letters, that occur in many of our words, which adds to the difficulty of the language. Therefore the author hath taken pains to retrench such redundant, unnecessary letters in this work (though the printer hath not bin so carefull as he should have bin), as amongst multitudes of other words may appear in these few, *done. some. come*; which, though wee, to whom the speech is connatural, pronounce as monosyllables, yet when strangers com to read them, they are apt to make them dissilibles *do-ne, so-me, co-me*; therefore such an *e* is superfluous." etc. etc.

The parsonage at Hurstinonceaux, in Hare's time, is thus described:—"You entered and found the whole house one huge library—books overflowing in all corners, into hall, on landing places, in bedrooms, and in dressing-rooms. Their number was roughly estimated at 14,000 volumes, and though it would be too much to say that their owner had read them all, yet he had at least bought them all with a special purpose; knew where they were, and what to find in them; and often, in the midst of discussion, he would dart off to some remote corner, and return in a few minutes with the passage that was wanted as an authority or illustration. Each group of books (and a traceable classification prevailed throughout the house) represented some stage in the formation of his mind—the earlier scholarship, the subsequent studies in European literature and philosophy, the later in patristic and foreign theology. The pictures which he had brought from Italy, and for which he had almost a personal affection, gave their brightness to the rooms in chiefest use. Busts also were there, not as art-furniture merely, but as memorials of men whose names he honoured, or in whose friendship he rejoiced—his brother Augustus, Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, Bunsen, Wordsworth. Seldom has any house been so in harmony with the mind and character of its occupant. Seldom also, we may add, has any one house been the meeting-place of so many of those whose names have been conspicuous in our own time, and will live in the times that follow."

As a companion picture, I give a description by a writer in the London *Guardian*, of the study of Hare's collaborateur Connop Thirlwall. The scene is in Abergwili Palace, Carmarthen, and time, just before Thirlwall's resignation of the See of St. David's.—"Past

the large low dining-room, where preparations are being made for a dinner-party, up a long passage lined with bookshelves, an open doorway admits you to a room—large, certainly, but so choked with contents that it rather reminds one of the inside of a disorderly portmanteau. It is square, but for a bay-window in which stands a library table piled with books and papers, an old black velvet sermon case, a battered travelling writing-case, and a desk with a wine-glass of water on the ledge, and a tattered sheet of blotting-paper, on which lies a bright blue book—"Artist and Craftsman"—the last study of the owner of the room, to judge from the paper-cutter between the leaves. It is flanked by "Lectures on Casuistry," and "*Geschichte des Alten Bund.*" A portentous waste-paper basket stands beneath; both this and the paper-cutter seem fitted by their unusual proportions to cope with their daily work. A hard horse-hair chair, without arms, springs or cushions, turns its back resolutely to the garden, and its face to the army of papers. Three tables and a what-not dispersed over the room, serve as foundations for a pyramid of books, reports, periodicals—Cornhills, Macmillans, *Revue des Deux Mondes*,—thatched with the *Times*, *Pall Mall*, *Saturday Guardian*, and other papers unnumbered. Two wandering book-cases, with double faces and no backs, are stacked with motley rows of volumes, at which we will look closer. Saint Anselm de Canterbury, Artemus Ward, "Science d'Histoire," a long range of Dumas. Comte's "Systeme," "Ingoldsby's Legends." Are the contents of the shelves which line the walls less miscellaneous? Hardly less surprising. Here is a favourite shelf apparently, where the books stand loosely and unevenly, as if ready for immediate action—Letting Bible, *Biblj Swata*, Wendisk Bible, "*Zwingli's Werke*" (pushed in hastily and upside down), a little Hindustani, and incomprehensible "*Jalowicz Polyglotte der Oriental Poesie.*" "*Rabbinische Blumenles.*" Nor, if you may not be surprised too far from the two modes of escape—the door and the window—are the other shelves less bewildering to a merely human understanding. Bopp, "*Sanskritsprache.*" "*Koptische Grammatik.*" "Miverian Archaeology;" Arabic, Armenian, Celtic, Persian Dictionaries; Grammars of Icelandic, *Ersch-Egyptische*, seventy-eight volumes of "*Memoires relatives à l'Histoire de France;*" Dallas, the "Gay Science." (What may that be—Whist? fencing? dancing? Not at all—Criticism!) Dante, *Shakspeare*, Bunsen, Milton, Hallam, Sévigné, Luther. But a complete

list would take days to write and hours to read. Besides these, the library-steps are crowded with a haystack of unbound books, mostly Dutch, and two open portmanteaus are overflowing with papers and correspondence."

(A relic associated with the name of Hare's attached friend, Landon, overlooked by me before, but preserved with care, I notice now. It is a copy of the *Manual of Epictetus*, beautifully printed by Foulis at Glasgow, in 1750, from the library of Landon's father, Dr. Walter Landon, and showing his book-plate and name. In one of Landon's *Imaginary Conversations*, the interlocutors are Epictetus and Seneca; and in another, between Lucian and Tirotheus. Lucian is made to say—"More of true wisdom, more of trustworthy manliness, more of promptitude and power to keep you steady and straightforward on the perilous road of life, may be found in the little manual of Epictetus, which I could write in the palm of my left hand, than there is in all the rolling and redundant volumes of this mighty rhetorician [Plato], which you may begin to transcribe on the summit of the great Pyramid, carry down over the Sphinx at the bottom, and continue on the sands half-way to Memphis." Let us suppose that the little manual of Epictetus, before Landon's mind at the moment, was this identical one from which, while in his father's library, he may have derived his first impressions of the philosophy of Epictetus!—I may note here, also, two other oversights. 1. In connection with relics of persons associated with Dr. Johnson, I omitted to describe my "Robin Hood's Garland," which is from the collection of Sir William Tite, who purchased it as having been once the property of Francis Barber, the negro house-servant of Dr. Johnson, often mentioned in the biography of the doctor. Sir William thought fit to honour the volume with rich binding in handsome calf, and to insert in it the following memorandum: "Bought by W. Morgan, bookseller and burgess of Lichfield, at the late Canon Bayley's sale, who died 1832. Bayley had it from Dr. Harwood of Lichfield, and it was well known to have been bought by him of the widow of Dr. Johnson's black servant, Francis Barber. Lichfield, 15 Dec. 1835." It is an ordinary chapbook, printed at Lichfield, with a rude woodcut of Robin Hood holding a bow, on the title-page. 2. When speaking of Continental autographs, I should have included one of the Count Oxenstiern in a copy of Montfaucon de Villars' *Comte de Gabalis, ou Entretiens sur*

les Sciences secretes, printed at Amsterdam in 1715. The volume contains also the autograph and arms of Edward Finch, formerly M.P. for Cambridge University, and once ambassador to Sweden, where he seems to have procured the book, as after E. Finch we have "Stockholm, 1733." He probably valued it for the sake of the earlier possessor, who has written his name at the foot of the title page. J. COMTE OXENSTIERNA. This was the son of the Swedish statesman, Oxenstiern, 1583-1654, and the recipient of the well-known dictum: *Nescis, mi fili, quantillâ prudentiâ homines reguntur*.—"You do not yet know, my son, with what little wisdom mankind are governed."—The young man, while acting as one of the envoys sent to draw up the terms of the Peace of Westphalia, had expressed himself too diffidently in a letter to his father, because of his inexperience in diplomatic affairs.)

I now record a memorial of the late Canon Kingsley, a graduate of Magdalen, and some time Professor of Modern History in the University. I first transcribe the entry made by him in the guest book of a hotel at the falls of Niagara, kindly cut out and forwarded to me: it is in these terms (he associates his name, we shall see, with the venerable building which he loved so well): "Canon and Miss Kingsley, Westminster Abbey, England." But I likewise copy a hurried inquiry in his handwriting, made probably during his preparation for the lectures delivered at Cambridge, and afterwards published under the title of "The Roman and the Teuton." In the heat of composition he posts off to his bookseller the following characteristic query and order (evidently written in great haste): "I forget whether Sir F. Fulgrave published his 3rd volume of the History of Normandy and England. If so, please send it to me C. KINGSLEY."

In the Senate House at Cambridge stands a magnificent marble statue of William Pitt, by Nollekens, arrayed in an M.A. gown and in the act of speaking. When Pitt died, large sums of money were subscribed by his admirers for the purpose of establishing memorials in his honour. From this sum were defrayed the expenses of a statue in Westminster Abbey by Westmacott, another in bronze by Chantry, in Hanover Square, and this one, by Nollekens, in the Senate House. The surplus which still remained was applied to the erection of the noble building known as the Pitt Press, which is to Cambridge what the Clarendon is to Oxford. (The legend which is

seen in Latin books printed here has an Italian look—*E prelo Pittiano*.) Pitt was of Pembroke College, and also M.P. for the University. I give a transcript from my manuscript relic of this great statesman and Cambridge man: it is the circular addressed by the head of the government to his friends in Parliament, when a session is about to open: “As Parliament,” he says, “will certainly meet on Tuesday, the 15th of January. I take the liberty of requesting your attendance in the House of Commons on that day; and of apprizing you that business of the greatest importance may be expected immediately on the opening of the session, which will render a full attendance particularly desirable. I have the honor to be, &c., W. PITT. Downing Street, 27th Nov., 1804.”

I close with an autograph signature of the Queen. I place it among my Cambridge mementoes, because it has happened with me that the Queen is mixed up with Cambridge associations. It was as one in the retinue of a deputation from the University that I had the good fortune once to have a close view of the Queen for several minutes, and to hear her voice. She had recently been shot at “from Oxford,” as some one expressed it at the time: shot at, that is to say, by a maniac named Oxford. Addresses of congratulation at the happy escape from injury poured in, and amongst them one from Cambridge. Joining at the Touched House Tavern the party deputed to present it, I walked with them in solemn procession to Buckingham palace. I have preserved the *ipsissima verba* which I heard the Queen speak on this occasion as a kind of royal autograph in the mind. Pronounced with peculiar correctness and with a very remarkable beauty of intonation they were as follows:—“I gratefully acknowledge with you the providential interposition of the Father of all mercies in my preservation from unexpected peril. I thank you for the prayers which you offer up for my welfare, and I trust that I may continue to receive, as I shall always study to deserve, those expressions of loyalty and attachment which this occasion has so universally called forth.”—This was on the 24th of June, 1840. On the Queen’s left stood the Prince Consort, to whom she had been married about five months; and behind her were the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Batham and other ladies. Near her right hand stood Lord Melbourne and others. The Prince looked unconcerned and even *ennuyé*. The Queen’s countenance, I observed, assumed an expression of lively interest as the address proceeded.

The spokesman for Cambridge was the vice-chancellor of the day, Ralph Tatham, Master of St. John's. He rather mouthed his words, and I overheard one of the "gentlemen at arms" behind us make a remark *sotto voce*, to a companion, contrasting unfavourably Dr. Tatham's delivery with that of the Duke of Wellington. The duke's voice had just been sounding in their ears. He was Chancellor of Oxford that year, and had immediately preceded us at the head of a deputation. As we were waiting in the Library at the Palace before we were summoned to go up, we saw the Duke descend the grand staircase arrayed in Academic robes and followed by many magnates of Oxford.—Very soon after the close of the Queen's reply, our whole party withdrew from the throne-room, all retiring towards the door backward. The many rooms or galleries through which we passed in our way to and fro, had grand objects of vertu placed here and there on stands along the sides, and paintings suspended from the walls. But the guards permitted no one to linger, however desirous he might be to examine and admire. The feet, I remember, as we walked along, sank in carpets of a luxurious moss-like depth of pile. —The royal autograph which I preserve is attached to a Canadian document of no particular interest, thus: VICTORIA R.—I should subjoin, perhaps, a mention of two other quasi-royal relics: one a volume from the library of the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, with his book-plate and motto: *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?*—The other, a book with the initials W. H. of the Duke of Clarence, another of the Queen's uncles, and afterwards William IV. The former is a black-letter, *Registrum Speculi Intellectualis Felicitatis Humance, atque Brevis Compendii de Bonæ Valetudinis Curâ*, printed at Nuremberg by Udalric Pinder, circa 1507. The latter is an edition of Anacreon, in Greek, with a prose translation by Gilpin, beautifully printed at York, by Wilson, Spencer & Mawman, in 1796.—Not unallied in their subject, with these royal memorials, are some verses in English and Latin which I transcribe from the autograph of their author, the scholarly Marquis of Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, overlooked by me before. "On the Burial of the Princess Augusta in the Royal Tomb House, Windsor Castle [Sept., 1840],

Open, ye last abodes of George's race!

Open your consecrated place of rest!

Receive in Peace and hope, and heavenly grace,

A spotless heart, an unpolluted breast.

Within these towers, beneath this ancient shade,
 From infancy to age her virtues grew.
 Parent, revered! near You her Tomb is laid,
 To Truth and Faith her soul was trained by you.
 Come to her Tomb ye gay and fair High-born!
 Learn the great lesson how to live and die!
 How lowly virtues lofty rank adorn!
 What strength in Death Religion can supply!

TRANSLATED. W.

Pandite! Regifice requies Vos ultima Proles!
 Pandite tranquillum sancta sepulchra sinum!
 Spe lætum æternâ et divinâ pace beatum
 Accipite in placidâ cor sine labe domo!
 Hias inter turres, veterique hæc edita sylvâ
 Crevit, ad extremos intemerata dies;
 O Pater! O Matris venerabilis umbra! propinqua
 Reliquiis vestris Virginis ossa jacent;
 Vos etenim primis animam hanc formastis ab annis,
 Et docilem Cœli Vos docuistis iter.
 Huc ades! o genere et formâ Quæcunque refulges!
 Disce ex Augustâ vivere! disce mori!
 Sperne leves fastus, et inanem stirpis honorem!
 Mors tibi constanti sit superanda Fide!

These lines, in the handwriting of the Marquis of Wellesley, are at the end of my copy of the Marquis's *Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*, privately printed for him by W. Nicol, London, 1840. The volume has the following written memorandum by the well-known London antiquarian, John Gough Nichols: "The lines at the end of this Volume in manuscript are in the autograph of the Marquess Wellesley himself. They were given me by Mr. Smith (Author of the History of Mary-le-bone) who was formerly overseer at Mr. Nicol's printing office, whilst this volume was proceeding through the press. JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS."

I have now completed a review of the three divisions of my collection of historical autographs and other literary relics—the Canadian and United States division; the British and European; and finally, the division made up of those which were reserved as having come from, or been in their day possessed or turned over by, eminent Oxford and Cambridge men. The commentary with which I have ventured to accompany the objects spoken of, will perhaps hereafter be of some use in giving interest to the whole when I deposit them, as I hope some time to do, in the library of the University, or other

safe place, where such waifs and strays will be likely, notwithstanding their comparative insignificance and want of connection, to be noted with consideration, and find sympathetic perusers "meet though few." I think a degree of virtue adheres to "leaves that have been touched" by highly-gifted and remarkable persons. Examining such remains; contemplating pages which have engaged the attention—words, and marks and signs that have come fresh from the hands—of the wise, the good, the brave, while here yet warm with life, we grasp their character now and then, from unexpected and important points of view, and occasionally realize more perfectly our brotherhood with them as men. Moreover, by such means too, I think the love of historical study may here and there be deepened, and an ambition perhaps awakened to make researches in the Past by the help of original documents, whenever the chance for doing so may be presented.



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